

# Homies and Thugs

Master P

Ghetto niggaz remain violent all the killers remain silent  
Niggaz strapped with 45's and ain't smiling  
And I'm driving to a place they're all 'home'  
The lake we build houses but it's the hood we call home  
In the ghetto the only place a motherfucker will keep it real  
We focused on the dollar bill, still  
The outsiders tend to disrespect the place  
Where niggaz do their struggling die with a straight face  
Surviving, under conditions demons dinin'  
You can run it but can't hide it so step aside  
It's the nigga that makin' music for the streets  
Cause I love this motherfucker like pussy with no sheets,  
Cause it's deep  
Some niggaz make it out the neighborhood and won't circle  
And let the money make them nervous, what's the purpose?  
A motherfucker sitting on fat  
Who done came up in the hood but he can't come back  
Fuck that, I remain in the street game frame  
On a mission to maintain me and take aim  
In position to let my opposition know my life  
Cause off in these streets I keep it real but what's right?  
Surviving, sitting on a key doing business on a beeper  
I'm sinking in this motherfucker deeper  
Fear the reaper that no man born or woman harm me  
Fuck being a nigga in your army; though I'm a killer  
Enter the ghetto so that you can see  
What I mean when I say I love this cause it love me  
Let it be, stop looking at this motherfucker strange  
And talking 'bout a motherfucking change  
This is for my thug niggaz  
(chorus x6)  
This is for my homies and my thug niggaz (uuuuugh)  
Verse 2  
(master p)  
'face, imagine us working at mcdonald's  
And me and you selling fucking tapes in the bahamas  
Gold slug, a car full of thug niggaz  
Twenty inch wheels candy paint so we drug dealers  
No limit soldiers to the fullest  
See I was raised on some red beans the size of some bullets, huh  
Real ghetto niggaz can't be stopped  
Got me mixing up dope with little j down at rap-a-lot  
My phone tapped the feds on my tail  
Got me paying luxury taxes on everything I build  
True to the ghetto that's my life  
You see that house on the lake it's for the kids and the wife  
You can test me if you wanna  
Cause I be dumping niggaz off from new orleans to california  
Rowdy like a hurricane (uuuuugh)  
Independent, black owned got them hooked on this cocaine  
You used to see c.e.o.'s in a suit and tie  
But we young niggaz in tennis shoes and diamonds  
Executive street millionaires  
Niggaz gonna be bout it bout till we gray in the wheel chair  
Chorus x6  
Verse 3:  
(doracell)

It's alive, and I'mma be tha muhfuckin' one  
Make these niggas want some  
Here I come  
Da last don  
Niggaz steady claiming this  
Tatted on my wrist since 86  
What tha fuck?  
I'm sitting in my cell block stuck  
Listening to this shit my radio did  
Shit, gotta change the situation  
Write a letta to the warden mothafuck all this time wasting  
Chasin' niggas wit my occupation  
Clean across the nation  
Lookin' for two-facin  
The gangsta, the killa, and the dope-dealer all in one  
Now past me my muthafuckin' gun  
Niggaz feelin' they invinsible  
Til' they dealin' wit tha muthafuckin' principle  
Doracell nigga  
I ain't scared cause 2 pac got kilt  
I'm on tilt  
Feelin' the muthafuckin' guilt  
Thug nigga