

# Master P, Who Down To Ride

(feat. D.I.G.)

[Master P]

Told y'all I was gon' let them niggaz run that beef shit til I get tired of it  
Then I'ma put them motherfuckers to sleep - you got them extra heaters nigga?  
Let's go ride

[D.I.G.]

Who the fuck, that is, on the side of me  
Yo who the fuck, that is, down to get high with me  
Yo who the fuck, that is, down to ride with me  
Yo who the fuck, that is, down to die with me

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[Master P]

I'm feelin sick, I done swallowed a fuckin rock  
I ain't even runnin, here comes the cops  
I got my soldier gear on, and I'm motherfuckin ready  
You \_Nightmare on Elm Street\_, you Jason and I'm Freddy  
We got a job to do, then it's a motherfuckin lick  
Fifty G's on his ass, then it's a motherfuckin split  
Me and my homies gon' smoke and when we get done we gon' get blunted  
And after we handle our business, we gonna chase after some honies  
Nobody fuckin move, nobody get hurt  
Don't make me put your face on a motherfuckin shirt  
I'm from the 3rd Ward, where we all crack skulls  
And we don't give a fuck cause we all toss broads  
Now if you snitchin, then they gon' find you in a ditch  
But if you bitchin, then they gon' find you with some dick  
Nigga we Uptown, where the lights don't shine  
But with the pistol, and this chrome, watch yo' ass get blind  
by these youngster that I hang with, I mean these niggaz I sang with  
We all soldiers for life nigga, we on some gang shit

[D.I.G.]

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Yo who the fuck, that is, down to die with me

A maniac killer, I'm the nigga quick to rip it up  
So buck and get fucked stuck like Chuck bitch, now that ass is out of luck  
I'm from the ruts of the city strictly ghetto born  
Swoll up hard so you haters best be gone  
Or he gone like that, I'm tragic on your street  
I got what it take to get the glock that knock you off your fuckin feet  
I be the terror in the dark just like a thief  
Releasin the beast, be deceased, all increase, uh  
T-E-C, N-I-N-E, relieves to any problem  
I got the fuckin cop killers nigga you can't dodge em  
Like a mirage I'm the nigga you think you be seein  
I'm leavin em stinkin I'm leavin em invisible even up when they dreamin  
You don't where I went, or how this nigga gon' be on that ass  
and blast, gimme the mic, I'ma show you what I mean froggy fat  
But clean as a mouth full of Listerine  
Unseen supreme the king, indisputable  
Inflictin pain, even my name is immutable  
My game is beautiful, fuck with me and I'll murder you

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