

## Master Ace

### "Weed & Hennesey"

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Yeah nigga  
We gonna feed em weed and hennesey, get em high  
together motherfucker  
Silkk the shocker (get em high nigga, get em high  
nigga)  
Shorties with game (no limit niggaz)  
Come out and feel the world, this time nigga (gon ride  
nigga, get em high)

Chorus: master p

Give em weed, and hennesey, and lets ride nigga  
Lets ride nigga, lets ride nigga  
Weed, and hennesey, and lets ride nigga  
Lets ride nigga, lets ride nigga

[master p]  
Holla p! that mean fortune and fame  
Scream, no limit still tru 2 da game  
A buncha, young niggaz gettin rich with plats  
How many, thug niggaz still bustin the shot  
How many killers comin up makin scrilla with change  
How many, young niggaz still down in the game  
I couldnt, lose my soul tryin to make these ends  
I couldnt, watch my enemies and watch my friends  
I live the life of a young nigga wantin to ball  
I said, mama pray when I walk the halls  
I got 3rd ward niggaz throwin up the sign  
My little cousin jimmy home on, eighteen to die  
I live the life of a ranger, rowdy rowdy  
I live the life of a rapper thats bout it bout it  
I got the feds tryin to chase me, wantin the plat  
I got my own homies sendin, my name to the coppers

I smoke weed, and hennesey, uh-huh  
To forget about all that shit, uh-huh  
(get em high nigga, lets ride nigga)  
I smoke weed, and hennesey  
Just to make it through the days man  
All this bullshit Im goin through

[c-murder]

I got a hand full of money, a pocket full of drugs  
Leave em standin in they shoes and makin moves with  
thugs  
Im homegrown in the ghetto, result my minds under  
pressure  
You leave your shit wide open, no limit niggaz gon test  
ya  
We ride deep but tru dat, hitin hard like bricks  
Aint no punks in my click, bitch ass niggaz be sick  
My tru gs gettin high off my lyrics, my present spirit  
And healthy niggaz shout for God hearin  
A coward dies a thousand deaths a soldier die once  
So nigga lets get high, off these henneseey and blunts

Chorus

[silkk the shocker]

It get hard tryin to shake these bustas tryin to shake  
these fools  
I know a million niggaz down to ride and still dont  
break the rules  
Im always on like fuckin lights respect might check you  
like some nights  
Always precise, silkk the shocker, get my motherfuckin  
name, right!  
Nigga game sewed like a spider, til ends fall like a nike  
Disrespect I hits you with a tec and watch I shake you  
up like dice  
Now watch a million niggaz follow me, like I was a  
fuckin idol  
Theyre like vital signs of a line of niggaz deep in their  
thoughts  
Cause there isnt no sunshine  
Get away from the one-time got caught sometimes  
But other times, I got away  
If you a busta, you cant cop none if you a real, you can  
relate  
See we no limit, we dirty like dozen, wild with my two  
brothers  
Couple partners couple cousins, other niggaz I really  
cant trust  
Weed it helps me get high, times for that, vibe and we  
ride  
We strapped with four-five nigga do, or fuckin die  
Block to block coast to coast nigga from killers to drug  
dealers  
Affiliate my name with all the real killers and thug  
niggaz  
T.s. washin on fake niggaz, a bitch no fuckin love  
When I grab for snap automatics come off

Like dancers drawers in strip clubs  
Aint no thang, death with no motherfuckin pain  
I lost some in the past, had to charge a lot of shit to the  
game  
But fake niggaz gonna drop, real niggaz stay on top  
Til my homey, came up dead  
He said one of my niggaz workin with the feds  
Its time to side up, we some bunch of riders showin  
trials  
I plug shots in the motherfucker, you dont wanna die

Chorus w/ variations

[master p]  
Thats how we gonna do it to start off the nineteen  
ninety-eight  
Silkk the shocker legit, charge it 2 da game in february,  
hahah  
My little brother c-murder in this bitch (no limit)  
Master p (soldiers)  
Huh, we gonna feed em weed and hennesey (I thought  
I told ya)  
And to them motherfuckin fake niggaz  
We gonna feed em hollow tips

Cant fade us, cant beat us, no limit  
Aint no motherfuckin gimmick (think nine-seven was  
alright)  
Tru niggaz for life ya heard me? (but nine-eight gonna  
be the year)  
Ha-hah  
Nineteen ninety-eight nigga

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