

Master P, Time To Check My Crackhouse

[Chorus x 4]

Time To Check My Crackhouse, my crackhouse, my crackhouse

[Verse 1]

The P rat a tat
It's time to start checkin' shit
I'm the wrong nigga in the projects to be fuckin' with
Man get that Mack-11
It's time for some drama
Any nigga come up short with the cheese gonna see his momma
Gone off that posit and slippin' that 4
I'm bout ta lay it down with this muthafuckin' toy
You bitches better break me off my money cuz I'm crazy
Girl you ain't got my cash
You won't see your baby
Put my dope in the baggies I mean the bundle up
Dollar bills in my fuckin' pocket tightly crumbled up
50's in my mouth got my goddamn tongue
Remember when I walk on the set
Bitch I'm gonna leave you dumb
Break me off my cash
I ain't takin' no shorts
I'm aimin' that Tek-9 right at your heart
Ain't no fuckin' return from the dead
I'm ready to kill bitch
I'm the wrong nigga in the game to be fuckin' with
I'm kickin' doors down
Tryna' get my money
Leavin' fiends on the ground
Face down like dummies
You better have the cash
or your ass in the body bag
Killa murda muthafucka
I ain't runnin' from the tads
Rat-a-tat-tat is the sound from my gat
I told you muthafuckas that you won't be coming back
You came up short with the muthafuckin' grits
That's why yo ass got caught up in some gangsta shit
Call me the black rambo
Cuz I don't give a fuck
And just like my boy said
Yo ass got plucked
You shoulda came right with my money
You started smokin'
That's why I had to break you off some tokens
So jump on the bus ride to hell bitch
I'm gonna let your know who the fuck you be fuckin' with
Tha M-A-STER to the muthafuckin' P
And I ain't takin' no shorts with ya'll niggas with my D

[Chorus x 4]

[Verse 2]

Went Into the crackhouse and opened up the safe
One nigga at the door lookin' at me hellah fake
I played it all like it was fuckin good G
That's when I told my man
Hit 'em with the oozi!
That's it
1-2-times rat a tatta
One nigga on the ground lookin' like a eggo plater

But I ain't even trippin'
Gotta show them I ain't fakin'
Cuz if these other niggas get me for some bacon
I started counting my dope
Everything was cool black
Headed to the front
Got them fiends walkin' in the back
I ain't even trippin'
Ain't no time to serve these fiends
I got 40 g's and two fuckin' keys
headed to the bienz to put the fuckin' cash up
Jumped on the freeway nigga fuckin' dashed bro
Think I see the rollers behind me through the rear-view
But I ain't even trippin' cuz I ran through clear view
Stopped at Egg-Zone tried to get some gas
That's when I see two robbers on my ass
Played it all cold
Told B to get that pistol
Jumped back in the bienz shoulda seen they head whistle
I wen't back to the house and my homie want some flour
I ain't Scarface but got the money and the power
They call me Nino Brown
Or fuckin' Frank Nitty
But if you come up short
There's gonna be some shit up in my city

[chorus x 4]

Am I My Brothers Keep (x 6)