

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
as
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 rags 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 equipped 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]