

# Respect My Game

Master P

No matter what you do my nigga  
It's not gonna be enough  
You tryna feed mothafuckas that always gonna be hungry  
If you feed the wrong mothafucka they gon' bite you  
But you know what, if you're really are real  
And you respect the game, niggas gon' respect you  
But if you're fake, niggas gon' play you like a bitch

This is for them thugs on block tryna hustle dawg  
It's for them girls in the game wanna break it off

Most niggas wanna pitch in hight  
I'm so gutta so gangsta when I spit these rhymes  
I feel like I just did it big  
Nigga ten years later I still got these kids  
Most niggas aint keeping it real  
Ghetto Bill show these clowns how to the get these deals  
Jump off the (porch) and slang that rock  
Represent the south then made that pop  
And y'all niggas aint rememberin' me  
Then, y'all niggas must not be from the streets  
'Cause my shit been in every car and every jeep  
From the south to the west, to the mothafuckin' east  
I got real gangstas ready to ride, I got real killas to ready to die  
All my gangstas throw your hands up high  
And y'all fake niggas run and hide  
Ya heard me

From the job to the Ville  
My nigga keep touchdown on the Benz  
Sittin' ready for the (?)  
The new no limit got the block on high  
And every thug in the hood screaming "We all we got"  
Niggas wasn't (movement) when we made it  
How you not gon' respect, (we coming for it that's how u gon' play it  
?)  
I talked to Soud how to flip them thangs  
And took a nigga from the west and put y'all up on game  
And took a nigga from Compton and scream my name  
(?) ice cream man  
Head nappy and twisted I'm still thugin'  
Straight from the hood they still love it  
And you boys aint got to give me props  
But I had taught you more then your pops, ya heard me  
The new no limit man we can't be stopped  
We brought the dirty from the bottom to the mothafuckin' top

[Chorus 3x]