

## Master P "Homies And Thugs (Remix)"

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Verse 1:

(Scarface)

Ghetto niggaz remain violent all the killers remain  
silent

niggaz strapped with 45's and ain't smiling

And I'm driving to a place they're all Rome'

the lake we build houses but it's the hood we call home

In the ghetto the only place a motherfucker will keep it  
real

we focused on the dollar bill, still

The outsiders tend to disrespect the place

where niggaz do their struggling die with a straight  
face

Surviving, under conditions demons dinin'

you can run it but can't hide it so step aside

It's the nigga that makin' music for the streets

cause I love this motherfucker like pussy with no  
sheets,

cause it's deep

Some niggaz make it out the neighborhood and won't  
circle

and let the money make them nervous, what's the  
purpose?

A motherfucker sitting on fat

Who done came up in the hood but he can't come back

Fuck that, I remain in the street game frame

on a mission to maintain me and take aim

In position to let my opposition know my life

cause off in these streets I keep it real but what's right?

Surviving, sitting on a key doing business on a beeper

I'm sinking in this motherfucker deeper

Fear the reaper that no man born or woman harm me

fuck being a nigga in your army; though I'm a killer

Enter the ghetto so that you can see

what I mean when I say I love this cause it love me

Let it be, stop looking at this motherfucker strange

and talking 'bout a motherfucking change

This is for my thug niggaz

(chorus x6)

This is for my homies and my thug niggaz (uuuuugh)

verse 2

(Master P)

'Face, imagine us working at McDonald's  
and me and you selling fucking tapes in the Bahamas  
Gold slug, a car full of thug niggaz  
twenty inch wheels candy paint so we drug dealers  
No Limit soldiers to the fullest  
see I was raised on some red beans the size of some  
bullets, huh  
Real ghetto niggaz can't be stopped  
got me mixing up dope with little J down at Rap-A-Lot

My phone tapped the feds on my tail  
got me paying luxury taxes on everything I build  
True to the ghetto that's my life  
you see that house on the lake its for the kids and the  
wife  
You can test me if you wanna  
cause I be dumping niggaz off from New Orleans to  
California  
Rowdy like a hurricane (uuuuuugh)  
independant, black owned got them hooked on this  
cocaine  
You used to see C.E.O.'s in a suit and tie  
but we young niggaz in tennis shoes and diamonds  
Executive street millionaires  
niggas gonna be bout it bout till we gray in the wheel  
chair

Chorus x6

Verse 3:

(Doracell)

It's alive, and I'mma be tha muhfuckin' one  
Make these niggas want some  
Here I come  
Da Last Don  
Niggaz steady claiming this  
Tatted on my wrist since 86  
What tha fuck?  
I'm sitting in my cell block stuck  
Listening to this shit my radio did  
Shit, gotta change the situation  
Write a letta to the warden mothafuck all this time  
wasting  
Chasin' niggas wit my occupation  
Clean across the nation  
Lookin' for two-facin  
The gangsta, the killa, and the dope-dealer all in one  
Now past me my muthafuckin' gun

Niggaz feelin' they invinsible  
Til' they dealin' wit tha muthafuckin' principle  
Doracell nigga  
I ain't scared cause 2 pac got kilt  
I'm on tilt  
Feelin' the muthafuckin' guilt  
Thug Nigga

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