

Aaries

"If it Don't Make \$\$\$"

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Master P & (Skull) talking:

Whut's up Skull Duggery boy (whut's up P dawg) let's
go head & break

This bread(No Limit style) Skull, Fiend, & me(No Limit)
Ughh

Chorus: [Master P]&(Skull)

[If it don't make dollas] (then it don't make sense) 8x

[Fiend]

I hit tha block befo everybody grabbin my work & can't
forget tha shotty

Gotta feed that little girl right here on her potty
An if it takes all day, I mean all day to make some long
pay

To feed my people gettin' it all tha wrong way
Tha song say tha world is a ghetto, got proof that it's
true

Where in tha hell tha placin' hoodlums like me & you
Boy look rents due & I ain't about to vacate my
premises

If I gotta consider meetin' nememis

My business wit this, it'll fix all tha levels in tha hood

Sometimes tha truth is that life ain't all good

But it's understood that Fiend gon' be strong no matter
what

Hoodlum or thugged up, soldiers keep yo heads up

Chorus:8x

[Master P]

Ugh - his ghetto got me crazy

Cause I'm an unemployed black male wit a baby

Lord forgive me for grindin'

But I'm tired of bein' broke plus my baby at home cryin'

omma need milk, cheese, pampers, & butter

Plus I gotta send twenty to my big brother

Doin' fed time on a bum case

Court appointed lawyer, so tha system took my brother
away

Some change, I'm still tha same

We only hustle cause we out here tryna maintain
Ghetto life got me trippin'
But I gotta pack a heater cause somebody caught my
homie slippin'
An momma pray that I don't lose my life to sin
Daddy ain't homie so I'm out here tryna pay tha rent

Chorus: 8x

[Skull]

I'm hustlin' in tha street to maintain in tha game
All tha struggle & tha pain is drivin' me insane
I sat back & wonder why
If we have a choice, why we always choose to die
Black man get shot now it's second line
Bumpin' up tha street while his homie's doin' time
You know how it's gonna go now yo momma cryin'
Because a brother like me made a choice to try
Arm robbery, murder, see somebody had to do it
Because you know tha strugglin' it drove him to it
My baby can't eat, she need pampers G
It got me hustlin' on tha streets seven days a week

Chorus:8x

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