

Master P, Respect My Game

[Intro]

No matter what you do my nigga
Its not gonna be enough
You tryna feed mothafuckas that always gonna be hungry
If you feed the wrong mothafucka they gon bite you
But you know what, if youre really are real
And you respect the game, niggas gon respect you
But if youre fake, niggas gon play you like a bitch

[Chorus 3x]

This is for them thugs on block tryna hustle dawg
Its for them girls in the game wanna break it off

[Verse One]

Most niggas wanna pitch in hight
Im so gutta so gangsta when I spit these rhymes
I feel like I just did it big
Nigga ten years later I still got these kids
Most niggas aint keeping it real
Ghetto Bill show these clowns how to the get these deals
Jump off the (porch) and slang that rock
Represent the south then made that pop
And yall niggas aint rememberin me
Then, yall niggas must not be from the streets
Cause my shit been in every car and every jeep
From the south to the west, to the mothafuckin east
I got real gangstas ready to ride, I got real killas to ready to die
All my gangstas throw your hands up high
And yall fake niggas run and hide
Ya heard me

[Chorus 3x]

[Verse Two]

From the job to the Ville
My nigga keep touchdown on the Benz
Sittin ready for the (?)
The new no limit got the block on high
And every thug in the hood screaming We all we got
Niggas wasnt (movement) when we made it
How you not gon respect, (we coming for it thats how u gon play it?)
I talked to Soud how to flip them thangs
And took a nigga from the west and put yall up on game
And took a nigga from Compton and scream my name
(?) ice cream man
Head nappy and twisted Im still thugin
Straight from the hood they still love it
And you boys aint got to give me props
But I had taught you more then your pops, ya heard me
The new no limit man we cant be stopped
We brought the dirty from the bottom to the mothafuckin top

[Chorus 3x]