

Master P, Watch Your Ass

(Master P talking)

G man, why don't you go on, pass the dank
Let's take a lil' break ya know whatb I'm sayin'
Before we finish this album up
And let's get fucked up, ya know what I'm sayin'
Pass it man, pass the dank ssssss
Damn, this motherfuckin' green, this shit stank man
Yo, who that is right there man (That's that rich kid)
That's Rich Kid, what's up dog (What up P man, ya know)
What's happenin' (What's up, pass the dank man let cha' boy hit a lil')
Sssss, (So what's up P, what chu' been up to man)
Ya know the same ol' shit, tryin' to get this rap shit off the ground
Know what I'm sayin' (Ah man you know ya boy been comin' up)
(Man why don't chu' let ya boy kick a lil' something)
Go ahead Rich, go ahead a kick a lil' freestyle (Yeah)

(Rich Kid)

38th is the spot where I'm rippin' the top
In my 68 Stang I got the bitches off
With the clean purple back and the real gold plates
And a case I'm sittin' on triple gold Daytons
With a peanut butter top, my shit straight dropped
I'm north bound, on my way to the day spot
Richmond, California is the city I'm from
And everybody in my hood of course they pack guns
If a sucker talk shit I fill his ass with lead
With a chopper in my hand, watch the bloodshed
Have ya layin' in a coffin with the quickness
If you think a folk then handle ya business
But just remember that you can be handled
With a shot from my gauge ya whole body dismantled
To be fit to survive man ya gotta be real
Have the mind of a gangsta, no hesitation to kill
If ya hesistate yo you might get smoked
Ya got one in the chamber just let the punk choke
Off this red hot piece of lead
Start spittin' off from the mouth now ya know he's dead
Said my rules to survive so make sure ya get with it
Cause life of a gangsta is survival of the fittest

(Master P talking)

Yeah Rich man that's cool but pass the dank man
(Yeah man, here ya go man, ya know) Yeah, yeah, yeah
Swwwww (* Coughs *) Whoa, pass it (Oh shit)
Hold a kid, cut the music off

(* Music stops *)

(* Different beat starts *)

(Master P)

Life in the ghetto is serious, mysterious it may seem
Peep out the window I see nothin' but dope fiends
They want them double ups, twenties and tens and chromes
Before I finish let me tell ya where I'm comin' from
A smoked out, loced out hood
Way back in the ghetto back in the days
I used to slang and game to get hoes
50 would sneak up, creep up dressed up as decoys
I keep em' trippin' cause I never serve them dope boys
I see so many crack babies and laid bitches
Out by the bus stop hounded for a nigga's riches
I just fuck em' then duck em' and then break away
Because a broke ho is out to fade you anyway
She never had nothin' and probably never will

Watch ya back for dope fiends they known to kill
But that's the life in the ghetto so think fast
Ya better look behind ya back and watch ya ass

(Hook x2)

See dope fiends, they get me for crack
5-0 they want to beat me with a baseball bat, watch your ass
All these crazy hoes havin' babies for the welfare
Homicide, murderers killin' people everywhere, watch your ass

(Master P)

There was a day my nigga Mokey did a homicide
They be smokin' crack but they will never realize
My neighborhood is like a jungle cause it's kill or be killed
Pull out the chopper motherfucker watch the blood spill
Now I'm a villain, deep in the dope game
Can't find a job so a brother sellin' cocaine
It's kind of strange, got me scared but I'm never slippin'
My next door neighbor od'd the bitch is always trippin'
In the park, the park they shot the lil' kid
Them motherfuckers low down, damn how could ya do it nig
So the life in the ghetto is kind of vile
But move ya bitch down cause bitches they go a hundred miles

(Hook x2)

Watch your ass (x5)

(* Master P talking with hook in background *)

(Hook x2)