

# M

## "Ghetto D"

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d

Masta P

Imagine substitutin crack for music

I mean dope tapes

This is how we would make it. (There it is right there)

For all you playas, hustlaz, ballas and even you smokas

Ma ma ma ma make crack like this

Masta P

Ghetto Dope No Limit Records

(Ma ma ma make crack like this)

Part of the Tobacco, Firearms, and Freedom of Speech  
Committee.

Thank you dope fiends for your support. Ha ha.

(Beat starts)

C Murder

Let me give a shot out to the D Boys (drug dealas)

Neighborhood dope man

I mean real niggas

Thata make a dolla out a fifteen cents

Ain't got a dime, but I rides and pay the rent

Professional crackslanger I serve fiends

I once went to jail for having rocks up in my jeans

But nowadays I be too smart for the Taz

C Murder been known to keep the rocks up in the skillet  
man

Waitin on a kilo they eight I'm straight you dig

What you need ten

Ain't no fuckin order too big

And makin crack like this is the song

You won't be getting yo money if yo shit ain't cooked  
long

Never cook yo dope it might come out brown

Them fiends gonna run yo ass clean outa town

But fuck that I'm bout to put my soldias in the game

And tell ya how to make crack from cocaine.

1. Look for the nigga wit the whitest snow

2. No buying from no nigga that you don't know

make yo way to the kitchen where the stove be  
You get the baking soda I got yo D  
Get the triple beam and measure out yo dope  
Mix one gram of soda every seven grams of coke  
An shake it up until it get harder  
Then sit the tube in some ready made cold water  
Twist the bitch like a knot while it's still hot  
And watch that shit while it can rise to the fuckin top  
Now ya cocaine powda is crack.  
Nigga I hopes you strapped cause you might get  
jacked.

Ghett Ghett Ghett Ghetto Dope  
Ma Ma Ma Ma Make Crack like this Ghett Ghetto Dope  
(Repeat 4 times)

Silkk  
My phone rang I picked it up  
(Need some weight)  
What you need  
(Silkk bout a coupla K)  
I had it all into powder but it ain't no thang  
Gimme a coupla hours I have it all in a cake  
Trust nobody got my gun and went an smacked Kane  
and Abel  
You probably catch me choppin ki's choppin ki's up on  
my mom's table  
I got a big order for some coke  
I called some hoes up  
I want ya'll but naked while you cookin up my dope  
I told ya'll we some Tru G's  
See me and P and C  
??? with uzi's  
Choppin up two ki's  
Baby twenty-four oz's a piece  
Cause see if it ain't about money  
Then it ain't about me  
Hella mail from sales  
Hella yeah for scales  
Come up short  
My money jumpin yo ass like bail  
First of all you gotta have nuts  
Don't give a fuck  
Cause when I bust niggas guts  
They know if it miss it ain't by much  
Thinkin short like I'm only seventeen  
A coupla dope fiends  
Some oz's  
A triple beam  
And then playa hit yo block  
And tell a bitch nigga to raise up off the spot

That's why I acts like this  
But I rides rims, them gold D's (Ma Ma Make Crack like  
this)  
I made crack like this

Chorus

Masta P

Nigga Nigga never let a nigga  
Front you no dizos  
Start from the ground  
Work yo way up to a kilo  
Get some killas on yo team  
Keep one up in the chamber  
For the jackas and the dope fiends  
Fools come short get rowdy  
Kick down doors  
Show mutha fuckas that ya bout it bout it  
Break ki's down to oz's  
Never buy any dope  
Without weighin it on the triple beam  
Fuck soda use V-12  
Keep a stash for the tryin to take other niggas clientele  
Check the man made junk for residue  
Cause every fiend you miss want three or two  
1. Never talk on the phone in ya house  
2. Never slang dope out ya baby momma's house  
3. Never fuck with snitches  
Cause niggas that talk to the police is bitches  
4. Keep a low key  
And if you movin weight  
Treat yo'self to an uzi  
The first hit for free (damn)  
But the next time you see me  
You betta have twenty G  
5. Never pay  
Pimp hoes for the pussy  
That's the 'Merican way  
Clean up ya dirty money to good money  
Cause legal money last longer than drug money.

Chorus.

Fade Out.

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