

Weed & Hennesey

Master P

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah nigga
We gonna feed em weed and hennesey, get em high together motherfucker
Silkk the shocker (get em high nigga, get em high nigga)
Shorties with game (no limit niggaz)
Come out and feel the world, this time nigga (gon' ride nigga, get em high) Chorus: master p Give em weed, and
hennesey, and let's ride nigga
Let's ride nigga, let's ride nigga
Weed, and hennesey, and let's ride nigga
Let's ride nigga, let's ride nigga [master p]
Holla p! that mean fortune and fame
Scream, no limit still tru 2 da game
A buncha, young niggaz gettin rich with plats
How many, thug niggaz still bustin the shot
How many killers comin up makin scrilla with change
How many, young niggaz still down in the game
I couldn't, lose my soul tryin to make these ends
I couldn't, watch my enemies and watch my friends
I live the life of a young nigga wantin to ball
I said, mama pray when I walk the halls
I got 3rd ward niggaz throwin up the sign
My little cousin jimmy home on, eighteen to die
I live the life of a ranger, rowdy rowdy
I live the life of a rapper that's bout it bout it
I got the feds tryin to chase me, wantin the plat
I got my own homies sendin, my name to the coppers I smoke weed, and hennesey, uh-huh
To forget about all that shit, uh-huh
(get em high nigga, let's ride nigga)
I smoke weed, and hennesey
Just to make it through the days man
All this bullshit I'm goin through [c-murder]
I got a hand full of money, a pocket full of drugs
Leave em standin in they shoes and makin moves with thugs

I'm homegrown in the ghetto, result my mind's under pressure
You leave your shit wide open, no limit niggaz gon' test ya
We ride deep but tru dat, hitin hard like bricks
Ain't no punks in my click, bitch ass niggaz be sick
My tru g's gettin high off my lyrics, my present spirit
And healthy niggaz shout for God hearin
A coward dies a thousand deaths a soldier die once
So nigga let's get high, off these hennesey and bluntsChorus[silkk the shocker]
It get hard tryin to shake these bustas tryin to shake these fools
I know a million niggaz down to ride and still don't break the rules
I'm always on like fuckin lights respect might check you like some nights
Always precise, silkk the shocker, get my motherfuckin name, right!
Nigga game sewed like a spider, til ends fall like a nike
Disrespect I hits you with a tec and watch I shake you up like dice
Now watch a million niggaz follow me, like I was a fuckin idol
They're like vital signs of a line of niggaz deep in their thoughts
Cause there isn't no sunshine
Get away from the one-time got caught sometimes
But other times, I got away
If you a busta, you can't cop none if you a real, you can relate
See we no limit, we dirty like dozen, wild with my two brothers
Couple partners couple cousins, other niggaz I really can't trust
Weed it helps me get high, times for that, vibe and we ride
We strapped with four-five nigga do, or fuckin die
Block to block coast to coast nigga from killers to drug dealers
Affiliate my name with all the real killers and thug niggaz
T.s. washin on fake niggaz, a bitch no fuckin love
When I grab for snap automatics come off
Like dancers drawers in strip clubs
Ain't no thang, death with no motherfuckin pain
I lost some in the past, had to charge a lot of shit to the game
But fake niggaz gonna drop, real niggaz stay on top
Til my homey, came up dead
He said one of my niggaz workin with the feds
It's time to side up, we some bunch of riders showin trials
I plug shots in the motherfucker, you don't wanna dieChorus w/ variations[master p]
That's how we gonna do it to start off the nineteen ninety-eight
Silkk the shocker legit, charge it 2 da game in february, hahah
My little brother c-murder in this bitch (no limit)
Master p (soldiers)
Huh, we gonna feed em weed and hennesey (I thought I told ya)
And to them motherfuckin fake niggaz
We gonna feed em hollow tipsCan't fade us, can't beat us, no limit
Ain't no motherfuckin gimmick (think nine-seven was alright)
Tru niggaz for life ya heard me? (but nine-eight gonna be the year)

Ha-hah
Nineteen ninety-eight nigga

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