

## **Master P F/ Silkk The Shocker, Fiend**

### **"Hopeless"**

Visit "[Hopeless](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[First Verse]

Picture me livin' in the fast lane, fine hoes that sing  
Pockets that ching ching, and diamonds that bling  
bling  
Shoppin' spree overseas cuz the money ain't a thing  
One day it's gonna be reality, now picture me  
struggling  
Hustling, muggin' and doin' bad  
Elevatin', behind the little shit that I never had  
It's sad, but I all I ever do is out of need, never greed  
No wonder I'ma fiend for the weed  
I'm hopeless

Chorus: repeat 2X

I'm noticin' that I'm hopeless, only roaches could help  
Cuz the dopers be losin' focus when approachin' the  
wealth  
No more drinkin' and smokin' and that goes for myself  
Since this potent I started copin' with the pain that I felt

[Second Verse]

I start inhalin' real slow  
And never slip on my foe  
Gotta have it for static, cuz I ain't never been a hoe  
Just a handful of niggas ready to ride for a cause  
Bout breakin' these bitches and lettin' these hoes come  
out draws  
Man you challenged my dignity when you thought  
about killin' me  
Fucked me up mentally and sent me on a killin' spree  
I hate it and love it, you can't do shit to stop it  
But I will never be fucked with, predicted just like a  
prophet

How will it end for a product of the dividends?  
Divide, destroy, and conquer  
We Southern ass stompers in the World way outside  
where you stay  
Become a victim of the A.K., you look the wrong way  
High crime rates, they never really meant a thing

To Southern mobsters, who smoke, spit the Southern  
slang  
I got a clique you can't feel, cuz we all real  
You talk shit, you get yourself and who you call killed  
Think it's a game when it ain't  
Put the mask on the paint  
Leave hitters zipped up, hot slugs meet face  
Tie this rag round my head, blow two bags to the head  
Keep the K by the bitches and the South stays fed

Chorus

[Third Verse]

All you wannabe thugs, hit the dirt, snatch your chick  
and your kid  
Cuz when them slugs hit your shirt, you gone wish that  
you did  
And if you must put in work, nigga do what'cha gotta  
But if you mug, you'll get hurt, and they gone hear  
when you holler  
Cuz I'm a glock popper, always out to make the top  
dollar  
You disrespect and I'll attack you like a rottweiler  
The stockpiler, of weapons, and ammunitions  
I put them niggas who be rappin', in last positions

Allah please, why you leave him wheezin' and bleedin'  
with a hole in his  
heart?  
When they told us he wasn't breathin' nearly tore us  
apart  
To my critics don't get it twisted, toe-to-toe from the  
start  
It's your life, you wanna risk it? Throw four from the  
park  
When I shifted bodies get lifted like I flip it and high  
Filthy rich, killa switch I'm too gifted to die  
Drifted off, flip the laws like they comin' fa sho  
Drinkin' Hennessey with my doggs when they runnin'  
for Mo

Chorus (2x)

Visit [Master P F/ Silkk The Shocker, Fiend](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.