Master P, Never Ending Game

Check this out playas All y'all gangster niggas Y'all motherfucking gangsta bitches out there (the dope game) I'm a let y'all know something (welcome to the dope game) Something that'll never end, this shit is going on like fucking numbers Black on black crime, nigga it go like this here We live an eye for an eye

You kill me, I kill you, my partners kill your partners And you dead ain't no love on my spot Me and my partners pushing rocks Got them 17 round glocks at your ass spitting like loogies We packing heat, 32 round clips, my automatic uzi But I look into the eyes and I stare, I see death Goddamn thinking & guot; the fuck?& guot;, it could be me My little homie on the ground crying I'm thinking I'm gone, Oh my lord My little homie Tony's dying (ripped his heart out) He never had a chance to see his life glow And he never had a chance to see his wife bro And his little kid is only 8 It ain't about me or you motherfucker You gone peep defeat off the tree Cause you die and you murder, how could you live on the streets And you never hurt, another nigga with a glock G I'm thinking about Tic-Toc Boom, there goes another one Send him to the moon Ain't no rocket ship bitch, it's the temple of doom I mean the ghetto, cause it's wicked Most niggas out there in the hood, trying to get a chicken But never even seen a bird They die for that cain and that weed and they water And they to fucking high, to see the enemy Niggas that pretend to be, fools don't come close to me Your best friend will kill you I'm from that 3rd Ward, Caliope Projects Where they peel your caps like bananas Police trying to stand on them buildings with them radars and scanners But they can't stop the murders Thats happening in my hood motherfuckers Cause everybody study capping in this Everyday, all day niggas dying, mothers crying But y'all niggas ain't realizing that the hood is murder Find your ass in a 6 inch gurder Cause niggas banging like Charlie Chan You'd better pack a piece nigga And welcome to the never ending game

The never ending game, (the dope game) the never ending game Will I die up in my sleep, or die on these streets Cause the ghetto ain't no joke Niggas in my hood everyday getting smoked Welcome to the never ending game Will I die up in my sleep or die on these streets

And the ghetto ain't no joke Cause every motherfucking day another nigga gets smoked And momma pray it ain't me But I'm addicted to this dope game, addicted to this green cheese I be making mail like the mailman This is for my partners in the hood pushing massive cain (ice cream) Through the hood of the projects Its fiends walking up for bubble ups You think I'm bout to reject

When a nigga get some money, I got them gats cocked nigga I ain't living like no dummy If I die, I ain't scared to die, but don't ask me why Will I retire and give it up realize Thats this my only mission of money But y'all niggas look at a nigga hustling like its funny But I got to feed the family Even though if that take me getting fucking scandalous G And I have to hurt shit Put a nigga in the dirt, mean putting in work Lay him down, and punch in your time card Cause you never know when your ass bout to go meet the Lord So I live ruthless, reckless, and rangeless (dangerous) Don't give a fuck, my clique is ready to hang shit Off the rack, ain't no trap Just a bunch of motherfuckers walking with gats Through the projects and walky-talkies Jacking shit motherfucker ungh, thats why they bark Like dogs, watch a nigga hard And I be slanging dope like I'm getting paid like Lou Rollins And the white folks can't stop this And the Taz can't stop this nigga, cause I'm in the hood slanging rocks Getting paid cause I'm major And if I die fucking retire my shoes and hang up my pager And give 4 G's to my sons and kill my enemies Y'all can't stop a nigga please, even if I'm dead G And when I go out, I'm going out with a bang So fuck what you heard and welcome to the never ending game