

South Pacific "Kenny's Dead"

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This is Master P, I'm down here in South Park And i Just put a million dollar reward up for any information

Or anybody who knows who killed Kenny, ya heard!?
[Kenny's Dead] We got to ride tonight
My little homie, Kenny died tonight
[that's What I Said] We got to ride tonight
My little homie, Kenny died tonight
[Kenny's Dead] We got to ride tonight
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[That's what I said] We got to ride tonight
My little homie, Kenny died tonight

Kenny started messing up, hanging with the Thugs Cutting class in the fast section, ecstasy, weed and drugs

And I guess that's how it is, when the Ghetto's got you Trapped

But Kenny ain't Scared, he seen his Pops get his Neck snapped

People Lie and they cheat on South Park Streets Where the hoes chill and everybody run from the Police But what I liked about Kenny, he wasn't no Crip or no blood

And he mumbled when he talked, but he loved that bud..

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Alotta hopeless nights chasin nickels and dimes Kenny rode the yellow bus to school, but at night he did crimes

211, 187, it's like a hobby

Kenny slowed his roll, he did 3 years for a Robbery

Some say Kenny was the poorest kid on the Street But picture this, Kenny with about 10 Gs and a couple of keys

Serving the dope fiends, standing on the corner Moved and worked from New Orleans to Arizona But it was a trip, Kenny I was wondering how you would die

Would it be a car crash, a plane, a gun, or suicide?! He knew one day that the Rats would come But he didn't know they was Gonna Scream 'bout it!' And hit him with a Shotgun

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Alot of wasted deaths
Alot of senseless crime
But everybody think about what you do out there
Because uh, Judgment day is for everybody
Just Remember that we can't take none of this with us
And it's real out here on these streets
I'd love to live like Kenny
Die these days, ain't no coming back
Hombre, Master P, No Limit to the world, baby
It don't get no Realer than This

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