

## Watch Your Ass

Master P

G man, why don't you go on, pass the dank  
Let's take a lil' break ya know whatb I'm sayin'  
Before we finish this album up  
And let's get fucked up, ya know what I'm sayin'  
Pass it man, pass the dank sssssss  
Damn, this motherfuckin' green, this shit stank man  
Yo, who that is right there man (That's that rich kid)  
That's Rich Kid, what's up dog (What up P man, ya know)  
What's happenin' (What's up, pass the dank man let cha' boy hit a lil')  
Sssss, (So what's up P, what chu' been up to man)  
Ya know the same ol' shit, tryin' to get this rap shit off the ground  
Know what I'm sayin' (Ah man you know ya boy been comin' up)  
(Man why don't chu' let ya boy kick a lil' something)  
Go ahead Rich, go ahead a kick a lil' freestyle (Yeah)

38th is the spot where I'm rippin' the top  
In my 68 Stang I got the bitches off  
With the clean purple back and the real gold plates  
And a case I'm sittin' on triple gold Daytons  
With a peanut butter top, my shit straight dropped  
I'm north bound, on my way to the day spot  
Richmond, California is the city I'm from  
And everybody in my hood of course they pack guns  
If a sucker talk shit I fill his ass with lead  
With a chopper in my hand, watch the bloodshed  
Have ya layin' in a coffin with the quickness  
If you think a folk then handle ya business  
But just remember that you can be handled  
With a shot from my gauge ya whole body dismantled  
To be fit to survive man ya gotta be real  
Have the mind of a gangsta, no hesitation to kill  
If ya hesistate yo you might get smoked  
Ya got one in the chamber just let the punk choke  
Off this red hot piece of lead  
Start spittin' off from the mouth now ya know he's dead  
Said my rules to survive so make sure ya get with it  
Cause life of a gangsta is survival of the fittest

Yeah Rich man that's cool but pass the dank man  
(Yeah man, here ya go man, ya know) Yeah, yeah, yeah  
Swwwww Whoa, pass it (Oh shit)  
Hold a kid, cut the music off

Life in the ghetto is serious, mysterious it may seem  
Peep out the window I see nothin' but dope fiends  
They want them double ups, twenties and tens and chromes  
Before I finish let me tell ya where I'm comin' from  
A smoked out, loched out hood  
Way back in the ghetto back in the days  
I used to slang and game to get hoes  
50 would sneak up, creep up dressed up as decoys  
I keep em' trippin' cause I never serve them dope boys  
I see so many crack babies and laid bitches  
Out by the bus stop hounded for a nigga's riches  
I just fuck em' then duck em' and then break away  
Because a broke ho is out to fade you anyway  
She never had nothin' and probably never will

Watch ya back for dope fiends they known to kill  
But that's the life in the ghetto so think fast  
Ya better look behind ya back and watch ya ass

See dope fiends, they get me for crack  
5-0 they want to beat me with a baseball bat, watch your ass  
All these crazy hoes havin' babies for the welfare  
Homicide, murderers killin' people everywhere, watch your ass

There was a day my nigga Mokey did a homicide  
They be smokin' crack but they will never realize  
My neighborhood is like a jungle cause it's kill or be killed  
Pull out the chopper motherfucker watch the blood spill  
Now I'm a villain, deep in the dope game  
Can't find a job so a brother sellin' cocaine  
It's kind of strange, got me scared but I'm never slippin'  
My next door neighbor od'd the bitch is always trippin'  
In the park, the park they shot the lil' kid  
Them motherfuckers low down, damn how could ya do it nig  
So the life in the ghetto is kind of vile  
But move ya bitch down cause bitches they go a hundred miles

Watch your ass

[Hook x2]