

Ghetto D

Master P

Imagine substitutin' crack for music
I mean dope tapes, this is how we would make it
(There it is right there)
For all you players, hustlers, ballers
And even you smokers
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)
Ghetto dope, No Limit Records
Part of the tobacco, firearms
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)
And Freedom of Speech Committee
Thank you dope fiends for your support
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this
Let me give a shot out to the D Boys
(Drug dealers)
Neighborhood dope man, I mean real niggaz
That'll make a dollar out of fifteen cents
Ain't got a dime but I rides and pay the rent
Professional crack slanger I serve fiends
I once went to jail for having rocks up in my jeans
But nowadays I be too smart for the task
C-Murder been known to keep the rocks up in the skillet man
Waitin' on a kilo they eight I'm straight you dig
What you need ten, ain't no fuckin' order too big
And makin' crack like this is the song
You won't be getting yo money if yo shit ain't cooked long
Overcook yo' dope it might come out brown
Them fiends gonna run yo ass clean outta town
But fuck that I'm 'bout to put my soldiers in the game
And tell ya how to make crack from cocaine
One, look for the nigga wit the whitest snow
Two, no buying from no nigga that you don't know
Make yo way to the kitchen where the stove be
You get the baking soda I got yo D
Get the triple beam and measure out yo dope
Mix one gram of soda every seven grams of coke

An shake it up until it bubble up and get harder
Then sit the tube in some ready made cold water
Twist the bitch like a knot while it's still hot
And watch that shit while it can rise to the fuckin' top
And now ya cocaine powder is crack
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)
Nigga I hope you strapped 'cause you might get jacked
Ghett, ghett, ghett, ghetto dope
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)
Ghett, ghetto dope
Ghett, ghett, ghetto dope
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)
Ghett, ghetto dope
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)
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Ghett, ghetto dope
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack)
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack)
Ghett, ghetto dope
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)
Ghetto dope, ghetto dope
My phone rang I picked it up
I need some weight
What you need?
Silkk 'bout a coupla K
I had it all into powder but it ain't no thang
Gimme a coupla hours, I have it all in a cake
Trust nobody got my gun
And went an smacked Cain and Abel
You probably catch me choppin' ki's
Choppin' ki's up on my mom's table
I got a big order for some coke
I called some hoes up
I want y'all but naked
While you cookin' up my dope
I told y'all we some Tru G's
See me and P and C
[Incomprehensible] with Uzi's
[Incomprehensible] up two ki's
There would be twenty-four oz's a piece
'Cause see if it ain't about money
Then it ain't about me
Hella mail from sales
Hella yeah for scales

Come up short
My money jumpin' yo ass like bail
First of all you gotta have nuts
Don't give a fuck
See when I bust niggaz guts
They know if it miss it ain't by much
Thinkin' short like I'm only seventeen
A coupla dope fiends
Some oz's
A triple beam
And then playa hit yo block
And tell a bitch nigga to raise up off the fuckin' spot
See I'm [Incomprehensible]
That's why I act like this
But I rides rims, them gold D's
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack)
I sold crack like this
Ghett, ghetto dope
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)
Ghett, ghetto dope
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)
Ghett, ghetto dope
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack)
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Ghetto dope
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)
Ghett, ghetto dope
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)
Nigga, Nigga never let a nigga front you no dizos
Start from the ground, work yo way up to a kilo
Get some killers on yo team, keep one up in the chamber
For the jackass and the dope fiends
Fools come short get rowdy
Kick down doors, show motherfuckers that ya bout it, bout it
Break ki's down to oz's

Never buy any dope without weighin' it on the triple beam
Fuck soda use V-12
Keep a stash for the tryin' to take other niggaz clientele
Check the man made junk for residue
'Cause every fiend you miss want three or two
One, never talk on the phone in ya house
Two, never slang dope out ya baby momma's house
Three, never fuck with snitches
'Cause niggaz that talk to the police is bitches
Four, keep a low key
And if you movin' weight treat yo'self to an Uzi
The first hit for free
But the next time you see me
You betta have twenty G
Five, never pay pimp hoes for the pussy
That's the American way
Clean up ya dirty money to good money
'Cause legal money last longer than drug money
Make crack like this
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this
(Ghett, ghett, ghett, ghetto dope)
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack
(Ghett, ghetto dope)
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this
(Ghetto dope)
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this
(Ghetto dope)

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