

Master P f Fiend Mac

"Tryin 2 Do Somethin"

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chorus:

the eye contact that you and I share

make me wanna be real and make these niggas
disappear

if I could I would

and I ain't even frontin

I'm gonna be real with ya, look I'm trying to do
something

the eye contact that you and I share

make me wanna be real and make these niggas
disappear

if I could I would

and I ain't even frontin

I'm gonna be blunt with ya, look I'm trying to do
something

maybe it's the bud in me, or the thug in P

got these ghetto hoties wanting to put they love in me

I'm a G from the CP3 and dedicated

screaming No Limit Soldiers and these playa haters
hate it

relax shorty, hit the blunt, drop the Ruger

come close to a nigga, let the P seduce ya

work it like a Solo Flex, say you wanna a ruff-neck

Cristal and strawberries, weed smoking, rough sex

I want you to open your legs as wide as you could

so I can hit from the back with this nickle plated wood

up and down like a roller coaster

from your stomach to your back

let a gangsta poke ya

I ain't trippin, never slippin cause I got straps

9 months later, we ain't bustin no caps

crispy clean, no strings attached

little bump-n-grind, miss thang are you with that

CHORUS

I heard you want a romance

wont you lay up there and give me the chance

I ain't saying romance, now what you to be enhanced

I'm matured enough, and I ain't approached you for
nothing

and the reason I came up off cause you workig with
something

now I done had a little herb, now I done build up the
nerve

on top of that my head tight from everything the boss
serve

I'm pitching, cause your curves got me wanting to slide
home

and prove that I flip other things besides ounz

tel your girl you're gone, baby you gots to rome

he leaving with things, he get it on, get it on

you cold make me moan, so you up for screwing me

please use engenuity when you doing me

damn you ??? blues with you matching hot shoes

pretty legs but knees gone get bruised

there's no one gonna get used

???????????

straight to the point shorty

look I'm trying to do something

CHORUS

back stage at the concerts peepin

you wanted me to see you and I'm thinking about
creepin

far from home, destination unknown, rock bone

hotel booked and I don't wanta be alone

maybe it's the tone got me visualizing this song

camouflauge love all night making me moan

thug passion, in the back seat ripping off your fashion

run and tell your girls about your night with the
assassin

I'm here tonight and the vibe is right

red and blue lights are glowing over Brian McKnight

but tomorrow my flight, and I'll be outta your sight

take my address down so you can write

but for now lets do something

fuck the frontin and the talking

my dogs just about barkin

take your outfit off and put the soldiers shit on

and go to the war with me

pager number's on the desk

hit me when you trying to do something

CHORUS

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