Master P, The Farm

[Master P Talking]
You know what?
I mean, society treat me like I'm a insect
I'm out here hustlin' tryna get mine, but imagine
where I'm from? You know what I'm sayin?
Mama wasn't there, Papa wasn't there, I had to get out
there and get it how I live. ya heard me?
Ha Ha

[chorus 4x]
Mama gone, Daddy wasn't home
Collard greens and grits, we was slangin on the farm

[Master P]
We live that thug life, I mean that drug life
Cop somethin, flip it whodi, I mean I'm alright
I got my own paper, I learned to shake a hater
I'm high tech, got computers in the navigator
And I be droppin keys, lil whodi, smokin weed
You need somethin, holla atcha boy, whatcha need
You know I'm ballin, shot callin
3rd ward Calliope, whodi, it's New Orleans
City of that china white, I got my game tight
One up in the chamber, slang that iron, you know I don't fight
Big Tyme hitta mane, I got the skrilla mane
Step on my toes whodi, and I'ma killa mane
Represent that Boot Camp, don't take no food stamps
Catch you slippin at night, and leave yo head damp
Cause I'ma tall hitta, and ya'll some small hittas
You know you played wit fire, now you gone fall hitta

[chorus]

[Master P]
Call me two pistols, I make that chrome whistle
I'm like Paul Hardy, I'm in yo bone gristle
I'm not a doctor, Professional blocker
I see a Vic in the hood, I short stop ya
Now get the car whodi, it's time to gas up
Grab me a 'K, I handle my business and I mask up
I'm on the run mane, It aint no fun mane
Tryna change my life but I'm back, to doin the same thang
Penitentiary bounded, but well grounded
Seven years later, I'm smilin and ya'll frownin

[chorus until end]