

# 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 Lawerence Taylor  
Bullets flying everywhere they'll never find a cap peeler  
With the rat-tat-tat rat-tat-taty  
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 sideway  
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 chroniced 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)