

Harry Belafonte

"More 2 Life"

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Chorus (4x):

This ghetto got me crazy
But there's more to life than bitches, weed and a
Mercedes

Master P:

Jealous niggaz wanna see me dead, hoes wanna steal
my bread
Only time will tell the truest shit I ever said
Now I'm walking with the devil (With the devil)
And they done banned my movies because a nigga
from the ghetto
No nominees from the Grammys
But ask every nigga who bought Ghetto D do we sell
whammies
Tears in my eyes from these street pains
That last time I seen my little brother was in a sheet
man
And the feds follow me like I'm slanging crack
Wasting tax dollars cause I'm young, rich, famous and
black

Chorus (4x)

Master P:

Its a new slavery times done changed
Took the shackles off our wrists and put 'em on our
brains
Got us killing up each other
Crack babies in the hood with AIDS infected mothers
Hypocrite preachers teaching the word
And gave us shelters and rehab when dope hit the
suburbs
Watch Bill Gates buying islands
See we from the ghetto where ain't nobody smiling
Where the poor live hungry
And penatentiaries packed sell t-shirts off my dead
homies

Chorus (2x)

C-Murder:

I'm still mad at the world 'cause I ain't got nothing to
lose
Alot of young cats out there I know wanna stand in my
shoes
I'm just a young thug nigga God helped me out with
some paper
Mothafuckas call me C-Murder 'cause they no I ain't no
faker
Duck and dodgin' penatentiaries and running from
debt
I ain't got nothing but No Limit so I'm a represent it 'til
my last breath
My tattoos represent my thoughts like a work of art
My mama cried when she saw fear, my pain tatted
cross my heart
My enemies dropping like flies, nosy bitches wanna
know why
Just take the C off my name and you left with a
homicide
You see the ghetto made me crazy, but it also made
me realize
I thank God for my hard times keep ghetto ties make
me hard to kill

Chorus (4x)

This ghetto got us crazy, but you know what
There's more to life than bitches, weed and Mercedes
This for all the ghetto stars out there
Going through a thing
All my homies in the penatentiary
I feel y'all pain
To all my dead homies that caught up in the ghetto
Rest in peace (Kevin Miller, 2Pac, Biggie Smalls)
To all my No Limit Soldiers
The ghetto got us crazy, but we gotta overcome
It's foolish, ya heard me

Chorus

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