

# Welcome To My City

Master P

Ughhhh hahaha Welcome to the 504 nigga the dirty south

Living is so hard in the city of

Livin' Livin' Livin' is so hard in the city

Ughhhh I'm from the city of the go getters I mean the poor niggas

With niggas smelt like they richer hoes but they broke niggas

And the bitches like the peapop (peapop)

And the niggas ride through the hood and like to slang rocks

And bitches want to make niggas into they baby daddy's

And niggas still ride old school Caddies

And a bunch of block parties and borrowers on the corner

And niggas wish they could move to California

It never rain in the sun shine cuz down here the murder rate's high

And bitches love to suck a line

A lot of gold teeth and nicknames like Big Suo Big Baz Hot Boy and Big Man

And you might get a rep if you're a killer

The city of the crawdads bad cops and drug dealers

And hoes love you if you're famous

But niggas representin' wards in the projects is dangerous

Young nigga got blast at the age of fourteen the dope fiends say

Bruise it up cuz he shoot it up everybody suited up screamin'

God Why he was a killer and that's how most killers die

I used to tell him slow his roll back in '94

He was a trippy dog runnin' from the po-po

Robbin' niggas for their rangs and thangs

He ran up on the wrong nigga re-arranged his brain

Now check it in my city ain't no Crips and Bloods but niggas yell 3rd ward

Come equiped with slugs and niggas soldier rags throwin' at those who bags

Kickin' up dust chasin' paper that say in god we trust

Now the five can't do nothin' for my light bill some motherfuckers

Might kill for the right skril in the city we do busy and bust

And nigga ya won't fuck with us nigga what

[Chorus 2X]