

# 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 ryhmes  
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

Scream (Aghhhhhh) I hear them comin'  
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Scream (Aghhhhhh) I hear them comin'  
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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