

## Master P

### "Itch or Scratch(feat. Mac, Master P, Prime Suspect"

Visit "[Itch or Scratch\(feat. Mac, Master P, Prime Suspect](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Master P]

Niggaz, see this one here?  
You see this one here?  
Goes out to every soldierette and every soldier  
Cross the motherfuckin' board  
I don't give a fuck where you from  
It's how you come  
If you want the hook up, this how it's goin' down  
Prime Suspect, Fiend, and Mac  
Y'all gonna feel this

[Chorus: X4]

Niggaz get your scratch, bitches get your paper  
Soldiers live life to the fullest fo' they take ya

P, I wasn't made for this world  
I'm in it like lifetimes before mine  
For sure, crime, ya made me?  
Then grudgenly enslave me  
Yeah, ya paid me, but barely enough to meet my reach  
Took it from me, so all I got is Billboard receipts  
To each, his own  
I thought my peace was with my chrome  
But is knowin' my homies souls, the rest are gone  
Hip is on, when my mama go to work for the early morn  
Rappin', but my extra muscle hustles for my unborn  
All alone, dealin' with some types of risk  
That nigga, Riley Smith, made murder, one hundred  
and fifth  
Now get this, how can I ease the pain?  
And if you got the hook up, put your boy, feet in the  
game (Uhh!)

[Chorus X2]

So what you want soldier?  
Close your eye, make a wish  
Nigga tryin' to come up, is like tryin' to drown a fish  
When the drama run up, nobody wanna enlist  
Sun down, sun up, we handle minds like this  
Soldier rag, in this what the fuck, lookin' and never

shook  
Flip the wrong page on me, I'll close ya book  
Hold the po' for us, got the 5-0's to show for us  
Up in the backseat, we cuts loose, and up these  
handcuffs  
And spit, this for my nigga Meeks, still in the hood  
Told me to give him the hook up, shit ain't lookin' that  
good  
I lay my live down, pray, god judge my heart  
Forgive me for sins, I was only playin' my part  
I've been to war before, but survival is never for sure  
Will I make a million bucks, or will they bury me poor?  
I never know, so I'm dessed up, when I walk the city  
streets  
To keep the heat, for peace I'm on the seat  
21 at least nigga

[Chorus X2]

Will your scratch get snatched in a murder cap?  
Nigga snake crack, watch they own back, and it ain't  
about rap  
We bring the noise, lost boys with no cause  
Slangin' toys, for the fact, we jack and kidnap, we  
wanted by the big boys

Man I was born in this world of sin  
I played the cards I was given, ain't got a quarter so I'm  
stuck in it  
Ghetto livin' still find time to smile through it all  
Prayin' up to the good lord, humbly yours  
And it hurt, cause the ooze man is pure at heart  
Got the game from the start, hopin' it don't tear me  
apart

Young black delinquent with a ghetto smile  
He want it, I want it, I ain't the only nigga on it  
Only nigga hungry  
A trooper tryin' to make it better  
For me and mine, within my time  
So when they take my lifeline, don't trip, I lived it to the  
fullest  
And made every kind of man feel glock wehn he pulled  
this [Chorus till end]

Visit [Master P](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.