

Master P, The Real

I don't know whats wrong wit these f**kaz, Always winin always cryin he ain't doin this fo me she ain't doin dat. Motha f**ka get wit me i try to teach a motha f**ka somthin and then they just jump in here talk about goin AWOL who the f**k goin AWOL man i let these motha f**kaz in here, then they go to the f**kin white man and sell they fukin sole for a couple o bitchez and a blunt man. How we supposed to respect that whoadie, if any f**kin producers runnin they mouth man i'll pay fo the equip met a motha f**ka couldn't even make beef fo a hundred and two dollaz man. show a nigga how ta deal some papa, and dats what i get in return man. How u talkin bout u ain't wit no limit no more? y don't u bring bak the tank then whoadie? You ain't gawta bring it bak to me man i kno u scared, mail it to me. What r ya keepin it fo protection? What are ya gonna do wit the tatoos punta? Cover it up wit a suit? Thats somthin that some bitchez would do. Oh Yeah, when i met ya ya'll had nothin, now ya gone and ya got nothin again punta. Ain't no real niggaz gone f**k wit ya. Sell all the stories ya want to the inquirer i don't give a f**k. I don't have no image to hold, you do, i'm from the streets, where you from? Wha u gone call the police and press charges every time ya get ya ass whooped? What kinda gangsta are u punta?