

Rosemary Clooney

"Itch or Scratch"

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[Master P]

Niggaz, see this one here?
You see this one here?
Goes out to every soldierette and every soldier
Cross the motherfuckin' board
I don't give a fuck where you from
It's how you come
If you want the hook up, this how it's goin' down
Prime Suspect, Fiend, and Mac
Y'all gonna feel this

Chorus: X4

Niggaz get your scratch, bitches get your paper
Soldiers live life to the fullest fo' they take ya

P, I wasn't made for this world
I'm in it like lifetimes before mine
For sure, crime, ya made me?
Then grudgenly enslave me
Yeah, ya paid me, but barely enough to meet my reach
Took it from me, so all I got is Billboard receipts
To each, his own
I thought my peace was with my chrome
But is knowin' my homies souls, the rest are gone
Hip is on, when my mama go to work for the early morn
Rappin', but my extra muscle hustles for my unborn
All alone, dealin' with some types of risk
That nigga, Riley Smith, made murder, one hundred
and fifth
Now get this, how can I ease the pain?
And if you got the hook up, put your boy, feet in the
game (Uhh!)

Chorus X2

So what you want soldier?
Close your eye, make a wish
Nigga tryin' to come up, is like tryin' to drown a fish
When the drama run up, nobody wanna enlist
Sun down, sun up, we handle minds like this
Soldier rag, in this what the fuck, lookin' and never

shook
Flip the wrong page on me, I'll close ya book
Hold the po' for us, got the 5-0's to show for us
Up in the backseat, we cuts loose, and up these
handcuffs
And spit, this for my nigga Meeks, still in the hood
Told me to give him the hook up, shit ain't lookin' that
good
I lay my live down, pray, god judge my heart
Forgive me for sins, I was only playin' my part
I've been to war before, but survival is never for sure
Will I make a million bucks, or will they bury me poor?
I never know, so I'm dessed up, when I walk the city
streets
To keep the heat, for peace I'm on the seat
21 at least nigga

Chorus X2

Will your scratch get snatched in a murder cap?
Nigga snake crack, watch they own back, and it ain't
about rap
We bring the noise, lost boys with no cause
Slangin' toys, for the fact, we jack and kidnap, we
wanted by the big boys

Man I was born in this world of sin
I played the cards I was given, ain't got a quarter so I'm
stuck in it
Ghetto livin' still find time to smile through it all
Prayin' up to the good lord, humbly yours
And it hurt, cause the ooze man is pure at heart
Got the game from the start, hopin' it don't tear me
apart

Young black deliquent with a ghetto smile
He want it, I want it, I ain't the only nigga on it
Only nigga hungry
A trooper tryin' to make it better
For me and mine, within my time
So when they take my lifeline, don't trip, I lived it to the
fullest
And made every kind of man feel glock wehn he pulled
this

Chorus till end

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