

It Don't Get No Better

Master P

Whoah! Oh No! Don't be scared!
It aint over til its over nigga.
A good soldier prepare for war in a time of piece ya heard me?

Where my niggas at? OVER HERE WHODI!
Where my bitches at? OVER HERE WHODI!
I want ya'll to raise them motherfuckin soldia rags high ya heard me?!
What?!

Nigga it don't get no better, me and my souljas gonna stick together
Rich or poor, poor or rich, No Limit is da army and we wont quit

I see a lot of thugs souljas lose they boots in tha mud
He was only 19, now he doin time for drugs
Now aint that a bitch, lil' shorty used to rhyme
But now he sittin in a cell droppin quarters, nickels & dimes
Once your dawg gone, then tha cat gonna play
I seen lil momma in tha club shakin that ass everyday
Now she telling me she need some milk for the kids
Now if that wasn't my dawg, u know a player'd be hittin it
See some of these hoes are bitches too
And I would front on my dogs for no bitches or no loot

What? What? What? What?
My definition of riches is much different
Make it hard to swallow
But I'm vicious, and who gonna stand in front of this 200 lb Rottweiler?
My mission, no competition, kill'em all like roaches
Wit more niggas on my team, and we all some soldiers
I'm re-adjustin you nigga's focus, ya'll see tha game crooked
No nigga that I know could take tha game where I took it
Black Felon still yellin habitual offender
Ya'll niggaz better keep a distance from the rath of this blender
I was born without a heart, so I live off game
If I get tempted then I can flip it, nigga I breath pain

[Chorus X3]