

Master P "The Real"

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I don't know whats wrong wit these fuckaz, Always
winin always cryin he ain't
doin this fo me she ain't doin dat. Motha fucka get wit
me i try to teach a
motha fucka somthin and then they just jump in here
talk about goin AWOL who
the fuck goin AWOL man i let these motha fuckaz in
here, then they go to the
fuckin white man and sell they fukin sole for a couple o
bitchez and a blunt
man. How we supposed to respect that whoadie, if any
fuckin producers runnin
they mouth man i'll pay fo the equip met a motha fucka
couldn't even make beef
fo a hundred and two dollaz man. show a nigga how ta
deal some papa, and dats
what i get in return man. How u talkin bout u ain't wit no
limit no more? y
don't u bring bak the tank then whoadie? You ain't
gawta bring it bak to me man
i kno u scared, mail it to me. What r ya keepin it fo
protection? What are ya
gonna do wit the tatoos punta? Cover it up wit a suit?
Thats somthin that some

bitchez would do. Oh Yeah, when i met ya ya'll had
nothin, now ya gone and ya
got nothin again punta. Ain't no real niggaz gone fuck
wit ya. Sell all the
stories ya want to the inquirer i don't give a fuck. I don't
have no image to
hold, you do, i'm from the streets, where you from?
Wha u gone call the police
and press charges every time ya get ya ass whooped?
What kinda gangsta are u
punta?

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