

# More 2 Life

## Master P

[Chorus x4]This ghetto got me crazy  
But there's more to life than bitches, weed and a Mercedes  
[Master P--Verse-1]Jealous niggaz wanna see me dead  
Hoes wanna steal my bread  
Only time will tell if true was shit I ever said  
Now I'm walking with the devil  
And they done banned my movies  
cause a nigga from the ghetto  
No nominees from the Grammys  
But ask every nigga who bought Ghetto D  
Do we sound whammin'  
Tears in my eyes from these street pains  
That last time I seen my little brother was in a sheet man  
And the feds follow me like I'm slanging crack  
Wasting tax dollars cause I'm young, rich, famous and black  
[Chorus x4][Master P--Verse-2]Its a new slavery times have changed  
Took the shackles  
Off our wrists and put 'em on our brains  
Got us killing up each other  
Crack babies in the hood with AIDS infected mothers  
Hypocrite preachers teaching the word  
And gave us shelters and rehab when dope hit the suburbs  
Watch Bill Gates buying islands  
See we from the ghetto where ain't nobody smiling  
Where the poor live hungry  
And penatentiaries packed the cells with t-shirts of my dead homies  
[Chorus x2][C-Murder]I'm still mad at the world  
  
cause I ain't got nothing to lose  
Alot of young cats out there  
I know wanna stand in my shoes  
I'm just a young thug nigga  
Got lucky with some paper  
Mothafuckas call me C-Murder  
cause they no I ain't no faker  
Duck and dodgine penatentiaries and running from debt  
I ain't got nothing but No Limit  
So I'm a represent it til my last breath  
My tattoes represent my heart

Like a work of art  
My momma cried when she saw fear  
no pain tatted cross my heart  
My enemies dropping like flies  
Nosy bitches wanna know why  
Just take the C off my name  
And you left with a homicide  
You see the ghetto made me crazy  
But it also made me realize  
I thank God for my hard times  
These ghetto ties make me hard to kill  
[Chorus x4]-This ghetto got us crazy  
but you know what  
There's more to life than  
bitches, weed and Mercedes  
This for all the ghetto stars out there  
Going through a thang  
All my homies in the penatentiary I feel ya pain  
To all my dead homies that caught up in the ghetto  
Rest in peace  
To all my No Limit Soldiers  
the ghetto got us crazy, but we gotta overcome

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>