

Next Shooting Star

Master P

They don't wanna see me ball
They just wanna see me fall
I could be the next shooting star
Then them haters just brought me a brand new car
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We live in the dark, they shooting up the puff
The project got ' they ain't got not heart and all
Little Erica, must have been a miracle
My life is beautiful, man, but this is critical
And look at life through the window panes
Where they will kill you behind bars and the fake old chain
And we was broke, see, daddy had to work and did momma
Wouldn't matter, a jerk

I just wanna be a baller, just wanna be a baller
Taught to dream big, yeah, I learned it from my father
One day I have a daughter, let me give her hand in marriage
RIP Trevor Martin, he will never be a parent
Why we kill our future, probably caught up in the past, though
You say that you a thug, why you robbing with a mask for?
I ain't perfect, I'm tryina leak the future
But I'm living in a world where you get famous when they shoot you
Dream killer

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What if 50-0 Derek Anderson got caught up in a bucket
Would he ever made the NBA or went to Kentucky
And J1 and Twelve really popped that gun
Ginger would be going to the pen just to see her son
And let we all keep in mind he really did that lick
Probably wouldn't be going to school, probably be in the ditch
They say all behind drugs and no fault to figure
But 150 dollars you can ball the trigger
They building G a house, they should be building schools
So much negativity, I don't watch the news
They say a young ghetto life, worth it every minute
Never find the killer but a friend probably did it
Pour a little liquor with the homies just to ease the pain
I see mothers outside in the freezing rain
It's a cold world but we in it
Tried to kill my dreams but I told 'em no limits, for ever

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Rest in peace lil' Snoop, he died over again
Rest in peace lil' Josh, he died over a chain
Rest in peace lil' Ryan, he died over a whip
Rest in peace C' he died over a chip
Rest in peace Tupac, rest in peace BIG
I could spit a whole verse when I ever RIP
Dream killers is all I see, he could've been a movie star
But instead we shooting stars
It don't matter who we are, brown skin, black skin
I ain't talking rap when I say Tech 9, Mac 10
Dream killers packing, y'all ain't tryina see me ball
Hit 'em with that red charge, yeah, I'm blind to 'em all
They don't fill my drink, they tryina kill my dream
They can't kill my dream, they tryina steal my dream
If they can't steal my dream, they tryina chill my steam
And that's the motivation I use to build my dream, boy

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