

Master P "Anything Goes"

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Oh yeah
this dope shit done got a lot of my niggas
taken out the game
And to my brother Kevin Miller rest in peace fool

Verse 1

Growing up in the Calliope New Orleans to be exact g
I had to pack a gat I thought somebody was out to kill
me
I'm paranoid I toss and turn in my sleep g
My best friend done turned into my motherfucking
enemy
19 years old gold fronts and a mean mug
I hooked up with my little cousin Jimmy
learned to slang drugs
A lot of shit done changed in my fucking neighborhood
This fast cash got the P living no good
I'm deep up in this shit and ain't no turning back
Me and my cousin ?? say I got him for a fucking sack
I told him check his bitch, but he didn't here me though
He didn't believe that his bitch was out smoking dope
Now I gotta stand on my own 2
I came in this world by myself
that's the way I'm gone die fool
One year later and my cousin doing life on a case
I moved to Richmond California just to fucking get
away
Bumped into my partner King from New Orleans
He couldn't find a job and I'm back to slanging
amphetamines
And everything was cool for a fucking while g
Til I went to this club and this fool tried me
We in the back with some bitches counting hundreds
Til these suckers walked up and said jack
these niggas from the country
We didn't have no gats, I had to make a g move
Connects and head butting, that's how I did this fool
King G hit this boy with a upper cut
30 days in the county, but we didn't give a fuck

(Chorus)

Anything goes
Life's a trip, but that's how the game goes

Hood riding, homicide 4 deep with them gats cocked
Ready to put some fools on they back

1, 2, 3 a nigga slanging keys
but why you have to mess with P

Hood riding, homicide 4 deep with them gats cocked
Ready to put some fools on they biggety back

Verse 2

Released from the county on a PO
The only way to get back on my feet is slang that
diggety dope
Hooked up with my partner, my cutty mac
Two days later I'm back rolling motherfucking black
Lexus coup with a droptop Benz
And in the glove compartment you'll find about 33,000
ends
I ain't tripping cause the game get deep though
Got a phone call, couldn't sleep bro
They say my little brother died back in New Orleans
Pop pop boom and it killed him, here him scream
But I ain't tripping cause mama still here a cry
In Richmond one day the P is gonna die
And if I do I guess I'm going out like a g though
Like the movie on the motherfucking Untouchables
So when I go out, I know I'm fucking living wrong
They betta take me out like fucking Al Capone

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