

My Ghetto Heroes

Master P

Ha Ha Ha
Most niggas might think I'm crazy when I tell em this
(Yeah G)
But you know what most nigga look up to like Presidents
Niggas thats in sports
All this type of shit as heroes
They might look at motherfuckin Muhammed Ali
Yah know Sugar Ray Leanord, Mike Tyson, but me..

Air Jordan aint no motherfuckin hero G
My heroes is niggas in the ghetto that slang D
That right on chrome and triple gold and pimp hoes
And take any nigga in the click to the Super Bowl
And party like it aint nothin
But most of my homies they done died over drug money
Like Bizzy Bob and Sam Skutty but I still love em
Air full of motherfucker and I still wanna hug em
Big Dave, my nigga gone to the battle field
Dandon and Levi, damn guard ya grill
Cuz where ya goin you gotta watch your back
Judge, god damn another nigga didnt make it back (Mr.C)
My lil brother Kevin Miller rest in peace
Elbraud, Nextditch, and Big Leaf
Lil Girl, and Boo, and Anguard
Big Pepper, God damn what yall thinkin about
They gone, I mean they soldiers
But thets the type of cal i live up and hold to
Like Joe Jackson, Lil Emmo
Randy, Sir Pat, God damn
They got bigger, the list go longer
I could start from New Orleans and go back to California
To lil Tony, to dime P
Seritz, Burnell, can't believe
That he's gone, the Scarface
Dank, Loot, and Meathead
And what about Kenny Sep
And all my niggas that dead and gone that got caught in the rep
And my other heroes still livin
But they locked up behind bars, caught up in some pigeons
Like my lil cousin Jimmy, lil Horgel
Randall, Marlow, Pee Wee damn
Another mission complete
Took off the streets locked up by the police
Meatball, and Nap, La Crowe
Pac, jinte, the gats go pow
But my homies got caught up
Even though they had no way out the ghetto but the come up
Off the streets in the hood money
Thats why my heroes live for drug money

My Ghetto Heroes
I watched em live fast, I watched em die slow

What you mean I need a hero
A hero is a zero to me
The only hero that I know is them niggas in my hood G
They gave me the game so I enhanced the gat

Than I took the game, and ripped it out the frame
I tried and told ya
A hero can't be ya lucky rabbit's foot or ya 4-leaf clover
It all be a myth in ya mind
A hero aint about shit if they aint about dying
You know who was a hero to me
that nigga MoXs on the Howard J G

And yall other niggas thats still livin
That wanna be a hero but can't be givin
Yo life up for these streets
But this goin out to my homies out there slangin D
That still hustlin in the game tryin to make it
But yall niggas better realize you cant fake it
You either in or out aint no halfway in
Cuz when you die in the end you go to the pen
And its realer than you real niggas feel me
This for my niggas that are heroes in my hood G