Why They Wanna Wish Death

Master P

[talking]
Even though we all thugs
Don't judge us by our action, but judge us by our heart
The wicked, spies upon the righteous
God blesses the man, who put his trust in God
He gave his only begotten son
That who ever believe in him, should not parish
But have eternal life, we'll see you thugs at the crossroad[Hook - 2x]
Some say, life be short
I think, we was cursed from the start
I'm only trying to play my part
But why they wanna wish death, on me and my niggaz[Master P]
My nigga stared at me, must be mad at me
I grew up with this nigga, how the fuck he sent the FED's at me
Boz told me, not to fuck with niggaz
But I still threw my bone, cause I grew up with these niggaz
'cause came home man, he looking good
Fell off, having problems in the hood
Nigga say Chico locked up, and Mussie hit the streets
And I'm still trying to find, the right lawyer for C
And my Uncle died of cancer, Black Jimmy got life
Faldy got shot, hurt Ervin and changed his life
And I done seen so many, white t-shirts with faces
And I done seen so many, ghetto lives get wasted
And it's a shame nigga, it won't change nigga
We all trapped in the hood, in this game nigga
And I'm just trying to raise, Romeo to be a man nigga
And hope me and Silkk, don't have to squeeze these thangs nigga[Hook - 2x][Master P]
I talked to Daniel, I holla'd at Lee-Lee
Marcus on lock, and told me they just killed Pee-Wee
T-Dub home man, Randall gone man
Kevin Miller, I put him on my arm man
Dansho on the grind, and Millie making moves
Petey and Mo' Smokey, Onkie Dejuan they cool
Some play your kindness for weakness, we call it tipping
Come out the hood on the run, and get caught slipping
Bruce and Bernell, took two to the dome
Bobby and Kirk straight, Red never made it to the phone
Slim got shot, I got a call from the cops

I was dealt a bad hand, when this shit gon stop
I gave Do a record deal, then he got killed
And his sister questioned me, wanna know how I feel
I done made it out the hood, I'm trying to do right
And why would they wanna, wish death on my life[Hook - 2x][Yukon]
They say life ain't fair, but you live it to us all gone
Go through struggles, then you spit it through a hard song
Fake niggaz, trying to follow my every move
Until you load up, and put hollows through every wound
I'm from a place, where it ain't no love
Niggaz'll peel you from the back, so it ain't no hugs
Just a bunch of niggaz, up on they grind
And it ain't too many real niggaz left, so they hard to find
Most likely I don't roll with em, if they ain't soldiers
Only real niggaz, can tell you that pain mold you
I got a plan, on the way to get richer
So why they wanna wish death, on me and my niggaz[Desperado]
What's up peace to J-Dubs, nigga L and Mike
Little Chino ain't live long enough, to peddle his bike
It ain't right, but I'm still here holding my head
Got me thinking they still with us, but I'm knowing they dead
They say, life's short gotta hold my steel
Wish that band's playing at home, we in soldier field
I was cursed since my young days, speeding down these one-way's
Streets ain't no football game, we running gun plays
Die for my niggaz, put my hand on a bible
But you cowards start singing, like American Idol
Matic and Fat Man, they suppose to be home
Ten to twenty upstate, a half a year in the hole nigga[Hook - 2x]

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