

# The Ghetto's Tryin' to Kill Me!

Master P

I don't know where I'm going to  
But selling dope is the only thing I knows how to do  
Damn indo you got to handle that dank time tonight  
I'm deep in the game I can't sleep at night  
And mommy praying cause she know her boy ain't living right  
And when I die they say I'm going out in gunsmoke  
Cause I refuse to be broke up in this ghetto  
See I been tripping all life cause life is a damn trip  
And when I leave the house you know I'm carrying an extra clip  
See in the 90's things all gone change  
I never thought I'd grow up to be the dope man  
But in reality I guess I damn lost it all  
Just the other day I put my brother's name on the wall  
Rest in peace, yeah they killed him g  
I know one day somebody is going to try to kill the p  
And if they do I guess it was my time to go  
But if they miss me you will be reading about some dead folks  
In other words can you fell me and if you from my hood  
You know the ghetto's tryin to kill me

The ghetto's trin to kill me  
They might send me to the pen but doing time doesn't scare me

I'm selling dope and my baby mommy she wants me to quit  
But I can't because the game gives me dividends  
See in the game my hella partnas depend on me  
So when I go out I'm going out like my dead homies  
Forty g's two keys in the crackhouse  
Po-po's on my trick, you know the p is going to smash out  
Never trust nobody, can't even trust my chick  
And when my kids grow up they know daddy's a lunitic  
Driveby's in the ghetto happen all night long  
Call me master p, killer call me al capone  
Because when I die they probably won't remember me  
But while I'm here those marks can't fade the p  
You seeing fatal when you mess with this dope click  
But if you run on the p you get your wig split  
For the jealous suckers that's out to kill me  
I'm going to reverse the game partna, can you feel me

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I lost 2 brothers in the gear and I can't cope  
I try to go straight, but I still end up selling dope  
Reminiscing on my childhood, but it ain't the same  
I never thought my occupation was going to be the dope game  
Two keys a day, you never see so much coke  
Three o'clock in the morning chopping up dope  
Reaching for my gat soon as I hear the slightest noise  
Just come from a funeral, and it got me paranoid  
Having flashbacks of this fool I smocked with my gat  
He living, if he's real he'll be coming back  
But if I'm going out I'm going out with a bang  
Suckers jealous because silkk riding on those thangs  
Having visions on how I'm going to die g  
Will I die up in this game or will I die in my sleep

That's why I'm packing a p, y'all should feel me  
I ain't paranoid, I know this ghetto is tryin to kill me

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Yeah like my partna too \$hort said  
"get in where you fit in  
Just remember life is too \$hort"