

211

HeDLesS

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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