

The Real

Master P

I don't know whats wrong wit these fuckaz, Always winin always
cryin he ain't
doin this fo me she ain't doin dat. Motha fucka get wit me i tr
y to teach a
mocha fucka somthin and then they just jump in here talk about
goin AWOL who
the fuck goin AWOL man i let these motha fuckaz in here, then t
hey go to the
fuckin white man and sell they fukin sole for a couple o bitche
z and a blunt
man. How we supposed to respect that whoadie, if any fuckin pro
ducers runnin
they mouth man i'll pay fo the equip met a motha fucka couldn't
even make beef
fo a hundred and two dollaz man. show a nigga how ta deal some
papa, and dats
what i get in return man. How u talkin bout u ain't wit no limi
t no more? y
don't u bring bak the tank then whoadie? You ain't gawta bring
it bak to me man
i kno u scared, mail it to me. What r ya keepin it fo protectio
n? What are ya
gonna do wit the tatoos punta? Cover it up wit a suit? Thats so
mthin that some
bitchez would do. Oh Yeah, when i met ya ya'll had nothin, now
ya gone and ya
got nothin again punta. Ain't no real niggaz gone fuck wit ya.
Sell all the
stories ya want to the inquirer i don't give a fuck. I don't ha
ve no image to
hold, you do, i'm from the streets, where you from? Wha u gone
call the police
and press charges every time ya get ya ass whooped? What kinda
gangsta are u
punta?