

Kenny's Dead

Master P

This is Master P
I'm down here in South Park
I just put a million dollar reward up
For any information or anybody who know who killed Kenny
Ya heard?

(Kenny's dead)
We got to ride tonight
My little homey Kenny died tonight
(that's what I said)
unh!

Kenny strated messin' up, hangin' with the thugs
Cutting class, in the fast section, see weed and drugs
And I guess that's how it is, when the ghetto got you trapped
But Kenny ain't scared, he seen his pops get his neck snapped
People lie in they sheet, on South Park streets
Where the hoes chill and everybody run from the police
But what I liked about Kenny, he wasn't no crip or no blood
And he mumbled when he talked, but he loved that bud

Alot of hopeless nights chasin' nickels and dimes
Kenny rode the other bus to school, but at night, he did crimes
two eleven, one eighty seven, it's like a hobby
Kenny slowed his roll, he did three years for a robbery
Some say Kenny was the poorest kid on the street
But picture this, Kenny with about ten g's and a couple of keys
Huh, servin' the dope fiends, standin' on the corner
Moved and worked from New Orleans to Arizona
But it was a trip, Kenny always wondered how he would die
Would it be a car crash, a plane, a gun, or suicide
He knew one day that the rats would come
But he didn't know they was gonna scream "'bout it 'bout it"
And hit him with a shotgun
unh!

Alot of wasted deaths, alot of senseless crime
But everybody think about what you do out there, because uh
Judgment day is for everybody
Just remember that, uh, we can't take none of this wit' us
And it's real out here on these streets
I'd love to live like Kenny
But just remember, Kenny wasn't nothin' but a cartoon
Huh, died, he's dead, ain't no comin' back
Ya heard me?
Hombre, Master P, No Limit
To the world, baby
Don't get no realer than this