

Master P "The Farm"

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[Master P Talking]

I'm out here hustlin' tryna get mine, but imagine

You know what?

I mean, society treat me like I'm a insect

where I'm from? You know what I'm sayin'?

Mama wasn't there, Papa wasn't there, I had to get out

Ha Ha

there and get it how I live. ya heard me?

[chorus]4x

Mama gone, Daddy wasn't home

We live that thug life, I mean that drug life

Collard greens and grits, we was slingin on the farm

[Master P]

Cop somethin, flip it whodi, I mean I'm alright

I got my own paper, I learned to shake a hater

And I be droppin keys, lil whodi, smokin weed

I'm high tech, got computers in the navigator

3rd ward Calliope, whodi, it's New Orleans

You know I'm ballin, shot callin

You need somethin, holla atcha boy, whatcha need

One up in the chamber, slang that iron, you know I

don't fight

City of that china white, I got my game tight

Big Tyme hitta mane, I got the skrilla mane

Step on my toes whodi, and I'ma killa mane

Catch you slippin at night, and leave yo head damp

Represent that Boot Camp, don't take no food stamps

Cause I'ma tall hitta, and ya'll some small hittas

You know you played wit fire, now you gone fall hitta

[chorus]

[Master P]

I'm not a doctor, Professional blocker

I'm like Paul Hardy, I'm in yo bone gristle

Call me two pistols, I make that chrome whistle

I see a Vic in the hood, I short stop ya

Grab me a 'K, I handle my business and I mask up

Now get the car whodi, it's time to gas up

I'm on the run mane, It aint no fun mane
Tryna change my life but I'm back, to doin the same
thang
Penitentiary bounded, but well grounded
Seven years later, I'm smilin and ya'll frownin

[chorus] until end

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