

## 1-900-Master P

Master P

G ride, homicide, hoo ride 4 deep  
Thats how we late night creep  
See in Cali' fools be gettin' their serve on  
And at the side shows cars got it going on  
With that candy paint plus that ??  
So many woofers in the trunk sound like an army tank  
I'm from that Richmond 23rd street army  
So fools can't harm me, gats cocked incase they run up on me  
See I'm deep, TRU is how I creep  
I don't bang cause that went out in '93  
Still locin, blunted and smokin'  
Gator Rade and Thunderbird, a pocket full of Trojans  
For them hoochies, that wanna smooch me  
End up in Motel 6 in some booty  
Boots knockin', panties be droppin'  
Gat under the bed incase the playa hatas come and pop me  
Got that glock, 17 shots, it's all good I tell a hoochie don't stop  
Ass bangin', nuts still hangin', moble phone ringin'  
Ain't stoppin' 'till the fat lady starts singin' and hollerin'  
And moanin' i'm humpin'  
Check my watch god damn it's 6 in the mornin'  
Should I stay, ain't got no time to play  
Put my ?? by my t-shirt  
Then I break, to the door  
My partner's three deep in a six-four

G ride, homicide, hoo ride 4 deep  
That's how we late night creep

Well it's the weekend and everybody chillin' at the giggety lake  
Hoes in daisy dukes so tight, it'll make your nuts break  
Polk-a-dot panties, gold thangs, dampies  
So many stars out here I feel like I'm at the Grammys  
Niggas blowin', bitches out hoein'  
Weaves so tight ain't nobody else knowin'  
Is it real, if it's not just chill  
Cause talkin' shit to a hoe in Cali' can get your god damn cap peeled  
Ballers roll low, fools out tellin' jokes  
Hittin' like Tyson on the mother fuckin' Spliff smoke  
Tangueray mixed with that orange juice and lemon squeeze  
Straight vodka and mother fuckin 80 leaves  
I mean high, I'm higher than a giggety bird  
Show my ass for the hood make them gold thangs hit the curb  
5-0 on my trizail, I had to post bizail  
100 g's to get me out of jail, I'm with the quickness  
All because a big nigga bought a ki' of dope  
Watch a young nigga flip this  
Straight independant, ain't nobody lendin'  
Underground King Pin, title dependant  
Master P or should I say Al Capone  
No Limit Records in the house got it goin' on  
Ain't no love, I thought I told ya  
Us TRU niggas, straight soldiers  
King ready to fight a bitch like a Pit Bull  
And Big Ed got that 9 trigger ready to pull  
And SilkK will put your teeth in the dirt fool  
And C-Murder don't give a fuck about a nigga dude

And Cali-G is ready to do a fuckin' OG call  
Cause when you fuckin' with us one  
You fuckin' with us all  
That's how we do it on the Westcoast  
Westcoast Badd Boyz some more No Limit dope

Now we creepin' from the Westcoast of California  
To Washington, Texas, Louisiana, Arizona, Utah, Flordia, Atlanta, Kansas,  
Nebraska, New York, Kentucky, Alabama, Detroit  
Arkansas, North Carolina, South Carolina

Man let me check this shit out  
Let me see what this all about 1-9-0-0-Master-P

Yo, what's up this is your nigga Master P  
Sorry I'm unavaiilable to come to the phone right now  
I'm either out on the fuckin' road doin' shows  
Kickin' it with bitches  
Could be your bitch if you a real G  
Just take it to the law, you could be a playa hater  
We can hold court in the streets  
But if you my nigga little Rich  
Yeah nigga if you still got them mountings for 350  
Hold me 7 of 'em nigga  
I'll be back tomorrow, and if its that bitch Sheryl  
Yeah I told them niggas you sucked my dick hoe  
You know how that go, every dog got they day  
Bitch you had 3 or 4 though  
No Limit Records, supplyin' the world with that dope gangsta ass shit  
Y'all know as usual, comin' back with a bomb on y'all ass  
Dope ass EP P 99 Ways To Die  
Everybody got it  
You must have it cause you wouldn't be listenin' to this shit  
Master P bout it be, audi five thousand  
'Bout to smoke this ol' Spliff on y'all dog ass  
Watch this, when the weed stop  
Then leave a mother fuckin' message (inhales) boom