

Masterboy, And I Need You

((posted by:))

Uhhh, welcome to the 5-0-4 nigga. Dirty south haha

[Chorus--O'Dell x2]

Living is so hard in the city

Ah, living living living

Its so hard in the city

[Master P]

I'm from the city of the go getters, I mean the poor nigga

Where niggaz stunt like they rich for hoes but they broke nigga

In the bitches like a pea pod

And the niggaz ride in the hood and like to slang rocks

And bitches wanna make niggaz into they baby daddies

And niggaz still ride old school caddies

And a bunch of block parties with bar rooms on the corner

And niggaz wish they could move to California

Where it never rains in the sunshine

Cause dwon here the murder rate's high and bitches love to set the line

Alot of gold teeth and nicknames

Like Big Swoll, Big Boz, Hotboy and Big Man

And you might get a rep if you a killer

The city of the crawl dads, bad cops, and drug dealers

And hoes love ya if ya famous

But niggaz representing wards in the projects is dangerous

[Chorus x2]

[Mac]

Young nigga got blast at the age of 14

A dope fiend stayed booted up cause he shooted up

Everybody suited up screaming 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 wasn't tripping though running from the popos

Robbing niggaz for they rags and things

He ran up on the wrong nigga rearranged his brain

Now check it in my city ain't no Crips or Bloods

Niggaz yell 3rd Ward come equipped with slugs

And niggaz soldier rags blowing they soldier bags

Kicking up dust

Chasing paper that saying God we trust

9 to 5 can't do nothing for my light bill

So mothafuckas might kill for the right scrill

In the city we be busy and bust

And nigga you don't wanna fuck with us nigga what

[Chorus x2]