

The Real

Master P

I don't know whats wrong wit these fuckaz, Always winin always cryin he ain't doin this fo me she ain't doin dat. Motha fucka get wit me i try to teach a motha fucka somthin and then they just jump in here talk about goin AWOL who the fuck goin AWOL man i let these motha fuckaz in here, then they go to the fuckin white man and sell they fukin sole for a couple o bitchez and a blunt man. How we supposed to respect that whoadie, if any fuckin producers runnin they mouth man i'll pay fo the equip met a motha fucka couldn't even make beef fo a hundred and two dollaz man. show a nigga how ta deal some papa, and dats what i get in return man. How u talkin bout u ain't wit no limit no more? y don't u bring bak the tank then whoadie? You ain't gawta bring it bak to me man i kno u scared, mail it to me. What r ya keepin it fo protection? What are ya gonna do wit the tatoos punta? Cover it up wit a suit? Thats so mthin that some bitchez would do. Oh Yeah, when i met ya ya'll had nothin, now ya gone and ya got nothin again punta. Ain't no real niggaz gone fuck wit ya. Sell all the stories ya want to the inquirer i don't give a fuck. I don't have no image to hold, you do, i'm from the streets, where you from? Wha u gone call the police and press charges every time ya get ya ass whooped? What kinda gangsta are u punta?