

Scream

Master P

Look in the mirror we gone scream holla records (murder man)
that's my homies that be screaming in the grave yards
Ughhhhhhhh Scream its wicked out here

Holla bloody mary lookin' eyes of the demon
when you see a thug like a G screamin'
I smoke green with the reaper
I'm from the ghetto got paid with the gat and the beeper
just a young thug tryin' make it
visualize me in the ghetto and these fools tryin' break me
forgive me for my weed and my hennessy
young killers when I'm gone won't remember
green and women be my past time
live the life of a hustler came up on ghetto rhymes
seven-teen rounds for the bustas keep two for the cluckas
I got .45, nines, and gats cocked
young homies bangin' corner signs on my block
and the average age is twenty-five
young homies don't even live to retire
I get paid I pluck what slang ki's i got the triple gold

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I hear 'em comin' I hear 'em comin' I see 'em comin'

P this reaper got me trippin' man the ghetto got me 'noid
I be like eyes open turnin' both of my toys
these daydreams sometimes turn to nightmares
I be tryin' shake it but it seems to be like right there
I know some homies that make fun of death short time to live good
put when its all over ??? never took him out the hood
can you see I was runnin' chased by the grim reaper
he catch you while you're creepin' and catch you while you're sleepin'
I'm surrounded by evil thoughts and also evil spirits
but I could scream (Aghhhh) ain't nobody gone see it, they hear it
see me in a closed casket they seemed to got me scared
visions of cemetary troops thought they been took your boys
its past my time to get high off green and swisher
i used to carry the police like Nena and her twin sister
you mess with my believes I'm comin' to get ya
your family better have your picture cuz they gonna miss ya they kiss ya
one two I'm comin' for you
three four I'm kickin' up in your door
life it seems to be a bad dream
scream as loud as you want, but nobody gone hear your scream

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