

# Master P, Weed And Money

-Check this out  
-You a playa if you got bitches and blunts in your house, right?  
(right right)  
-but you a motherfuckin' TRU g,  
if you get the muffins and she pay for the trees  
-Understand what I'm sayin', nigga you feel me?  
-Ya'll Captain Kirk ass niggaz ain't gonna survive  
in this 97 space age hustle  
(so what you sayin'?)

(Chorus)

Ya'll live for bitches and blunts  
We live for weed and money

(repeat 8x)

(Master P verse 1)

I stack greens like cheese  
Smoke weed with g's  
Sell cream to fiends  
And roll with beams  
Playa haters can't take me, hungry bitches can't break me  
God you made me, but ain't no man gone fade me  
Got me deep in this game, some niggaz don't change  
Have mercy on P, just tryin' to have change  
In my pockets I'm knockin', the feds can't stop me  
Most hoes they jock me, I got knots in my pockets  
Caviar and bitches, 6-4 and switches  
Champagne and riches, but cooking keys in kitchens  
Mansions with marble floors, knocking off chocolate hoes  
Boots with ignition, Ferraris and drop rolls  
I live with killers, dealers and TRU niggaz  
No Limit guerrillas, mercenary killers  
Beat's by the Pound, haters get clowned  
Gone worldwide, but true to the underground

(P and Silkk)

Blow coheva blunts, keep e'm rollin' up  
Got your bitch fiening bro, P meaning what

(chorus 8x)

(Master P verse 2)

I scream with riches, tag teaming with bitches  
96 we went gold, haters thought we was finished  
97 went platinum, now they screaming NO LIMIT  
TRU niggaz don't fall off this only the beginning

(P and Silkk)

Coming up for what, making hella bucks  
Niggaz getting bumped or what, counting cash up  
Got this game sewed up, niggaz straight up no cut  
But ya'll couldn't fuck with us, ya'll couldn't fuck with us

(Master P)

Swingin' like Titanic, niggaz see us and panic  
After big bucks no whami, on our way to the grammy  
Ya'll couldn't fuck with killers, they call us dealers  
Niggaz livin' for scrilla, banking with peelas

(P and Silkk)

Army fatigues, niggaz straight like g's  
Livin' like soldiers with g's, soldiers at ease

Slangin' fuckin' tapes like keys, swang 'em just like keys  
From Richmond to New Orleans, we be ballin'  
Keep them bitches down on they knees, keep 'em on they knees  
Got them smokin' on our weed, but not for free

(chorus 8x)

(Silkk)

Ya'll live for bitches and blunts  
I live for weed to make money  
Man I want so much cash when I wake up in the mornin'  
I can't even much count it  
Silkk the Shocker, or should I say  
The black Frank Nitty see,  
Oz's to make g's  
the mayor gave me and P keys to the city  
Livin' an American dream  
5 karats on my pinky ring  
Ladies wanna make love to me  
Niggaz wanna look at me all mean  
But it's aight cause you still wonder  
I don't want your old lady  
But she still flip me the number, I wish she'd flip me some money  
See um, it's aight to have cash and thangs  
Ghetto millionares to live fashion man  
600 we gonna be smashin' man  
But since I can't spend no bitches  
So I need some cash and thangs

(Chorus)