

Homies and Thugs

Master P

Ghetto niggaz remain violent all the killers remain silent
Niggaz strapped with 45's and ain't smiling
And I'm driving to a place they're all 'home'
The lake we build houses but it's the hood we call home
In the ghetto the only place a motherfucker will keep it real
We focused on the dollar bill, still
The outsiders tend to disrespect the place
Where niggaz do their struggling die with a straight face
Surviving, under conditions demons dinin'
You can run it but can't hide it so step aside
It's the nigga that makin' music for the streets
Cause I love this motherfucker like pussy with no sheets,
Cause it's deep
Some niggaz make it out the neighborhood and won't circle
And let the money make them nervous, what's the purpose?
A motherfucker sitting on fat
Who done came up in the hood but he can't come back
Fuck that, I remain in the street game frame
On a mission to maintain me and take aim
In position to let my opposition know my life
Cause off in these streets I keep it real but what's right?
Surviving, sitting on a key doing business on a beeper
I'm sinking in this motherfucker deeper
Fear the reaper that no man born or woman harm me
Fuck being a nigga in your army; though I'm a killer
Enter the ghetto so that you can see
What I mean when I say I love this cause it love me
Let it be, stop looking at this motherfucker strange
And talking 'bout a motherfucking change
This is for my thug niggaz
(chorus x6)
This is for my homies and my thug niggaz (uuuuugh)
Verse 2
(master p)
'face, imagine us working at mcdonald's
And me and you selling fucking tapes in the bahamas
Gold slug, a car full of thug niggaz
Twenty inch wheels candy paint so we drug dealers
No limit soldiers to the fullest
See I was raised on some red beans the size of some bullets, huh
Real ghetto niggaz can't be stopped
Got me mixing up dope with little j down at rap-a-lot
My phone tapped the feds on my tail
Got me paying luxury taxes on everything I build
True to the ghetto that's my life
You see that house on the lake it's for the kids and the wife
You can test me if you wanna
Cause I be dumping niggaz off from new orleans to california
Rowdy like a hurricane (uuuuuugh)
Independent, black owned got them hooked on this cocaine
You used to see c.e.o.'s in a suit and tie
But we young niggaz in tennis shoes and diamonds
Executive street millionaires
Niggaz gonna be bout it bout till we gray in the wheel chair
Chorus x6
Verse 3:
(doracell)

It's alive, and I'mma be tha muhfuckin' one
Make these niggas want some
Here I come
Da last don
Niggaz steady claiming this
Tatted on my wrist since 86
What tha fuck?
I'm sitting in my cell block stuck
Listening to this shit my radio did
Shit, gotta change the situation
Write a letta to the warden mothafuck all this time wasting
Chasin' niggas wit my occupation
Clean across the nation
Lookin' for two-facin
The gangsta, the killa, and the dope-dealer all in one
Now past me my muthafuckin' gun
Niggaz feelin' they invinsible
Til' they dealin' wit tha muthafuckin' principle
Doracell nigga
I ain't scared cause 2 pac got kilt
I'm on tilt
Feelin' the muthafuckin' guilt
Thug nigga