

# Master P, So Many Souls Deceased

OK you wanna go to war with me  
I take you to war  
I told you I don't kill no mothafucking kid  
Look at you now you stupid fuck you stupid fuck.

Chorus (2x):

I done seen so many souls deceased  
That's why I ride with alot of killers with me

Master P:

The Last Don be my name I feel I'm trapped in the game  
Alot of shit done changed to protect the guilty in the dope game  
Such as getting paid nigga turning to the feds nigga  
Its a risky business the mob putting hearts ass in niggaz beds nigga  
And homies going sour take 'em to the pen and they cowards  
I'm not Scarface, but after the money and the power  
And ask yourself who's the realest nigga you know  
And if you ask me it be some niggaz out the Calliope  
Like Glenn Miss, Sam Scuddy, Pee-Wee  
L. Broadnax, Slim some dead some in jail g  
Cause this game is so real  
And niggaz hustle like the Last Don 'til they get killed

??????

Chorus (4x)

The Commision #1:

Syndicated crime at its finest, started off dimeless  
I bless the mic device and now my ice got you blinded  
I stone the liquor so thing this shit is a gimmick  
The Last Don and The Commission T-S-O click and No Limit  
From start to finish for this paper look I'm all in it  
Rules in the game I bent in in a tank that can't be dented  
Drama we always in it cause many niggaz be Ph'n  
Mad that's why they busting they ass we on vacation  
The unexpected done happened nigga we blowing up  
Soundtracks and platinum plats whoa there ain't no holding us  
Give a fuck if ya like me care less if you don't  
Bitch respect the flame in the tank making this bitch jump

Chorus (4x)

The Commision #2:

The shit about to slow we living  
Like malt liquors in and out of court niggaz  
The Commission on a money making position a team of street smart niggaz  
Living this triple beam dream  
Godfather bless a nigga with weight  
Now we havin' ok receiving shipments in by the crates  
Its that organized goodguy goodfella shit  
The other level living like better shit  
They crime family can barely ride hustling to gather shit  
Ain't nobody seperates Spiral and No Limit  
The Last Don and the Commission in this money making position

The Commision #3:

I put 4-5 slugs in niggaz neck niggaz respect anothe casualty  
I live my life jaggedly and carry myself savagely

Boy ya'll ain't fucking with no run of the mill niggaz hoss  
We kill niggaz We kill as a little nigga by my waist under my Hilfigger  
I'm trying to make a multimillion come up before I'm dead  
A twisted No Limit wanted soldiers so holler when ya listening  
I put it on these dreads in my head the Commission can't be faded  
With the Last Don in my corner its a sign the nigga made it

Chorus (2x)