

Master Ace

"The Farm"

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[Master P Talking]

You know what?

I mean, society treat me like I'm a insect

I'm out here hustlin' tryna get mine, but imagine

Where I'm from? You know what I'm sayin?

Mama wasn't there, Papa wasn't there, I had to get out

There and get it how I live. ya heard me?

Ha Ha

[chorus 4x]

Mama gone, Daddy wasn't home

Collard greens and grits, we was slangin on the farm

[Master P]

We live that thug life, I mean that drug life

Cop somethin, flip it whodi, I mean I'm alright

I got my own paper, I learned to shake a hater

I'm high tech, got computers in the navigator

And I be droppin keys, lil whodi, smokin weed

You need somethin, holla atcha boy, whatcha need

You know I'm ballin, shot callin

3rd ward Calliope, whodi, it's New Orleans

City of that china white, I got my game tight

One up in the chamber, slang that iron, you know I
don't fight

Big Tyme hitta mane, I got the skrilla mane

Step on my toes whodi, and I'ma killa mane

Represent that Boot Camp, don't take no food stamps

Catch you slippin at night, and leave yo head damp

Cause I'ma tall hitta, and ya'll some small hittas

You know you played wit fire, now you gone fall hitta

[chorus]

[Master P]

Call me two pistols, I make that chrome whistle

I'm like Paul Hardy, I'm in yo bone gristle

I'm not a doctor, Professional blocker

I see a Vic in the hood, I short stop ya

Now get the car whodi, it's time to gas up

Grab me a 'K, I handle my business and I mask up

I'm on the run mane, It aint no fun mane
Tryna change my life but I'm back, to doin the same
thang
Penitentiary bounded, but well grounded
Seven years later, I'm smilin and ya'll frownin

[chorus until end]

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