

Master P

Warhol.SS

Feel like Master P, who want smoke with me
Feel like Master P, who want smoke with me
Who want smoke with me? Who want smoke with me?

Pull up in the tank feel like Master P
That bitch she too messy fuckin' up the sheets
I can't fuck with niggas all these niggas creeps
Bangin through the streets, golds on my teeth
Bitches they gon' ride for me cause boy I got that shit
Niggas they gon' ride for me got dirty with that dick
They be talking tough but they really ain't on shit
Boy you only mad cause I ran off with yo bitch

Feel like Master P, who want smoke with me?
Blow it out the P
Feel like Master P, who want smoke with me?
Blow it out the P, Feel like Master P
Who want smoke with me? Feel like Master P
Blow it out the P
Who want smoke with me? Who want smoke with me?

Phone ringing three A.M., like who is this
Goofy bitch she calling spazzing out and shit
Warhol why you acting different on some other shit
Bitch I blowed up, go hop on another dick
Riding round I'm overseas
Blowing southeast, out the P
Fuck that boy he not with me
Kodak bopping blowing on that broccoli

Ain't no stopping me
Flexing overseas
Ain't no stopping me
Feel like Master P, Blow it out the P
Who want smoke with me, who want smoke with me?