

# Master P, Weed & Hennesey

Yeah nigga

We gonna feed em weed and henneseey, get em high together motherf\*\*ker

Silkk the shocker (get em high nigga, get em high nigga)

Shorties with game (no limit niggaz)

Come out and feel the world, this time nigga (gon' ride nigga, get em high)

Chorus: master p

Give em weed, and henneseey, and let's ride nigga

Let's ride nigga, let's ride nigga

Weed, and henneseey, and let's ride nigga

Let's ride nigga, let's ride nigga

[master p]

Holla p! that mean fortune and fame

Scream, no limit still tru 2 da game

A buncha, young niggaz gettin rich with plats

How many, thug niggaz still bustin the shot

How many killers comin up makin scrilla with change

How many, young niggaz still down in the game

I couldn't, lose my soul tryin to make these ends

I couldn't, watch my enemies and watch my friends

I live the life of a young nigga wantin to ball

I said, mama pray when I walk the halls

I got 3rd ward niggaz throwin up the sign

My little cousin jimmy home on, eighteen to die

I live the life of a ranger, rowdy rowdy

I live the life of a rapper that's bout it bout it

I got the feds tryin to chase me, wantin the plat

I got my own homies sendin, my name to the coppers

I smoke weed, and henneseey, uh-huh

To forget about all that shit, uh-huh

(get em high nigga, let's ride nigga)

I smoke weed, and henneseey

Just to make it through the days man

All this bullshit I'm goin through

[c-murder]

I got a hand full of money, a pocket full of drugs

Leave em standin in they shoes and makin moves with thugs

I'm homegrown in the ghetto, result my mind's under pressure

You leave your shit wide open, no limit niggaz gon' test ya

We ride deep but tru dat, hitin hard like bricks

Ain't no punks in my click, bitch ass niggaz be sick

My tru g's gettin high off my lyrics, my present spirit

And healthy niggaz shout for God hearin

A coward dies a thousand deaths a soldier die once

So nigga let's get high, off these henneseey and blunts

Chorus

[silkk the shocker]

It get hard tryin to shake these bustas tryin to shake these fools

I know a million niggaz down to ride and still don't break the rules

I'm always on like f\*\*kin lights respect might check you like some nights

Always precise, silkk the shocker, get my motherf\*\*kin name, right!

Nigga game sewed like a spider, til ends fall like a nike

Disrespect I hits you with a tec and watch I shake you up like dice

Now watch a million niggaz follow me, like I was a f\*\*kin idol

They're like vital signs of a line of niggaz deep in their thoughts

Cause there isn't no sunshine

Get away from the one-time got caught sometimes  
But other times, I got away  
If you a busta, you can't cop none if you a real, you can relate  
See we no limit, we dirty like dozen, wild with my two brothers  
Couple partners couple cousins, other niggaz I really can't trust  
Weed it helps me get high, times for that, vibe and we ride  
We strapped with four-five nigga do, or f\*\*kin die  
Block to block coast to coast nigga from killers to drug dealers  
Affiliate my name with all the real killers and thug niggaz  
T.s. washin on fake niggaz, a bitch no f\*\*kin love  
When I grab for snap automatics come off  
Like dancers drawers in strip clubs  
Ain't no thang, death with no motherf\*\*kin pain  
I lost some in the past, had to charge a lot of shit to the game  
But fake niggaz gonna drop, real niggaz stay on top  
Til my homey, came up dead  
He said one of my niggaz workin with the feds  
It's time to side up, we some bunch of riders showin trials  
I plug shots in the motherf\*\*ker, you don't wanna die

Chorus w/ variations

[master p]

That's how we gonna do it to start off the nineteen ninety-eight  
Silkk the shocker legit, charge it 2 da game in february, hahah  
My little brother c-murder in this bitch (no limit)  
Master p (soldiers)  
Huh, we gonna feed em weed and hennesey (I thought I told ya)  
And to them motherf\*\*kin fake niggaz  
We gonna feed em hollow tips

Can't fade us, can't beat us, no limit  
Ain't no motherf\*\*kin gimmick (think nine-seven was alright)  
Tru niggaz for life ya heard me? (but nine-eight gonna be the year)  
Ha-hah  
Nineteen ninety-eight nigga