

Troy Spratt

"Neighborhood Dopeman"

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[Master P: talking]

Ahhh yeah, one of them ole smooth ass motherfucking
mellow beats
For your ass

[Chorus x2]

The neighborhood dopeman, dopeman
It's a risky business, selling that cocaine

[Master P]

Yo C man, tell them where you from

[C-Murder]

I was born in the place where people had to kill
Lots of dopefiends, so many drug deals
Disrespect my elders so I always cursed
Never tripped when I seen a nigga in a hearse
Dumb straight, I was fucked up from the start
They even tell me I was born, without a heart
But I ain't really tripping off these grown ups
Cause he who got the dope, is the nigga with the big
butt
I'm in a room chopping pounds on a silver plate
Sometimes I'm selling twenties, sometimes I'm selling
weight
I never gave a fuck about right or wrong
Me go to jail, huh, it's like a second home
On the first or fifteenth you know I don't play
Cause two oz's a day keep the fucking bills paid
Always got my beepers and my mobile phone
And when I raise my shirt, there go the fucking chrome
And you never catch me slipping in this fucking game
Cause I'm the neighborhood dopeman

[Master P]

Ahh big timer, shit man if you that big man
Why don't you give your boy one ten tomorrow
Man I get my check in two days or something man
You know how it go

[Chorus]

[Master P]

Roll up on the set in the drop five
With the giggidy giggidy gat by my damn side
Ready to bust a sucker cap if they talking shit
But if it ain't like that let me talk to this bitch
Bitch was hella-thick, dressed in them daisy dukes
Thinking by a dopefiend she might be a fiend too
Pull out my fat sack of dubs how I played the bitch
Took her behind the building, and P got his dick licked
Beeper ringing my boy say he out of dope
Told the bitch see you later, good-bye, see you stank
hoe
Call my boys up, I knew it was a drought man
But I ain't tripping cause at the house I got three ki's
man
Serving them niggas on the set just like some
dopefiends
I use to sell them for four but now I'm selling the bitch
for fifteen
And like Cube say, today'll be a good day
Now who the fuck said crime don't fucking pay
The name is P and you know I sell that cocaine
In other words I'm the neighborhood dopeman

[Chorus]

[Talking]

Yo P man what's up man (what's happening)
You know them little young ass niggas man
They got me again man (oh man)
Seven niggas (I told you to come see me man)
Hanging out for you man
I couldn't wait though man (I hear you little daddy)
Niggas came and got me with the motherfucking, P.C.
man
That motherfucking (just holler at me later than
youknowI'msaying)
Yeah man, give me another one man I got to keep it
pimping you know

[Chorus]

[Silkk]

Deep up in this game yo like deep as it go
A nigga can't tell me shit, when it come to selling dope
I'm pushing 20's, 50's, hundreds, and slabs
And if that ain't enough I'm going back up to the lab
Fiends, bitches, blowing up my pager
Them hoes want to make love I tell them hoes to call
me later

Rolling six, and fuck this in this cutlass busting tight
ones
Doing a donut on the L got sweated by the black and
white ones
But, that's, the life I choose to live, fast
And when I'm dropping all them thangs I keep a 9 up on
the dash
When I'm passing out this cocaine I stay strapped
Selling crack, huh, your neighborhood dopeman

[Chorus x2]

[Cali G]

I'm breaking out, with the triple beam sacking up
Shit for my niggas, to serve to the dopefiends
Young nigga getting rich, by 16 bezzels
Sitting tight plates and the paint's plates read my bitch
Nigga, nigga living top notch keep my finger
On the trigger case I have to unload the glock
Cause the game is a mo'fucker
Jealous ass niggas bust cause they trick ass suckers
And even hoes on the set up
Sell a nigga for a note, now that's a dead motherfucker
You can't trust a bitch
Load up in this fifth that's why I deal with the bullshit
Cause shit is real and I will never change
Yeah, huh, your neighborhood dopeman

[Master P & dopefiend: talking]

[Chorus x2]

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