

Master P "So Many Souls Deceased"

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Okay, you wanna go to war with me
I take you to war
I told you, I don't kill no motherfucking kid
Look at you now, you stupid fuck, you stupid fuck

I didn't see so many souls deceased
That's why I ride with a lot of killers with me
I didn't see so many souls deceased
That's why I ride with a lot of killers with me

The Last Don be my name, I feel I'm trapped in the
game
A lot of shit done changed to protect the guilty in the
dope game
Such as getting paid niggas turning to the feds niggas
It's a risky business, the mob putting hearts ass in
niggas beds niggas

And homies going sour take 'em to the pen and they
cowards
I'm not Scarface, but after the money and the power
And ask yourself, who's the realest niggas you know
And if you ask me it be some niggas out the Calliope

Like Glenn Miss, Sam Scuddy, Pee-Wee
L. Broadnax, Slim some dead some in jail G
'Cause this game is so real
And niggas hustle like the Last Don 'til they get killed

[Incomprehensible]

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Syndicated crime at its finest, started off dimeless

I bless the mic device and now my ice got you blinded
I stone the liquor so thing this shit is a gimmick
The Last Don and The Commission T S O Click and No
Limit

From start to finish for this paper look I'm all in it
Rules in the game I bent in in a tank that can't be
dented
Drama we always in it 'cause many niggaz be PH 'n'
Mad that's why they busting they ass we on vacation

The unexpected done happened nigga we blowing up
Soundtracks and platinum plats whoa there ain't no
holding us
Give a fuck if ya like me care less if you don't
Bitch respect the flame in the tank making this bitch
jump

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The shit about to slow we living
Like malt liquors in and out of court niggaz
The Commission on a money making position
A team of street smart niggaz

Living this triple beam dream
Godfather bless a nigga with weight
Now we havin' okay receiving shipments in by the
crates

It's that organized good guy good fella shit
The other level living like better shit
They crime family can barely ride hustling to gather
shit

Ain't nobody separates Spiral and No Limit
The Last Don and the Commission in this money
making position

I put 4 5 slugs in niggaz neck niggaz respect another
casualty
I live my life jaggedly and carry myself savagely
Boy, y'all ain't fucking with no run of the mill niggaz

hoss
We kill niggaz, we kill as a little nigga by my waist
under my Hilfigger

I'm trying to make a multi-million come up before I'm
dead
A twisted No Limit wanted soldiers so holler when ya
listening
I put it on these dreads in my head the Commission
can't be faded
With the Last Don in my corner it's a sign the nigga
made it

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