

How I Feel

Master P

Got a cup full of wine, maybe make them die,
A garage full of cars, and a bottle of wine.
I feel like niggas just be talking, they fear just how I live
Y'all know a nigga that's poppin, never met a nigga that's real.
And I won't let you stop my ground
Cause get that cash, must stay out mine
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Better G, that's a motherfucking chicken sandwich.
Got that tag on me, nigga, and it's never jamming.
Fuck these niggas, yeah, I got five grammies.
If I fall out gold, back I sell it, themes wreckage.
And niggas still hating on me,
That's okay cause bad bitches they be waiting on me.
It's a dirty game, somebody gotta do it.
My closet like a stove, nigga, all Louie.
Papa dope, rest and run in my fucking house.
Louis Vuitton couch, nigga I'm on my paper rough.
Yeah, nigga, we on some other shit.
Phone calls 28, rims gonna shit.

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Well I say niggas just be talking, my fourty just be sparkling,
Bullets body dropping, burn a nigga scarface.
Bitches I lost them, shoot them haters off 'em,
By bands don't talk em, we don't do this often.
Play them bitches cautious, money got me nauseous.
Eating with the bosses, power play in my office.
My new bitch so gorgeous, she sure search some car discs
All dough, all Gs, package smell awful.
Rock it off a dungeon, plus play a scholar,
Mother was a lawyer, father was a doctor.
I live like a mobster, her ex, am impostor,
It's thirty shot my Glock, a hundred shot my chopper.

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Them niggas just be talking, the hoes still be calling
While at while we be dwalin, I'm a do this shit in my coffin.
Just say mob, nigga, use a lane shist a bar, nigga
Back to back and they all black, this ain't a fludge, nigga

Take a rob, nigga, we be laying in your yard, nigga,
To many scratch, you lit this light, losses all for some,
Nigga it's how I feel, nigga, didn't talk it,
Let all these hoes pill on top it.
Ain't gonna tell, niggas, I'm balling, I'm grinded up when you're falling
I got a bad hoe be texting, the reason you can't catch me.
She met a nigga that's real, she fell in love when she met me,
On my grind, I got to shine, to many lames all in this lane
This how I feel, this how I live, you be real niggas like mine.

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