

# 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 slingin 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]