

# It's A Drought

Master P

(2x)

It's a drought, but we got dope  
We got dope, we got dope  
It's a drought, but we got dope  
Then it's gon cost you mo'

First you mix the dope, then you cook the dope  
And if you ain't a fiend, you don't smoke the dope  
This ain't a movie, and you ain't Scarface  
So don't bring no hoe around you, that love white cake  
C-Murder facing life, and never gave a name  
And you niggaz turn on each other, for a couple of them thangs  
I must address this shit, cause it's a serious fucking issue  
How you gon accept a badge, 'fore the police come get you  
We don't fuck with y'all kind, whodi why you snitching  
This ain't baseball, so stop pitching  
And making collect calls, to the police  
Get your jersey retired, whodi you don't know me  
I should of stayed in school, could of been a doctor  
But I'm riding Third Ward boys, trying to lose them helicopters  
But I ain't with being broke, got the scale in my coat  
We gon get through this man, meet me by the sto'  
And I don't know, what they told you boy  
I got that A1, whole baking soda boy  
You could add the B12, put it in a bag  
Take it to the hood, I bet it go fast

I take razors to the plate, chop up the yay  
Till they call the corner store, the Hard Rock Cafe  
So I kick in the door, cause they heard I supply bricks  
I got 10 they find more, I could hide 6

You think quick, when there's money on the line  
That's when I come through, and get em every time  
Fine line 'tween the vision my chain, like it's straw  
And the nose of a fiend, and they sniffing that caine

You snort raw, I got Peruvian pure  
My connect not dimmy, but he giving me more  
How you a hustler dog, since you with the top off  
Best taking flicks, so you tripping making drop off's

The game clear, when I'm spitting these bars  
It's that of a real nigga, when I sit through a charge  
We got work man, tell me what you want  
Yeah he supplying shit, I can get it in a month  
Put the pieces in place

Then we find the yay

No shorts on the strip

All the money be straight

Don't hate if you broke, must of woke up late

Cause we be up when the sun rise, dope don't wait

Now the FED's came through, took some niggaz off the block  
Rat-a-tat-tat, this shit won't stop  
Now how many niggaz, got to die in this game  
'Fore we all realize, we gotta get out of this thang  
And if you make it to money, get your life straight  
Find another way out, before it's too late  
Ain't nothing wrong, with making it out of the hood  
It's enough for in the game, where the playas play for good  
And these cats, be barking  
Keep your eyes on these niggaz, that you know that be talking

You heard me, fuck  
Get against the car