

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

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

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

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

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