

Master P

"Tryin' to Make a Dollar Out of 15 Cents"

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[Hook x3]

Tryin' to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
How come when I was down you wasn't brown nosin'

[Master P]

See it's a fucked up life that I'm livin' in
I slang cola cause I didn't have no dividends
My baby mama stressin' she don't wanna slang dope
The ghetto's tryin' to kill me which way should I go
Now I'm on the corner takin' penitentiary chances
Even though there's marks on my turf that can't stand
me

I think to myself, when should I leave
Too say fuck em' nigga till ya hit my weed
I guess I'm a G about my scrilla cause they bashin'
Crews know that P is quick to put em' in that casket
The game got me stressin' but the game gon' stress
out
Even though the task just raid a nigga's house
Took a loss in the game tryin' to bubble up
Find the P deep in the grind slangin' dope fiends
double ups
And pretty soon I'll be back to a whole thing
If I had to do it again I'd probably do the same thing

[Hook x3]

[RBL]

Man it ain't nothin' but a thang to let ya nuts hang
Cause in this game a million niggas tried to fuck the
same thang
I know it be like on, on my block
Niggas must be on the cell while another's on the short
stop
It won't stop and it won't quit
Tell me another quick way for a nigga to check a grip,
shit
I'm kind of in a rush, it's kind of like a must
To get some, in God we trust
Bein' broke sure ain't no joke
I barely got enough money to buy me a whole loaf

Niggas be spendin' money like records
So I move from Mike Chester to Girbaud pocket
Cause a lesson is a nigga will shoot
No playin' hoops, he ain't gon' never see no signs or no
quick loot
Dank costs ten and the drey costs five
So I gots have more in my pocket than a nickel and a
dime, bitch

[Hook x3]

[Master P]

Gold fronts in my mouth, hella dope and got my bags
tight
Bitches on my dick cause they know the P rags are tight
But I ain't trippin' off no hoochies with no lil' skirt
I'd rather deal with them turks, puttin' in work
They caught up in some dirt
Cause I'm the Ice Cream Man droppin' off hella loads
Vanilla, stawberry, cherry bitch I even got Rocky Road
Take yo pick, I know you dope fiends wanna lick
But that's gon' cost you twenty bones in case you
wanna hit
I love you, you love me
But this ice cream don't go for free
It's a ten, twenty, fifty, hundred dollar sack or cone
And if you ain't spendin' bring yo broke ass on
Golds on my vehicle, fools they can't see me though
Tens for twenty, that's plenty meet me at the liquor
store
Fiends want credit but cha' know I can't fade ya
When you get cha' cash together call me on my pager
I'm stressin' off the game, I barely gets sleep
I just had to bail my lil' partner last week
In and out of aves gettin' chased by the 5-0
Gettin' my hustle on, a way of survival
And if I get caught I got play
But I ain't goin' out without two stones to the head

[Hook to end]

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