

Master P "Killa Pussy"

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Master P: Yo Ann, wuz up?

Ann: Wuz up?

Master P: Shit girl I know you got it going on and everything

But its like this here, (what?) how come, every nigga you fool

Wit, and shit, nigga get shot and killed, wuz up with that?

Ann: Man nigga that shit ain't true

Master P: Shit, well, what about Mike, what happened to him?

Ann: Oh, that nigga? ummm, they found that motherfucker

In a ditch somewhere

Master P: Shit, what about, that; that other nigga Joe you used

To fool with, what happened to him?

Ann: Man, Joe was trippin, man, you know he owed some nigga

some money, and you know, if you don't pay up you just get got

Master P: Ahhh, well what about yo babydaddy, what he did?

Ann: That motherfucker was trying to sell dope, and smoke it

At the same fucking time, ignorant ass motherfucker, I'm glad he gone

Master P: So you don't think that yo, pussy be like, yankin niggas

know what I'm saying?

You got that killa pussy, killa pussy, killa pussy- 2x

She got that killa pussy, killa pussy, killa pussy- 3x

I'm not dog pound but yo pussy be the bomb, but why every nigga that you fuck up liked up dying?

Like my boy Roy but y'all niggas don't feel it,

y'all don't think bitches fucking pussy, can kill trick

Better watch these hoes, talking bout these niggas

but y'all don't know that these pussies got triggers,

getting niggas killed in my hood like bitches!

fucking with these ghetto 1 800 hoe bitches!

Ha, ha, ha, see y'all niggas don't understand,
y'all too busy watching Ricki Lake, and Montel Williams,
tripping on like, bitches killing niggas behind AIDS,
but see that big monkey between they legs?
get niggas trapped like motherfucking rats,
trying to get cheese, ya heard me?

You out the front door, that nigga out the back,
that's how my partner got killed behind some cat,
I ain't got no love for y'all hoes cause y'all tramps,
and bitches act bad when they go to fucking snap,
but bitches y'all can suck a nigga dick and get real,
or better twirk something or buckle up and guard yo
grill,
cause I'm laying you hoes on the floor like niggas,
bitches want that dick hoe y'all can feel that trigga,
17 rounds from that motherfucking pistol,
and watch a nigga make a bitch fucking head whistle,
hoes bout that ass, niggas y'all feel me,
but pussy to good to be fucking real G,
I'm from that 3rd ward, niggas started banging,
bitches running up, in cars cause we hanging,
ask a nigga to break em off to get her hair done,
but I ain't giving a bitch nothing but some cum
and hit and run, in the projects ballin wit my
motherfucking homies,
and all y'all bitches with that killa pussy,
don't run up on me

(Chorus)

Fool I ain't Spud, but these hoes be creepin
Late at night when a young ballas sleepin
Bitches try to run into the safe and get my money,
but I'll lay a bitch on the floor it ain't funny,
like that bitch Bren-da, got my boy killed,
like that hoe Shell, yea she tried to do O'Neal,
and what about Ep-Do, she can't phase me,
talking that shit about she might have my ba-by,
bitch it ain't mine, I only fucked her once,
I had 2 rubbers so bitch you done, and what
About Wen-dy, and that hoe Su-sy,
Say her pussy be killing niggas think she pack a OO-
ZIE,
but I ain't even trippin, all y'all hoes
I watchin my back, I ain't killed behind no
motherfucking cat,
this goes to you hoes from the south to the West coast
Even got pussy killin niggas on the East coast,

and all y'all bitches that are bout it won't y'all shout it,
but bitch killin me behind some pussy, nigga I doubt it

(Chorus

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