

## Master P "Ghetto D"

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Imagine substitutin' crack for music  
I mean dope tapes, this is how we would make it  
(There it is right there)  
For all you players, hustlers, ballers  
And even you smokers  
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)

Ghetto dope, No Limit Records  
Part of the tobacco, firearms  
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)  
And Freedom of Speech Committee  
Thank you dope fiends for your support

Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this  
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Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack  
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack  
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this

Let me give a shot out to the D Boys  
(Drug dealers)  
Neighborhood dope man, I mean real niggaz  
That'll make a dollar out of fifteen cents  
Ain't got a dime but I rides and pay the rent

Professional crack slanger I serve fiends  
I once went to jail for having rocks up in my jeans  
But nowadays I be too smart for the task  
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

Overcook yo' dope it might come out brown  
Them fiends gonna run yo ass clean outta town  
But fuck that I'm 'bout to put my soldiers in the game  
And tell ya how to make crack from cocaine

One, look for the nigga wit the whitest snow  
Two, 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 bubble up and 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  
And now ya cocaine powder is crack  
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)  
Nigga I hope you strapped 'cause you might get jacked

Ghett, ghett, ghett, ghetto dope  
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)  
Ghett, ghetto dope  
Ghett, ghett, ghetto dope  
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)  
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Ghett, ghetto dope  
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack)  
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack)  
Ghett, ghetto dope  
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)  
Ghetto dope, ghetto dope

My phone rang I picked it up  
I 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 Cain 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 y'all but naked  
While you cookin' up my dope  
I told y'all we some Tru G's  
See me and P and C

[Incomprehensible] with Uzi's  
[Incomprehensible] up two ki's  
There would be 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  
See when I bust niggaz 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 fuckin' spot  
See I'm [Incomprehensible]  
That's why I act like this

But I rides rims, them gold D's  
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack)  
I sold crack like this

Ghett, ghetto dope  
(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)  
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(Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this)

Nigga, Nigga never let a nigga front you no dizos  
Start from the ground, work yo way up to a kilo  
Get some killers on yo team, keep one up in the  
chamber  
For the jackass and the dope fiends

Fools come short get rowdy  
Kick down doors, show motherfuckers 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 niggaz clientele  
Check the man made junk for residue  
'Cause every fiend you miss want three or two

One, never talk on the phone in ya house  
Two, never slang dope out ya baby momma's house  
Three, never fuck with snitches  
'Cause niggaz that talk to the police is bitches

Four, keep a low key  
And if you movin' weight treat yo'self to an Uzi  
The first hit for free  
But the next time you see me  
You betta have twenty G

Five, never pay pimp hoes for the pussy  
That's the American way  
Clean up ya dirty money to good money  
'Cause legal money last longer than drug money

Make crack like this  
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this  
(Ghett, ghett, ghett, ghetto dope)  
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack  
(Ghett, ghetto dope)

Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack  
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this  
(Ghetto dope)  
Ma-ma-ma-ma make crack like this  
(Ghetto dope)

