

Master P, Pockets Gone' Stay Fat

[Magic - talking]

I dare one of you say something bout me
Speaking on the wrong niggas ya heard me (come on)
Don't be mad
These niggas hear gonna stay around {come on}
Fuck with us if you wanna and see what's gone happen ya hear me

[Hook 2x: Magic]

Believe the nigga
These pockets gone stay fat nigga
See me and P we go way back, you best stay back
To you hatas muthafuck this is payback

[Verse One: Magic]

These niggas is hatin we like what ever
We pay no mind to these niggas we out chasin our chedda
Indulge in this bullshit, uh-uh, nigga never
Close your fuckin mouth is what you pussy niggas betta
We got an essential because us niggas so clever
and make a mill break me off is how we stay together
I'm doing my own thing but me and P we forevea
Favor for favor we got this shit on lock
Keep running your fucking mouth, get your ??? ass back
I go to church strapped with a 45 glock
Them niggas be askin but scared to say it to out faces
Cuz we know so many niggas in so many different places ye head me

Hook 2X: Magic

[Verse Two: Master P]

Nigga we thugged together, sold drugs together
Fucked hoes together, kicked in doors together and
I don't know why you hate me?
Screamin what the fuck have you done for me lately
Only real niggas stand on my block
and home we hustlin and if we hurt than the 9 cock
Neva beef with no niggas you ain't got beef with
Never take care of no hoes you don't sleep with
These streets is real lil daddy so get yo mind right
but if you fuck with mine I got a bag that will act right
Niggas wanna leave the tank actin mad but do it silently
but ain't no comin back cuz ain't nobody smile n

Hook 2X: Magic

[Verse Three: Magic]

Hatin get you no where
You niggas better hush
Fuckin around with us and get your puss ass touched
I don't want bust I wanna bet you down to mush
Cuz you gettin on my nerves plus you talk to much
See Magic from the nine where they don't mind dying
Whip you up quick and send you home to momma cryin
So ?? ?? ?? like a whirl like a tornado
5 hundred miles per hour, get rid of all the hatas
You wanna see us fall but you niggas ain't ready
Your music is dull plus I'm sharp as a machete
Compare me to the other niggas and see what you get
The coldest muthafuck that you've heard check ya hear me

Hook 2X: Magic

[Master P - talking]

Now how the fuck the media gonna compare me to a rapper

When one of you motherfuckers make a fortune
Then ya'll speak on
Nigga know that we from the gutta
We made it to the butta
and that's why they mad at us
Tryin to keep us off MTV
Tryin to keep us out the muthafuckin public eye
but we street niggas
and we know how to hustle
We gonna always get ours nigga
Believe that