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## Master P "Welcome To My City"

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Ugh, ha, ha, welcome to the 504 nigga, the dirty south

Living is so hard in the city of Livin', livin', livin' is so hard in the city Living is so hard in the city of Livin', livin', livin' is so hard in the city

Ugh, I'm from the city of the go getters, I mean the poor niggas
With niggas smelt like they richer hoes but they broke niggas
And the bitches like the peapop
(Peapop)

And the niggas ride through the hood and like to slang rocks

And bitches want to make niggas into they baby daddy's

And niggas still ride old school Caddies And a bunch of block parties and borrowers on the corner

And niggas wish they could move to California
It never rain in the sunshine 'cause down here the
murder rate's high
And bitches love to suck a line, a lot of gold teeth
And picknames like Rig Sup Rig Ray Hot Roy and Ri

And nicknames like Big Suo Big Baz Hot Boy and Big Man

And you might get a rep if you're a killer
The city of the crawdads bad cops and drug dealers
And hoes love you if you're famous
But niggas representin' wards in the projects is
dangerous

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Young nigga got blast at the age of fourteen, the dope

fiends say

Bruise it up 'cause he shoot it up, everybody suited up screamin'

God, why he was a killer and that's how most killers die I used to tell him slow his roll back in '94

He was a trippy dog runnin' from the po-po Robbin' niggas for their rangs and thangs He ran up on the wrong nigga re-arranged his brain Now check it in my city ain't no Crips and Bloods

But niggas yell 3rd ward, come equipped with slugs And niggas soldier rags throwin' at those who bags Kickin' up dust chasin' paper that say in God we trust Now the five can't do nothin' for my light bill Some motherfuckers might kill for the right skrill in the city

We do busy and bust and nigga ya won't fuck with us, nigga what?

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