

# Master P "Hush"

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**(feat. Crazy, Slay Sean)**

*[Master P Talking]*

Oh, y'all think it's a game, huh?  
Take one of mine and don't think I'm a take one of  
yours  
Huh, might take three or four of yours  
Lights out

*[Chorus]*

Put the bullets in the ninety, Nigga hush hush  
Now if you wanna see yo people, Nigga hush hush  
See we don't give a FUCK, so Nigga hush hush  
Until it's ashes to ashes and dust to dust...

Put the bullets in the ninety, Nigga hush hush  
Now if you wanna see yo people, Nigga hush hush  
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Until it's ashes to ashes and dust to dust...

*[Master P]*

Now I done pissed on some ??? and put some gats in  
some mouths  
I done ran through the hood and made the rats come  
out  
Now y'all think it's a fuckin game  
These niggaz know why I came  
I'm bout to knock on his door  
And bust this bitch brains  
This nigga done stole somethin from me  
That I could never get back  
See I remember the days me and my soldiers dressed  
in all black  
Now if it's twenty five to life, I might do myself  
Cuz I was a ghetto nigga, and some bad cards was delt  
No milk from the bottle, momma had beer in her tittys  
Now the more I smoke weed, I think these niggaz  
wanna get me  
And I'm paranoid, for all the souls got ???

But should I sit down like a bitch, or revenge what I lost  
*[Gun shot]*

*[Chorus]*

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*[Krazy]*

Get your people on the floor, I need fifty G's  
Tell your mother fuckin daughter that she better not  
breathe  
I'm full of greed, til' I get this fuckin paper out ya'  
And I bet you tommorow they gone read about ya'

Three bodys found burned, with they ??? head missing  
When I cut ya' daughters throat, her body start pissin'  
??? hit ya, I don't know why I just smoked your ass  
but ??? called me on the phone, and said he had the  
cash  
Oh shit, I told him meet me at the park  
A black suit, some Jason masks after dark  
Nigga didn't bring the cops, so I guess he was stuck  
Hit him fifty fuckin times, and I told him shhh...

*[Chorus]*

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*[Slay Sean]*

Assed out, no where to go with the gats out  
Stashed out, ready and willing to mash out  
Hit the crack house  
Two in the spot, back out

One in the leg  
Two in the head, Blacked out  
Nigga layin' there bleedin' just pointin' the stash out  
??? on me, hurry up pull them stacks out  
Times runnin' out, sooner or later you assed out  
Times up nigga, shhh.... LIGHTS OUT

*[Chorus]*

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*[Master P Talking]*

Yea'... Y'all cowards out there, Hush  
All Y'all real niggas out there, Hush  
Do what you gotta do nigga, then Hush  
HAHA, some mo' mother fuckin' fairy tales from Ghetto  
Postage nigga  
With the mother fuckin' stamps on it, ya heard me?

*[some guy talking and some sirens]*

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