

Till We Dead And Gone

Master P

((Posted by: WesleyJr@aol.com))

[Chorus - Master P]{Nigga, nigga, nigga

P and Bone nigga

Ughhhhhhhh

And we gone be here

Till we dead and gone nigga}X3

[Master P]I couldn't gang bang

With crips and bloods

But i could stand on the corner

With killas and drugs

They hearing

Outlaws that reaching for souls

We ghetto niggas

600, Ferraris, and Rolls

We couldn't run from niggas cause we

bout it bout it

I'm from the set where my niggas get

rowdy rowdy

We gon hang niggas

We gon bang niggas

We gon slang niggas

Cause we trigger niggas

Banger got cheese nigga

Never fall nigga

Put my name on the wall when I'm gone nigga

Cause I'm a soldier

No Limit finest

Mouth full of gold teeth and diamonds

Uhh - uhh

Hit 'em up nigga

Get 'em get 'em get 'em

Miss me, I'ma split 'em

Throw up your something soldier rag if

you ain't with 'em

Uhh - uhh

Or else East 99 will get with 'em

[Chorus--Master P][Layzie Bone]Little Lay done traveled around the world

Caught a few cases

Seen so many faces and so many places

Ace this game
Why do you try to erase this on a daily basis
Give me my spaces
Show me some love though
Just pump your fist in the air and holler "Mo"
Could you do me that and I'll hit you back
Little nig just don't know where my thugs at
Some at the track on the back chrome gat
Some around the corner selling that crack
Some of my thugs in the penn dead wrong
Got a lot of my thugs in the grave long gone
May they rest in peace
My nigga sleep
Nigga be creep thugging till we all deceased
Makaveli, Biggie Smalls, and Eazy-E
T-Rock got shot
Lord bless 'em please bless their seed
For real we true to the thugs representing that Land
Putting it down for the nation of thugs man
So you understand
Now whats wrong with your game
Wounds be getting to shooting
Fuck the law
Keep packing that steel
Real real when your riding the feel just chill
And peace will be still
Nigga from Cleveland to New Orleans
Across the seas and oceans
Master P and Bone thugs
Coast to coast
We steadily rolling putting it down
[Chorus - Master P]X1
[Krayzie Bone]Niggas niggas if you with me
Don't be talking about it nigga come get in the car
Reach in the back for the AK
Okay
Lets see if you ready for war
Scoping the target
Mark it then you pull out your weapon and spark it
Nine millimeter, heater, streetsweepers, and sawed-offs
Shit
Bitch hear me ticking

I'm bound to blow
Nigga better get on the floor

Oh, and hey and then when you dropping you might as well give me your bank

Look in my eyes

They so surprised

Cause they must have thought I was studio

What do ya know

Nigga jumped out of the video and fucked you up

Aw shit

Here come the police

Now tell me what it is you want?

I got the same thing you got so it all depends on who the sharpest shot

Lets get it on

Boy your funerals after if dead Krayzie snaps

Cause there be to many bloody bodies bagged up off in the back

Fucked up

We wouldn't of had to resort to violence

But man the nigga was raised that way

And I'm gon stay that way even if I die today

But what can I say?

I picked a fucked up game to play

So I gotta get up and move out

Face the shoot out

So I'll be on my way

[Chorus - Master P]X2

[Wish Bone]Yeah yeah

In the mist of the ghetto

When I fly ride by die

Niggas wanna let go

It's a pain just to maintain

But it's a shame cause I do the same thing

Still from the streets

Indeed you'll bleed when your fucking with me and B-O-N-E

Yeahhh

We the Mo Thug warriors, warriors

Fuck them stories that them haters be telling

Huh

You run up we murder ya

Stressed out niggas on weed

Fuck niggas don't like me and police

I'ma keep it real all the way down till the end

All I wanna do is smoke weed with my friends

Make ends

Anyday can be your last one

Thats why a nigga gotta carry guns

Don't you wanna have some fun

Come come

Bloody red red rum
[Flesh-N-Bone]Me telling ya
Yeah
See me and my niggas we down for whatever
Yah heard me?
No matter the cause
Follow the paper chase thats straight to the income
Ya'll get fifth thugs
Your nigga thats ready for war
Lets battle
Stepping with cannons
Come with my handbook
Niggas with 44's up and a magnum
But if you choose you lose
Them niggas will fucking fool
Come and get a abused
If you've paid your dues
My niggas you've learned the golden rule
You gotta do what you gotta do
But priceless
So many done test don't try me
(?)
Niggas come to stay tru
Digging his grave
They dying
They recognize the Cles from C-L-E
Hooked up with niggas from New Orleans
My niggas at No Limit
Gotta make more cheese
It's Bone and P
[Chorus - Master P]X5
[Master P]Ha ha
P and Bone nigga
Yah heard me?
And we gone be here till we dead and gone nigga
This is dedicated to every mother fucking rapper that went before us
Yah heard me?

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