

## **Big Punisher F/ Prospect**

### **"Goin' Through Some Thangs"**

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Chorus: [Master P]

I'm going through some thangs  
These bitch ass niggas got me goin' through some  
thangs.  
I'm going through some thangs  
I'm going through some thangs  
These bitch ass niggas got me goin' through some  
thangs.

Verse 2: [Master P]

I close my eyes, I can't sleep, I visualize death  
I seen my little homie get smoked like a cigarette  
and these G's on the streets, enemies,  
they'll take your life for a hundred C's  
I mean a hundred dollars or less  
the game gets so wicked that I wear a bulletproof vest  
and now I'm grown, and they wonder why I'm crazy  
Imagine feedin' tablets and beer to a baby  
Never had a chance when I was 5  
nigga took me in the car, took me on the ghetto ride  
Cruisin' through streets that I've never seen  
pull the clip off a 30 round magazine  
Taught me how to deal with a triple beam  
and ever since then I've been servin' dope fiends  
I got the game in the bag that's so big  
nigga see my nuts it's like two figs  
swoll to the fullest,  
in my heart to my vein, pumpk nickel plated bullets  
and this ghetto got me stressed (stressed),  
cuz niggas that you know ( bitches) will rob you blind &  
leave you to rest.

Chorus: [Master P}

I'm going through some thangs  
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through  
some thangs  
I'm going through some thangs  
I'm going through some thangs  
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through

some thangs  
I'm going through some thangs  
I'm going through some thangs  
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through  
some thangs

Verse 2: [Big Ed]

I hit that nigga with a AR-15, do it clean  
back up in the lex, bumpin' Mia, with my mug mean  
Bulletproof vest, Smith & Wess  
for enemies fuckin' steppin' in my direction  
I'm gonna teach these niggas a lesson.  
Flexin' like an Anaconda, I'm stuffed like bombers  
Hit ya step and get wet, then duck my doorway teck.  
I holds my own like I'm pissin'  
beef with us is death wishing, I put to work because  
they didn't listen  
They tryed to set me up, why did they push me?  
Hook me up in the town with the killer pussy  
rap me up between the sheets  
nigga bust out the closet, but my 9 made 'em dead  
meat.  
I shot the hoe who set me up  
I'm drivin' off mad because the niggas threw off my  
nut  
I'm going through a thang, ain't no thang though  
cause before I left, I hit the set & took all the dope

Chorus: [Master P]

I'm going thorough some thangs  
I'm going through some thangs  
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through  
some thangs  
I'm going through some thangs  
I'm going through some thangs  
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through  
some thangs

(Mr. Serv-On)

So if it seem, point the beam  
Since a youngster, these niggas pushed my cemetery  
dream  
Lean my body if they could,  
and wished ya die, I wished ya coward motherfuckers  
would  
Everyday, I thank god for my baby, she fall asleep on  
my chest  
but if her momma catch her callin' me daddy, she

whoop that ass  
I'm not scared to blast, why my momma wish she never  
had me?  
She know these streets got me crazy  
I'm hittin' my momma for some pocket change,  
to stay one step ahead all these niggas in the game  
My daddy, gangsterism pumpin' d up in my vein.  
Should I kill a nigga for respect, or should I let him go?  
and if I do, someone please close my eyes  
when I'm layin' bleedin' on the floor  
That's why I never trust a bitch  
cause now a days these bitches carry an extra clip  
Ready to knock ya head off for that paper  
always down for a caper,  
Mr. S-E-R-V  
I'm going through some thangs, lord help me

Chorus: [Master P}

I'm going through some thangs  
I'm going through some thangs  
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through  
some thangs  
I'm going through some thangs  
I'm going through some thangs  
These bitches and these niggas got me goin' through  
some thangs

[Master P talks]

Going through somethangs, ya heard me?  
I done made it out the ghetto  
and every nigga that I know, that still there  
Think I owe them somthing  
and every motherfuckin' nigga that was down with me  
or wanted to be, wanna be just like me  
They think I owe them something  
Every bitch I stopped fucking with,  
thank I owe them something  
Know what I'm sayin'?  
Nigga can't even ride in his motherfuckin' car  
Nigga can't even walk though the streets  
without a motherfucker thinkin' a nigga who think he  
owe him some  
I got mine, and you can get yours  
Motherfuckers in my family,  
they think a nigga just got boo-coo money,  
just a blown on them, just to give to a motherfucker  
that don't wanna do nothing for theyselves  
motherfucker  
Be a real motherfucker, be a TRU nigga, get ya own

Damn, can't even mourn the dead anymore  
without motherfuckers thinking if you a big nigga in the  
hood  
you must be stickin' prices on other niggas heads  
But I'm bigger than that nigga  
I got family in the Caliope, the Magnolia, and the Saint  
Bernard nigga

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