

Master P F/ Erika Fox

"Drug Lord"

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[CHORUS]

As a shorty I always wanted to be a drug lord
When I'm naughty I always claimed to be a drug lord

[1st Verse]

Back up in junior high
sipping on some gin with my so-called friends
in the cut just gettin high
I wanted to liss so I passed my dip cause a nigga
wanna drive by
B.B.S.S niggas too quick to pull the triggers an never
know who to trust
So I gotta put my things and you try to get some wrack
and be a drug lord
Now stackin on my ends
makin little dividends thinkin can I get away
Lookin up to the gang bangers and they can't slang us
but the fella may
Cause I rest in peace cause it not deceased
all over this bullshit
I having evil visions killing each nigga with this wheelie
I gotta leave it alone if I wanna get grow
but with lynchies on my mind
Invading my privacy
its just a wheeze an you push me to use my nine
Now he's gone an dead an I got the feds to the rolling
know my back
Nowhere to run
revenge is a bitch cause these hoes wanna get me

CHORUS

[2nd Verse]

I smoke up a blunt to let my motherfucking day just
ease by
I gotta go to the crib an explain to my mother why I'm
gettin high
Its self-explanatory I'm black an I'm under pressure
So come on my nine to feel what the motherfucking
test ya
But it ain't no bitch when its getting angry cause its

letting loose
Motherfuckers better run an hide before they die
cause I might be buckin that shoot
The only way you can make it you come an you take it
an ask for real niggas
Like me smokin on the sack of weed
with my hand on the fuckin trigger
Cause fullin our trigger on the bronk arse
nigga just ain't no damn thing
I shooting again to brain
when I what and hang living life in the fast lane
It's hard as hell when you tryin to make you got this
jealous arse bitch
Better watch your back
fo they up their gat
and it leave your shit split

CHORUS

[3rd Verse]

Hallucinating homicides
now its time to ride my nigga that just not die
And I'm tryin to understand why the fuck did you let
that bullet fire
Nigga left so spank me
in the cut can't even give em no money
Gotta get made comin on up
an now touch stone bone straight stop
Cause a mob didn't wanna pick me up now why gotta
go and stick up
Pick up for a lickin hit up fuck dawn when I let my itchy
ball
I'm dressed up
now the young roll tall motherfucker comin up in nine
five
An the germs gettin rich
I'm all where to hit turning off game out to survive
Everybody gotta go
took a walk through the do
an' it's just fact that I know
When it should've been me runnin the Chevy
just tellin em dick sell out choke
Now you know these niggas tryin to get so god damn
hard in this game
Where world the game where my nigga name main
I roll put a choke to the brain

CHORUS

