

## Master P

### "Dope Mann"

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Don't try this at home if you ain't no real hustler  
I'm like Betty Crocker in the kitchen  
The Ice Cream Man back, you lil' boys been fuckin the  
game up  
But just watch and listen and you might get paid

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Dope man, dope man - yeah that's me  
I can flip a half an ounce to a quarter ki'  
Dope man, dope man - yeah that's me  
I used to slang in the hood now I'm on TV

[Master P]

The first lesson in the cookin of dope  
You need water, bakin soda, P-12 and a stove  
Take a mayonnaise jar, put it in the pot  
Pour some cold water on it before the glass pop  
You see some liquid yeah don't po' that out  
Because that's the type of shit gon' get you a car or a  
house  
I mean, shake it up 'til the shit turn white  
And don't sell to no snitches cause that's 20 to life  
You can't trust nobody, not even your boo  
You got one pistol? Man get you three or two  
You can find us on the corner, man sellin that cream  
And we don't fuck with no weed 'less it's purple or  
green

[Chorus]

[Master P]

I done made a lil' money and it's time to invest  
I bought some chrome spinnin shoes man the size of  
Shaq  
The Caddy needed paint so I dipped it in candy  
Put some ice on my wrists like I'm goin to the Grammy  
I'm a country boy so let the truth be told  
The last couple of these I brought a couple of gold  
I went to the club, got a couple of hoes  
Call me Ghetto Bill, I'm tryin to flip me a roll  
Handle that rock like I'm goin to the pros

I got boys that'll tag ya toe  
Send money to the pen my homies doin the {?}  
I got it for 16-5 if you lookin for coke

[Chorus]

[Master P]

I heard a couple of homies snitchin, they didn't want to  
go to jail  
Now you done changed my life, seen my boy get killed  
No mo' standin on the block with them nickels and  
dimes  
Ready to take it to the streets with these gangster  
rhymes  
I told Drumma, man mix me a beat  
We in the club shorty feelin the freaks  
I'm in the hood or I'm on TV  
You can't mention the South 'less you mention me  
Cause I'm the nigga put the Ice Cream in the dope  
game  
I'm the nigga put the UNNNNGH in the rap game  
I'm the first motherfucker to say "hot boy"  
And I could never fall off, cause I'll go back to slangin  
rocks boy  
I taught the world how to do dat dere  
So stop hatin man, I mean you right there  
I'm like, bad grass I ain't goin nowhere  
It's the New No Limit shorty this is our year

[Chorus]

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