

Master P "It Don't Get No Better"

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(Master P)

Whoah! Oh No! Don't be scared!

It aint over til its over nigga.

A good soldier prepare for war in a time of piece ya heard me?

Where my niggas at? OVER HERE WHODI!

Where my bitches at? OVER HERE WHODI!

I want ya'll to raise them motherfuckin soldia rags high ya heard me?!

What?!

(Chorus) X 2

Nigga it don't get no better, me and my souljas gonna stick together

Rich or poor, poor or rich, No Limit is da army and we wont quit

(Master P)

I see a lot of thugs souljas lose they boots in tha mud

He was only 19, now he doin time for drugs

Now aint that a bitch, lil' shorty used to rhyme

But now he sittin in a cell droppin quarters, nickels & dimes

Once your dawg gone, then tha cat gonna play

I seen lil momma in tha club shakin that ass everyday

Now she telling me she need some milk for the kids

Now if that wasn't my dawg, u know a player'd be hittin it

See some of these hoes are bitches too

And I would front on my dogs for no bitches or no loot

(Chorus) X 2

(Black Felon)

What? What? What? What?

My definition of riches is much different

Make it hard to swallow

But I'm vicious, and who gonna stand in front of this

200 lb Rottweiler?

My mission, no competition, kill'em all like roaches

Wit more niggas on my team, and we all some soldiers

I'm re-adjustin you nigga's focus, ya'll see tha game

crooked
No nigga that I know could take tha game where I took
it
Black Felon still yellin habitual offender
Ya'll niggaz better keep a distance from the rath of this
blender
I was born without a heart, so I live off game
If I get tempted then I can flip it, nigga I breath pain

(Chorus) X 3

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