

# Master P

YN Jay

(Fuck the fire, we got grease)

Uh

Uh, uh uh

Uh, I'on sell dope no more, don't push up, I don't got the- pass the-  
I'on sell dope no more, don't point nun', ain't no ah-ah-ah  
I'on sell dope no more, don't wow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow-wow  
I'on sell dope no more, I'on make no plays, I'll ride right past the east  
Ain't no cap, my nigga, you won't blow yo' gun, you might as well pass the h  
eat  
Had a whole line locked up, sale on my truck, I feel like Master P  
I remember I fell down, now I got back up, prolly why they mad at me  
I was only twelve years old, walked up to a body, I- psh-, that's high to se  
e  
I was only twelve years old, walked up on a body, shit-shit, I had to see  
I was only twelve years old when I put my arm and a wrist and I had to twist  
I'on e'en trip on a hoe that nigga been had, nigga, nigga been had the bitch  
, ahh  
I could put a bitch out 'cause she ain't havin', bitch keep actin' cheap  
I'm finna [\*clap\* \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clap\* \*clap\*], I'm stabbin' cheeks  
I got a watch on my wrist, got a chain on my neck, I got a grill in my mouth  
We ain't e'en fell in love, bitch, I'on love you, what the fuck is the feeli  
ngs about?  
My bitch mad at me, but she won't walk off, the bitch still stay in the hous  
e  
Hold on, I felt 'round but I gotta switch up 'cause a nigga got hidden hate  
I seen shit as a kid, I seen niggas die, seen niggas get hit in the face  
I put the foot on the table if somebody stealin', I got a missin' plate  
I just took off on the boys in the Hellcat, I got a missin' plate  
Bitch wanna go out to eat at a five-star restaurant, I just missed the date  
Nigga tried to give me a handshake but it wasn't real, you know I can feel t  
he hate  
Knew a nigga died soon as the bullet hit him, he ain't feel a K  
Told my bitch if you ain't cookin' like Kya, I gotta put you out  
I had a bitch while she bent over on the bed, she in a whoopin' style  
Told a bitch come make me some good ass breakfast, I like yo' cookin' style  
Put so much dick in this freak bitch, like she have a baby, she pushin' it o  
ut  
Nigga, if ain't nobody dead yet, what is the beef about?  
Malcolm X, I got a K at the window, I'm just peekin' out  
Beta status said I want some possum, brodie brought pecan out  
I made twenty racks, four-five o'clock, I'on e'en leave the house  
Nigga keep playin', he gon' end up on the news, that's what they gon' read a  
bout  
It's a hunnid million on the floor, why the fuck would I leave you out?  
Ay, I'mma tell you like a nigga told me: You better go get you some money  
They thought he was gon' live 'til ninety-nine, he got hit with a hunnid  
I got a bad ass bitch, five million up, but I treat that bitch like nothin'  
Walked outside and I felt raindrops, I know the thunder comin'  
I got a bad ass bitch I be laid up with, she call me her thunder buddy  
I got a peanutbutter-chocolate bitch, I call her my Nutty Buddy  
Nigga, that is not yo' dogshit, you flexin' yo' brother money  
Spent a hunnid thousand this month, nigga that shit ain't nothin'  
I be throwin' paper in the air, nigga, I juggle money  
I'on e'en know how to say this shit, bro, the bitch ain't fine, but the bitc

h ain't ugly

Yuh

The bitch ain't fine, but she love me  
Twenty racks pokin' out these pockets, I need another one  
I need some other ones  
I need eight pockets  
My judge told me to stay on point 'cause they gon' stay watchin'  
Nigga, I put this Louis shit on like it ain't a problem  
I ain't no rookie, I ain't never bought two pints in a baby bottle  
Like, where the sealed pint?  
Like, how the fuck he die, get shot, then get killed twice?  
I got this shit from Wafi, boy, this real ice  
I scraped it out the bottom, band for band, you gotta deal twice  
I can promise you, you try the Yung OG, then you will die  
Bitch, I'm real high  
My bitch real fly  
Botega boots with a hat that cost twenty five  
My family member did some bullshit and then my cousin died  
High off pills, throw some water on me, I'mma come alive  
Like Baby Ju, damn, he wanna come outside  
He hit this block runnin' at the mouth, they headed to his ride  
I'm from the trenches, nigga, it get dangerous when it's cold outside  
I'm Traxxin' niggas down and Trackhawkin', it was snow outside  
I got a other side  
This my other side  
A nigga tried the gang, then his brother died  
From 14, this bitch isn't e'en gon change, she a butterfly  
From a caterpillar  
I'on trust shit, I'll be around and wack my sister  
I was in the feds payin' ten dollars for a pack of Skittles  
I'm a rich nigga, I brought Yavo with me  
He had two fine hoes that want action to me  
Need to count a half a ticket, that'll make me horny  
You was sayin' some real shit, but say it in the morning  
I got rich, me and lil' Tay, wasn't gon' play informants  
Told her, "'Ight, I gotta go count this dogshit," She gon' say I'm boring  
There's some dogshit on the floor, bae, here's some paper for you  
The IRS just gave me an extension, they sent a paper to me  
Finna come up with a non-profit, tryna save my money  
I put that shit inside Chase Bank, bro, that ain't my money  
I ain't trippin', 'cause as soon my feet on land, I'm gon' make some money  
On the first day, on the second day, on the third day, that wasn't the worst  
day  
I made my money then a first day  
The sixth day, I'm comin' out with bird play