

Time To Check My Crackhouse

Master P

(4x)

Time To Check My Crackhouse, my crackhouse, my crackhouse

The P rat a tat

It's time to start checkin' shit

I'm the wrong nigga in the projects to be fuckin' with

Man get that Mack-11

It's time for some drama

Any nigga come up short with the cheese gonna see his momma

Gone off that posit and slippin' that 4

I'm bout ta lay it down with this muthafuckin' toy

You bitches better break me off my money cuz I'm crazy

Girl you ain't got my cash

You won't see your baby

Put my dope in the baggies I mean the bundle up

Dollar bills in my fuckin' pocket tightly crumbled up

50's in my mouth got my goddamn tongue

Remember when I walk on the set

Bitch I'm gonna leave you dumb

Break me off my cash

I ain't takin' no shorts

I'm aimin' that Tek-9 right at your heart

Ain't no fuckin' return from the dead

I'm ready to kill bitch

I'm the wrong nigga in the game to be fuckin' with

I'm kickin' doors down

Tryna' get my money

Leavin' fiends on the ground

Face down like dummies

You better have the cash

or your ass in the body bag

Killa murda muthafucka

I ain't runnin' from the tads

Rat-a-tat-tat is the sound from my gat

I told you muthafuckas that you won't be coming back

You came up short with the muthafuckin' grits

That's why yo ass got caught up in some gangsta shit

Call me the black rambo

Cuz I don't give a fuck

And just like my boy said

Yo ass got plucked

You shoulda came right with my money

You started smokin'

That's why I had to break you off some tokens

So jump on the bus ride to hell bitch

I'm gonna let your know who the fuck you be fuckin' with

Tha M-A-STER to the muthafuckin' P

And I ain't takin' no shorts with ya'll niggas with my D

Went Into the crackhouse and opened up the safe

One nigga at the door lookin' at me hellah fake

I played it all like it was fuckin good G

That's when I told my man

Hit 'em with the oozi!

That's it

1-2-times rat a tatta

One nigga on the ground lookin' like a eggo plater

But I ain't even trippin'
Gotta show them I ain't fakin'
Cuz if these other niggas get me for some bacon
I started counting my dope
Everything was cool black
Headed to the front
Got them fiends walkin' in the back
I ain't even trippin'
Ain't no time to serve these fiends
I got 40 g's and two fuckin' keys
headed to the bienz to put the fuckin' cash up
Jumped on the freeway nigga fuckin' dashed bro
Think I see the rollers behind me through the rear-view
But I ain't even trippin' cuz I ran through clear view
Stopped at Egg-Zone tried to get some gas
That's when I see two robbers on my ass
Played it all cold
Told B to get that pistol
Jumped back in the bienz shoulda seen they head whistle
I wen't back to the house and my homie want some flour
I ain't Scarface but got the money and the power
They call me Nino Brown
Or fuckin' Frank Nitty
But if you come up short
There's gonna be some shit up in my city

Am I My Brothers Keep [x6]