

# Master P, Tryin To Do Something

ugh ha, do that to one of those tenderonies  
and uh, that mean you trying to do something  
I'm trying to do something, ya'll hear that

chorus:

the eye contact that you and I share  
make me wanna be real and make these niggas disappear  
if I could I would  
and I ain't even frontin  
I'm gonna be real with ya, look I'm trying to do something  
the eye contact that you and I share  
make me wanna be real and make these niggas disappear  
if I could I would  
and I ain't even frontin  
I'm gonna be blunt with ya, look I'm trying to do something

maybe it's the bud in me, or the thug in P  
got these ghetto hoties wanting to put they love in me  
I'm a G from the CP3 and dedicated  
screaming No Limit Soldiers and these playa haters hate it  
relax shorty, hit the blunt, drop the Ruger  
come close to a nigga, let the P seduce ya  
work it like a Solo Flex, say you wanna a ruff-neck  
Cristal and strawberries, weed smoking, rough sex  
I want you to open your legs as wide as you could  
so I can hit from the back with this nickle plated wood  
up and down like a roller coaster  
from your stomach to your back  
let a gangsta poke ya  
I ain't trippin, never slippin cause I got straps  
9 months later, we ain't bustin no caps  
crispy clean, no strings attached  
little bump-n-grind, miss thang are you with that

CHORUS

I heard you want a romance  
wont you lay up there and give me the chance  
I ain't saying romance, now what you to be enhanced  
I'm matured enough, and I ain't approached you for nothing  
and the reason I came up off cause you workig with something  
now I done had a little herb, now I done build up the nerve  
on top of that my head tight from everything the boss serve  
I'm pitching, cause your curves got me wanting to slide home  
and prove that I flip other things besides ounz  
tel your girl you're gone, baby you gots to rome  
he leaving with things, he get it on, get it on  
you cold make me moan, so you up for screwing me  
please use engenuity when you doing me  
damn you ??? blues with you matching hot shoes  
pretty legs but knees gone get bruised  
there's no one gonna get used  
??????????  
straight to the point shorty  
look I'm trying to do something

CHORUS

back stage at the concerts peepin  
you wanted me to see you and I'm thinking about creepin  
far from home, destination unknown, rock bone  
hotel booked and I don't wanta be alone  
maybe it's the tone got me visualizing this song  
camouflauge love all night making me moan

thug passion, in the back seat ripping off your fashion  
run and tell your girls about your night with the assassin  
I'm here tonight and the vibe is right  
red and blue lights are glowing over Brian McKnight  
but tomorrow my flight, and I'll be outta your sight  
take my address down so you can write  
but for now lets do something  
fuck the frontin and the talking  
my dogs just about barkin  
take your outfit off and put the soldiers shit on  
and go to the war with me  
pager number's on the desk  
hit me when you trying to do something

CHORUS