

# 99 Ways To Die

## Master P

[Master P]

H to the motherfuckin' K  
A Richmond ass nigga residin' in the Bay  
Still slangin' cola out the motherfuckin' palm trees  
TRU to the game and gone off that Dank weed  
Shoot a nigga up in the middle of the sunset  
And when you ride through the town you better wear your vest  
Real East Bay gangsta, the P is not a prankster  
Put the nina to your a jaw and watch a nigga gank ya  
See it's a turf thing, fools like to gangbang  
Russian roulette, put the Glock to your dome man  
And if a fool live he have shit in his pants  
Just seen the devil, taught you how to dirty dance  
Merri D whip the beat up just like some dope  
I put the lyrics in the chamber and watch that ass get smoked

[Chorus]

99 ways to die, survival of the fittest  
Only one way to stay alive  
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99 ways to die, survival of the fittest  
Only one way to stay alive[Master P]  
Head for the 94, P got that deuce deuce  
Homies better run, gon' like psycho ready to bust a few  
23rd street, I'm posted in the cut  
Southside of the Rich, TRU don't give a fuck  
Caught a fool slippin', tryin' to slang them Coca leaves  
Mark's gettin' smoked in my hood like some Dank weed  
My homie little Rich got the shotgun ready to bust a cap  
Duct tape around your mouth motherfucker did you ???  
Ain't nobody trippin', caught that ass slippin'  
Dumpin' bullets in your back like young Scottie Pippen  
Niggas in the truck, with automatics  
5 g's ready to roll up on your ass from some static  
Fry that ass like Wendy's, where they fry fuckin' burgers  
Well done drippin' in blood cause that's the way I serve ya  
No lettuce or tomato, just straight lead  
When people straight clip three bullets to your head[Chorus][Master P]  
Blood drippin' from my nose, I'm in a cold sweat

I done smoked this fool, can't sleep I need a cigarette  
O.G. but it's time for me to put in work  
I mean cock the trigger, time to do my own dirt  
King guard the window, I toss and turn in my sleep  
Silkk hand on the pump, I hear the fuckin' police  
It's my time to come, i'm going out like Kadafi  
Jumped out the window ain't nobody gonna stop me  
Still have fuckin' blood on my hands from the torture  
??? with the motherfucker that I thought ya  
Cause it's slaughter in the dope game  
Have you ever held the hands of a dead man  
It's serious G , I can't sleep though  
And I'm gone on that motherfuckin' Indo  
You gotta stay strapped  
Ain't no time to blank  
Niggas in my hood left dead with they corpses' stank  
Black-on-black crimes it's all about the dividends  
The government fed dope to my hood to make us kill again  
Fake D.A., feds on my fuckin' case  
Just like the ??? man, fuck the yellow tape  
I'm out on 50 g's and that's real  
And the sucka that snitched on the P, got his cap peeled

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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