

Master P, Somethin For The Street

Damn Silkk keep shaking that motherfucker its bubbling up now
There it is there it is right there
Ok, I'm a shake it a little while longer
That's the jent their fool

Verse 1

In the crackhouse cutting up the diggety dope
Breaking down the keys cutting them up like Riddick Bowe
Gotta cook it up good for the dope fiends
Not too much baking soda gotta keep it crystal clean
And just like 7 Up
Shake the shit well till the motherfucker bubble up
And now its time for the testing of the dope
Bring in the junkie and if he choke than its good smoke
Now its off to the hood
?? til we open up shop partner but its all good
And just in case you wanna find me
King George with the tech 9 standing right behind me
Silkk and Ed in the Benz as the decoy
And in the 5 Lil Ric and D-Boy
C-Murder doing time in the county jail
It been two weeks but it feel like 3 years
For some player hating snitching bitch
And after 12 o'clock partner we going to handle this
Put they heads on flat like Lawrence Taylor
Bullets flying everywhere they'll never find a cap peeler
With the rat-tat-tat rat-tat-tat
I'm a criss cross that ass I'm not the mack daddy
I'm a put that ass to sleep
And its a message from the motherfucking street

(Chorus)

Something funky for the streets
And the niggas and the hoes

Verse 2

Top down as we ride thru the giggety streets
OG blood in my veins, but they don't know the P
Cause if they did they be ducking
Cause where I'm from its bout jacking and busting
Catch you slipping that could cost you your grave man
Triple gold ones the mark of a dead man
So why you slanging the keys, drinking the g's watch your g's
Cause in my street you'll get jacked in the county streets

(Chorus)

Verse 3

I'm in the black chev coming down the highway
With the bump in the trunk leaning sideways
Tacked out with my 40 on my side g
Bumping shit like The Ghetto's Trying to Kill Me
See in 94 them bitches can't fade me
And to your dome its a 9 a 380
Or make that mac 10 tap dance on that ass
You see the No Limit mob you better move fast
Being real cause the P don't high side
89 did my first fucking drive-by
Open fire with that deuce deuce on the crowd
They started yelling as the bithces started falling down

All I heard was sirens by the police
Ran thru the crowd act liked it wasn't me
Niggas in the back of the chev getting chronic'd out
Just handled our business and we slowly smashed out
Now we on the freeway
Danked out, just bust caps and we got away
TRU g's in the dope game
But always coming thru with something funky for the streets man

(Chorus)