

## Da Brat F/ Vita, Destiny's Child "Till We Dead And Gone"

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[Chorus - Master P]

Nigga, nigga, nigga  
P and Bone nigga  
Ughhhhhhh  
And we gone kill ya  
Till we dead and gone nigga

[Master P]

I couldn't gang bang  
With crips and bloods  
But i could stand on the corner  
Wit killas and drugs  
They healing  
Outlaws that reaching for souls  
We ghetto niggas  
600, Fearris, and Rolls  
We couldn't run from niggas cause we bout it bout it  
I'm from the set where my niggas get rowdy rowdy  
We gon hang niggas  
We gon bang niggas  
We gon slang niggas  
Cause we trigger niggas  
Banger got cheese nigga  
Never fall nigga  
Put my name on the wall when I'm gone nigga  
Cause I'm a soldier  
No Limit finest  
Mouth full of gold teeth and diamonds  
Uhh - uhh  
Hit 'em up nigga  
Get 'em get 'em get 'em  
Miss me I'ma split 'em  
Throw up your something soldier rag if you ain't with  
'em  
Uhh - uhh  
Or else East 99 will get with 'em

[Chorus - Master P]

[Layzie Bone]

Little Lay done traveled around the world  
Caught a few cases  
Seen so many faces and so many places  
Ace this game  
Why do you try to erase this on a daily basis  
Give me my spaces  
Show me some love though  
Just pump your fist in the air and holler "Mo"  
Could you do me that and I'll hit you back  
Little nig just don't know where my thugs at  
Some at the track on the back chrome gat  
Some around the corner selling that crack  
Some of my thugs in the penn dead wrong  
Got a lot of my thugs in the grave long gone  
May they rest in peace  
My nigga sleep  
Nigga be creep thugging till we all deceased  
Makaveli, Biggie Smalls, and Eazy-E  
T-Rock got shot  
Lord bless 'em please bless thier seed  
For real we tru to the thugs representing that Land  
Putting it down for the nation of thugs man  
So you understand  
Now whats wrong with your game  
Wounds be getting to shooting  
Fuck the law  
Keep packing that steel  
Real real when your riding the feel just chill  
And peace will be still  
Nigga from Cleveland to New Orleans  
Across the sea and ocean  
Master P and Bone thugs  
Coast to coast  
We steadily rolling putting it down

[Chorus - Master P]

[Krayzie Bone]

Niggas niggas if you with me  
Don't be talking about it nigga come get in the car  
Reach in the back for the AK  
Okay  
Lets see if you ready for war  
Scoping the target  
Mark it then you pull out your weapon and spark it  
Nine millimeter, heater, streetsweepers, and sawed-  
offs  
Shit

Bitch hear me ticking  
I'm bound to blow  
Nigga better get on the floor  
Oh, and hey and then when you dropping you might as  
well give me your bank  
Look in my eyes  
They so surprised  
Cause they must have thought I was studio  
What do ya know  
Nigga jumped out of the video and fucked you up  
Aw shit  
Here come the police  
Now tell me what it is you want?  
I got the same thing you got so it all depends on who  
the sharpest shot  
Lets get it on  
Boy your funerals after if dead Krayzie snaps  
Cause there be to many bloody bodies bagged up off  
in the back  
Fucked up  
We wouldn't of had to resort to violence  
But man the nigga was raised that way  
And I'm gon stay that way even if I die today  
But what can I say?  
I picked a fucked up game to play  
So I gotta get up and move out  
Face the shoot out  
So I'll be on my way

[Chorus - Master P]

[Wish Bone]

Yeah yeah  
In the mist of the ghetto  
When I fly ride by die  
Niggas wanna let go  
It's a pain just to maintain  
But it's a shame cause I do the same thing  
Still from the streets  
Indeed you'll bleed when your fucking with me and B-  
O-N-E  
Yeahhh  
We the Mo Thug warriors warriors  
Fuck them stories that them haters be telling  
Huh  
You run up we murder ya  
Stressed out niggas on weed  
Fuck niggas don't like me and police  
I'ma keep it real all the way down till the end  
All I wanna do is smoke weed with my friends

Make ends  
Anyday can be your last one  
Thats why a nigga gotta carry guns  
Don't you wanna have some fun  
Come come  
Bloody red red rum

[Flesh-N-Bone]

Me telling ya  
Yeah  
See me and my niggas we down for whatever  
Yah heard me?  
No matter the cause  
Follow the paper chase thats straight to the income  
Ya'll get fifth thugs  
Your nigga thats ready for war  
Lets battle  
Stepping with cannons  
Come with my handbook  
Niggas with (?)  
But if you choose you lose  
Them niggas will fucking fool  
Come and get a abused  
If you've paid your dues  
My niggas you've learned the golden rule  
You gotta do what you gotta do  
But priceless  
So many done test don't try me  
(?)  
Niggas come to stay tru  
Digging his grave  
They dieing  
They recognize the Cles from C-L-E  
Hooked up with niggas from New Orleans  
My niggas at No Limit  
Gotta make more cheese  
It's Bone and P

[Chorus - Master P]

[Master P]  
Ha ha  
P and Bone nigga  
Yah heard me?  
And we gone be here till we dead and gone nigga  
This is dedicated to every mother fucking rapper that  
went before us  
Yah heard me?

