

99 Ways To Die

Master P

H to the motherfuckin' K
A Richmond ass nigga residin' in the Bay
Still slangin' cola out the motherfuckin' palm trees
TRU to the game and gone off some Dank weed
Shoot a nigga up in the middle of the sunset
And when you ride through the town you better wear your vest
Real East Bay gangsta, the P is not a prankster
Put the nina to your a jaw and watch a nigga gank ya
See it's a turf thing, fools like to gangbang
Russian roulette, put the Glock to your dome man
And if a fool live he have shit in his pants
Just seen the devil, taught you how to dirty dance
Merri D whip the beat up just like some dope
I put the lyrics in the chamber and watch that ass get smoked

99 ways to die, survival of the fittest
Only one way to stay alive
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Head for the 94, P got that deuce deuce
Homies better run, gon' like psycho ready to bust a few
23rd street, I'm posted in the cut
Southside of the Rich, TRU don't give a fuck
Caught a fool slippin', tryin' to slang them Coca leaves
Mark's gettin' smoked in my hood like some Dank weed
My homie little Rich got the shotgun ready to bust a cap
Duct tape around your mouth motherfucker did you ??
Ain't nobody trippin', caught that ass slippin'
Dumpin' bullets in your back like young Scottie Pippen
Niggas in the truck, with automatics
5 g's ready to roll up on your ass from some static
Fry that ass like Wendy's, where they fry fuckin' burgers
Well done drippin' in blood cause that's the way I serve ya
No lettuce or tomato, just straight lead
When people straight clip three bullets to your head

Blood drippin' from my nose, I'm in a cold sweat
I done smoked this fool, can't sleep I need a cigarette
O.G. but it's time for me to put in work
I mean cock the trigger, time to do my own dirt
King guard the window, I toss and turn in my sleep
Silkk hand on the pump, I hear the fuckin' police
It's my time to come, i'm going out like Kadafi
Jumped out the window ain't nobody gonna stop me
Still have fuckin' blood on my hands from the torture
?? with the motherfucker that I thought ya
Cause it's slaughter in the dope game
Have you ever held the hands of a dead man
It's serious G , I can't sleep though
And I'm gone on that motherfuckin' Indo
You gotta stay strapped
Ain't no time to blank
Niggas in my hood left dead with they corpses' stank
Black-on-black crimes it's all about the dividends

The government fed dope to my hood to make us kill again
Fake D.A., feds on my fuckin' case
Just like the ?? man, fuck the yellow tape
I'm out on 50 g's and that's real
And the sucka that snitched on the P, got his cap peeled

[Chorus]