

Y'all Don't Know

Master P

Say brah
In this game called life
It's charces (choices), decisions, and consequences
I decided to change my life, for the better So anybody that's out there seeking conviction
because of profanity in my music
then you don't understand me or my people
See my music is about keepin it real
It's about the constant struggles that I been through in the ghetto
So cain't (can't) no man or woman convey the sounds that I make..
It don't get no realer than this

Y'all don't know what we goin through (mo' money mo' problems)
Y'all don't know what they put us through (mo' money mo' problems)
Y'all don't know what we goin through (mo' money mo' problems)
Y'all don't know what they put us through

Too many problems I can't sleep, you either strong or you weak
See I was born to be a G, that's why I learned to flip a key
From the cradle to the grave, you either a master or a slave
Now who wanna get paid? But I'ma a hustler til I'm dead
Fuckin wrong road but it's the right route..
Now picture me with the lights out!
Who can I turn to when time's hard?
Trust in no nigga, put my faith in God
Cause penitentiaries, stayed packed (stay packed)
Once you on the bus you might not come back
To my homies doin time, keep your head up (head up)
And to my soldiers on the street, don't get fed up (fed up)
Sometime we do bad, but we all in it
You gotta learn to dream, cause there's No Limit, ya heard me?

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Don't treat me like a disease, cause my skin darker than yers (yours)
And my environment is hostile, nuttin like your suburbs
I'm from the ghetto, home of poverty - drugs and guns
Where hustlers night life for funds but, makin crumbs
in the slums in the street, in the cold in the heat
Rest in peace and then deceased but we still strugglin while you sleep
And the game never change it's still the same since you passed
We get beat and harassed, whenever them blue lights flash

To the little homies in the hood, claimin wards and wearin rags
Tryin to feel a part of a family he never had
And it's sad, I feel his pain, I feel his wants
To avoid bein locked up, there's do's and don'ts

Use your head little soldier, keep the coke out your system
that ? out your veins, that won't do away with the pain
Only prayers will get you through, ain't no use to bein foolish
Ain't got one life to live, so be careful how you use it

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Haha.. the mo' money you make, the mo' problems you gon' have
The mo' people gon' want, the mo' they gon' wanna take it from you
(The mo' they gon' want to STEAL from you)
So keep your eyes open (they might even kill you to get it)
(Can't believe in nobody but God soldiers)
There ain't No Limit, ya heard me?
(Believe.. none of what you hear and half of what you see, huh)
(Picture me ballin.. think they wanna see a ghetto child
Comin out the Callio' project, makin Forbes magazine, Fortune?
Huh, think they wanna see, a ghetto kid like me, make it in the NBA?
Huh, picture me ballin.. uh-huh, picture all of us ballin
Picture the haters fallin though, uh-heh
It ain't No Limit ya heard me?)