Master P "Itch Or Scratch"

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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

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

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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

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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 dressed up, when I walk the city streets

To keep the heat, for peace I'm on the seat, 21 at least nigga

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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 when he pulled

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