

# Master P, Homies And Thuggs

[Verse 1:]

Ghetto niggas remain violent while the killers remain silent  
niggas strapped with 45's and ain't smiling  
And I'm driving to a place they're all warrin'  
the lake we build houses but its the hood we call home  
In the ghetto the only place a motherfucker will keep it real  
we focused on the dollar bill, still  
The outsiders tend to disrespect the place  
where niggas do thier struggling die with a straight face  
Surviving, under conditions demons dinin'  
you can run it but can't hide it so step aside  
Its the nigga that makes music for the streets  
cause I love this motherfucker like pussy with no sheets,  
cause its deep  
Some niggas make it out the neighborhood and won't surface  
and let the money make them nervous, what's the purpose?  
A motherfucker sitting on fat  
he came up in the hood but he can't come back  
Fuck that, I remain in the street game frame  
on a mission to maintian me and take aim  
In position to let my opposition know my life  
cause off in these streets I keep it real but what's right?  
Surviving, sitting on a key doing business on a beeper  
I'm sinking in this motherfucker deeper  
Fear the reaper that no man born or woman harm me  
fuck being a nigga in your army; though I'm a killer  
Enter the ghetto so that you can see  
what I mean when I say I love this cause it love me  
Let it be, stop looking at this motherfucker strange  
and talking 'bout a motherfucking change  
This is for my thug niggas

[chorus x6]

This is for my homies and my thug niggas (uuuuugh)

[verse 2]

'Face, picture us working at McDonald's  
and me and you selling fucking toasted up (?)  
Gold slug, a car full of thug niggas  
twenty inch wheels candy paint so we drug dealers  
No Limit soldiers to the fullest  
see I was raised on some red beans the size of some bullets, huh  
We ghetto niggas can't be stopped  
got me mixing up dope with little J down at Rap-A-Lot  
My phone tapped the feds on my tail  
got me paying luxury taxes on everything I build  
True to the ghetto that's my life  
you see that house on the lake its for the kids and the wife  
You can test me if you wanna  
cause I be dumping niggas off from New Orleans to California  
Rowdy like a hurricane (uuuuuugh)  
independant, black owned got them hooked on this cocaine  
You used to see C in a suit and tie  
but we young niggas in tennis shoes and diamonds  
Executive street millionaires  
niggas gonna be bout it bout till we gray in the wheel chair

[Chorus x6]

[Verse 3:]

What do you get from boosting?  
niggas coming out from california to represent them niggas from  
Houston  
And now we rocking keep this shit popping  
and all my niggas across the bay know L.A. keep the shit hot  
I keep my glock inside my pants , dont give niggas a chance  
to put me inside a casket you dirty bastards  
Until the day I die you catch a nigga high off weed the police can't  
find me  
My shit will drop and I'll sell five million  
while all the niggas enter the game get caught up in drug dealing  
How can I fall? how can I ball, how can I catch my enemies and murder  
them all?  
My word of flame burn niggas inside thier brain  
niggas can't hang with me, and like it changes, uh  
Scarface got me on this shit  
we laced it motherfuckers in thier body and face, uh  
Growing thicker, liquor made me daddy and nigga  
niggas don't wanna see me world wide mob figure  
M.O.B. and the leaf keep me weeded  
them niggas don't wanna see me when i got weed in my system  
Catch another victim, capture bodies  
bring a shottie to the fucking party, yeah  
I party all night  
I do this shit cause its wrong but we were born right  
And to the niggas in my zone we do it long ways  
'till these bitches understand nigga my song pay; cause I'm the man  
Now these are my homeboys, we outlaws till the day we die  
keep this shit rough and raw my 45  
Make sure that I survive to another day  
to bust rhymes which from I get paid  
Now that's the end of my freestyle but it was left for dead  
but the shit away you can hear it playing, westside

[chorus x8]