

# Why They Wanna Wish Death

Master P

Even though we all thugs  
Don't judge us by our action, but judge us by our heart  
The wicked, spies upon the righteous  
God blesses the man, who put his trust in God  
He gave his only begotten son  
That who ever believe in him, should not parish  
But have eternal life, we'll see you thugs at the crossroad

Some say, life be short  
I think, we was cursed from the start  
I'm only trying to play my part  
But why they wanna wish death, on me and my niggaz

My nigga stared at me, must be mad at me  
I grew up with this nigga, how the fuck he sent the FED's at me  
Boz told me, not to fuck with niggaz  
But I still threw my bone, cause I grew up with these niggaz  
Cuz came home man, he looking good  
Fell off, having problems in the hood  
Nigga say Chico locked up, and Mussie hit the streets  
And I'm still trying to find, the right lawyer for C  
And my Uncle died of cancer, Black Jimmy got life  
Faldy got shot, hurt Ervin and changed his life  
And I done seen so many, white t-shirts with faces  
And I done seen so many, ghetto lives get wasted  
And it's a shame nigga, it won't change nigga  
We all trapped in the hood, in this game nigga  
And I'm just trying to raise, Romeo to be a man nigga  
And hope me and Silkk, don't have to squeeze these thangs nigga

I talked to Daniel, I holla'd at Lee-Lee  
Marcus on lock, and told me they just killed Pee-Wee  
T-Dub home man, Randall gone man  
Kevin Miller, I put him on my arm man  
Dansho on the grind, and Millie making moves  
Petey and Mo' Smokey, Onkie Dejuan they cool  
Some play your kindness for weakness, we call it tipping  
Come out the hood on the run, and get caught slipping  
Bruce and Bernell, took two to the dome  
Bobby and Kirk straight, Red never made it to the phone  
Slim got shot, I got a call from the cops  
I was dealt a bad hand, when this shit gon stop  
I gave Do a record deal, then he got killed  
And his sister questioned me, wanna know how I feel  
I done made it out the hood, I'm trying to do right  
And why would they wanna, wish death on my life

They say life ain't fair, but you live it to us all gone  
Go through struggles, then you spit it through a hard song  
Fake niggaz, trying to follow my every move  
Until you load up, and put hollows through every wound  
I'm from a place, where it ain't no love  
Niggaz'll peel you from the back, so it ain't no hugs  
Just a bunch of niggaz, up on they grind  
And it ain't too many real niggaz left, so they hard to find  
Most likely I don't roll with em, if they ain't soldiers  
Only real niggaz, can tell you that pain mold you

I got a plan, on the way to get richer  
So why they wanna wish death, on me and my niggaz

What's up peace to J-Dubs, nigga L and Mike  
Little Chino ain't live long enough, to peddle his bike  
It ain't right, but I'm still here holding my head  
Got me thinking they still with us, but I'm knowing they dead  
They say, life's short gotta hold my steel  
Wish that band's playing at home, we in soldier field  
I was cursed since my young days, speeding down these one-way's  
Streets ain't no football game, we running gun plays  
Die for my niggaz, put my hand on a bible  
But you cowards start singing, like American Idol  
Matic and Fat Man, they suppose to be home  
Ten to twenty upstate, a half a year in the hole nigga

[Hook - 2x]