

# Master P, Welcome To My City

Ughhhh hahaha Welcome to the 504 nigga the dirty south

[O'Dell]

Living is so hard in the city of  
Livin' Livin' Livin' is so hard in the city (2X)

[Master P]

Ughhhh I'm from the city of the go getters I mean the poor niggas  
with niggas smelt like they richer hoes but they broke niggas  
and the bitches like the peapop (peapop)  
and the niggas ride through the hood and like to slang rocks  
and bitches want to make niggas into they baby daddy's  
and niggas still ride old school Caddies  
and a bunch of block parties and borrowers on the corner  
and niggas wish they could move to California  
it never rain in the sun shine cuz down here the murder rate's high  
and bitches love to suck a line  
a lot of gold teeth and nicknames like Big Suo Big Baz Hot Boy and Big Man  
and you might get a rep if you're a killer  
the city of the crawdads bad cops and drug dealers  
and hoes love you if you're famous  
but niggas representin' wards in the projects is dangerous

(Chorus)(2X)

[Mac]

young nigga got blast at the age of fourteen the dope fiends say  
bruise it up cuz he shoot it up everybody suited up screamin'  
God Why he was a killer and that's how most killers die  
I used to tell him slow his roll back in '94  
he was a trippy dog runnin' from the po-po  
robbin' niggas for their rangs and thangs  
he ran up on the wrong nigga re-arranged his brain  
now check it in my city ain't no Crips and Bloods but niggas yell 3rd ward  
come equiped with slugs and niggas soldier rags throwin' at those who bags  
kickin' up dust chasin' paper that say in god we trust  
now the five can't do nothin' for my light bill some motherfuckers  
might kill for the right skroll in the city we do busy and bust  
and nigga ya won't fuck with us nigga what

(Chorus)(2X)