

Fiend

"Itch Or Scratch"

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Featuring Mac Master P Prime Suspect]

[Master P]

Niggaz see this one here?

You see this one here?

Goes out to every soldierette and every soldier

Cross the motherfuckin' board

I don't give a fuck where you from

It's how you come

If you want the hook up this how it's goin' down

Prime Suspect Fiend and Mac

Y'all gonna feel this

Chorus: X4

Niggaz get your scratch bitches get your paper

Soldiers live life to the fullest fo' they take ya

P, I wasn't made for this world

I'm in it like lifetimes before mine

For sure, crime, ya made me?

Then grudgenly enslave me

Yeah, ya paid me, but barely enough to meet my reach

Took it from me, so all I got is Billboard receipts

To each, his own

I thought my peace was with my chrome

But is knowin' my homies souls, the rest are gone

Hip is on, when my mama go to work for the early morn

Rappin', but my extra muscle hustles for my unborn

All alone, dealin' with some types of risk

That nigga, Riley Smith, made murder, one hundred
and fifth

Now get this, how can I ease the pain?

And if you got the hook up, put your boy, feet in the
game (Uhh!)

Chorus X2

So what you want soldier?

Close your eye, make a wish

Nigga tryin' to come up, is like tryin' to drown a fish

When the drama run up, nobody wanna enlist

Sun down, sun up, we handle minds like this

Soldier rag, in this what the fuck, lookin' and never
shook

Flip the wrong page on me, I'll close ya book

Hold the po' for us, got the 5-0's to show for us

Up in the backseat, we cuts loose, and up these
handcuffs

And spit, this for my nigga Meeks, still in the hood

Told me to give him the hook up, shit ain't lookin' that
good

I lay my live down, pray, god judge my heart

Forgive me for sins, I was only playin' my part

I've been to war before, but survival is never for sure

Will I make a million bucks, or will they bury me poor?

I never know, so I'm dessed up, when I walk the city streets

To keep the heat, for peace I'm on the seat

21 at least nigga

Chorus X2

Will your scratch get snatched in a murder cap?

Nigga snake crack, watch they own back, and it ain't about rap

We bring the noise, lost boys with no cause

Slangin' toys, for the fact, we jack and kidnap, we wanted by the big

boys

Man I was born in this world of sin

I played the cards I was given, ain't got a quarter so I'm stuck in it

Ghetto livin' still find time to smile through it all

Prayin' up to the good lord, humbly yours

And it hurt, cause the ooze man is pure at heart

Got the game from the start, hopin' it don't tear me apart

Young black deliquent with a ghetto smile

He want it, I want it, I ain't the only nigga on it

Only nigga hungry

A trooper tryin' to make it better

For me and mine, within my time

So when they take my lifeline, don't trip, I lived it to the fullest

And made every kind of man feel glock wehn he pulled
this

Chorus till end

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