

Too Many

Master P

Yo, God if for real you can't get no nigga like me
No Clay and Jane when I had too many bad bitches
You can't feed no eagle bird seeds
That's for pigeons, I seen millions

Too many (yeah), too many (yeah)
Bands, I done popped too many (see ya)
Xans, she done popped too many (ayy)
Too many, too many, too many (ayy)
Too many (yeah), too many (yeah)
Perc', she done popped too many (see ya)
Drinks, I done had too many (ayy)
Too many, too many, too many (ayy)
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Perc', she done popped too many (see ya)
Drinks, I done had too many (ayy)
Too many, too many, too many (ayy)

Too many of those sucka' poles shit
Too many motherfuckin' goals shit
I done fucked too many hoes shit
I ball like I'm in the pros, bitch
Bitches wanna know why I grin 'cause
I done fucked so many friends shit
So much money in the safe, man
I just brought me a new Wraith, man
So many bitches in my DM
I need ten means and still can't see them
I got so much dope in the house shit
It'll never be a fuckin' drought, bitch
So many diamonds in the Rollie
It's so cold, I can't even hold it
We poppin' so many bottles in the club
So many bad bitches fallin' in love

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Shit, I got so many haters

Guess 'cause I got so much paper shit
So many trips to Vegas shit
I just might buy the Raiders, bitch
I got a ho with no clothes on
She want to come and get poked on
I got a bitch with them chickens
I got a side-hoe ready, get busy
I got so many goons ready for war
These hundred round drums, they come with the car
I got more houses than niggas with real estate license
That's why these industry niggas don't like me
I don't need trophies to win
I done turned fellas to million, now straight out the pen
My bank account is too low
My garage full of them cars, foreign, bitch

Too many (yeah), too many (yeah)
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Xans, she done popped too many (ayy)
Too many, too many, too many