

## Master P

Hey p man

Remember that shit last year you was talking bout that

Bloody murder shit

Won't you kick some more of that shit

Verse 1

Jumped out the chev mean mugged at some sucker punks

King flashed the gauge, them hoes didn't want no pub

So they smashed off hella quick

Why them hoes was leaving me and sonja c was plotting some gangster shit

So put this nine up in your bra strap

And when we get inside this liquor store keep your eyes up on them japs

Sonya c:

So get your hands up in the air trick

And break me off some cash cause sonya c's a trigger happy bitch

So don't be talking that fucking japanese

Understand it's a jack give up the cash or you'll be swish cheese

Master p:

Touch the button and i'ma hurt you bitch

Why you had to and make p get his hands dirty trick

And that'll be some fucking more shit

Sonya c grab the tape cause we ain't leaving no fucking evidence

The next day the paper reads no leads

Sonya c:

Just a bunch of dead motherfucking japanese

Master p:

Jumped in the car and backed to the rich

Bonnie and clyde or should I say gangsta shit

(chorus)

A motherfucking 211

We needed cash we robbed the liquor store

Verse 2

I'm getting chronicked out or should I say fucked up

? ? one g and it's three of us

I seen my face on the news and it's time to chill

But I can't cause I got too many fucking bills

Grabbed my glock it only had three bullets trick

But if I run out I ain't tripping I'll choke a bitch

Walked in the corner liquor store with my 44

Played it cool bought a snapple man fuck them hoes  
He opened the register I tried to do his ass  
I ain't tripping cause the p wasn't wearing a mask  
Blew out some chronic, showed no remorse  
Told them hoes get they ass on the figgety floor  
Snatched the cash and my pistol still smoking  
Left them hoes like the raiders left oakland

(chorus)

Verse 3

Cali g had the chronic without no zig zag  
Hold on partner I'm gone go get some fucking zags  
Now I'm off to the liquor store  
And just in case it be some funk, I'm gone bring my 44  
Now you know the p don't take no shit  
But this arab started following me  
Like I was gone steal some shit  
He was strapped so I had to think quick  
Put my 44 to the head of this bitch  
Drop your pistol or she's dead man  
Slowly put your hands up in the air  
Lets play a little fucking game  
Simon say open the register hoe  
His bitch looked it good so I told her to suck my 44  
He got jealous tried to jump I hit him with the pump  
Put more cash in my pockets than donald trump  
And I'm off to the freeway real fast  
Got damn, forgot cali's zig zags  
(chorus)  
-alright you inmate double o 652  
Get your ass back in that cell boy  
-damn, now y'all know crime do pay  
But you don't always get away

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