

Master P F/ E 40**"Calm Down"**

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[Tragedy Khadafi]

Yo Yo Peep the black Moses

Literature in pure dosage

From the landscape of Kuwait jakes and vultures

Too many of us lose focus

Due to the fact that we all just a bunch of soldiers
foul cultures

Funny how the streets mold us

Allah told us in the cages where they hold us

Its much colder

Then babies follow our footsteps the way we rep

They model us leave a richer nigga dead and wet
though

We learn the same jewels but it seems we forget
though

Yeah

Shoulda knew what love is before we learn what a thug
is

Know we left our seeds to be raised by they mothers

I seen the hood raise brothers

Kill too many of us

A thin line between the haters and the ones who love us

A thinner line from the freedom and the foul judges

In the streets where the snake niggas hold grudges

Chorus #1

(Nas)

Music make this thug calm down

Music make this thug.....calm down

Music make this thug calm down

Music make this thuuuug.....calm down

Yeah

[Nas]

Yo Yo

I know you hate to hear the drama but drama's all we
know

We laugh with the rich cats when they leave we switch
back

Somebody asked yo how he get that with his bitch ass

Comin' through on the humble just to chit chat
He used to be down on the corner with us
He was born with niggas but know he's on to mad
figgas
With mad bitches a sharp dresser
Cool nigga but about to be called out
By the heart testers never known for bustin his chrome
Wasn't soft but wasn't respected till he was grown
School he graduated somebody you could say had
made it
While we stayed in the projects walking the pavement
Everybody has their ups and downs
But this one kid had stayed rich while we slang the
grave shifts
I'm tired of it said a cat whose name I'mma leave
anonymous
Cuz he might take it as some kind of dis
Anyway he saw him driving up inside the projects
Tried to stick him but he got bodied in the process
The victor had become the victim
Thought he had a smooth nigga caught but a smooth
nigga licked him

Chorus #2
(Nas)

All the way doooooown
Music make these thuuuugs...calm down
Music make these thugs calm down
Music make these thuuuugs...calm down

[Noreaga]
Yo Jose Luis gotcha golden guns Frank Sinatra
Amigo sancha all on the scene with menacla
Fajardo Bayamon me and Ramon
Chrome K-Tone back to San Juan my pops home
Sit on the throne like a king of my kind
Take mine genuine laced up laid up
Yo ?Que Pasa? ven aqui yo you and your hijo
Perico Puerto Rico Manny's hijo Chico
He kept his heat low by his feet though
Came with mami chula grande cula
Little menuda smoke buddah fatty bangin' plus the
bitch cuta
Que linda you should seened her
Iraq rush ya premises the nemesis
Drinkin Guinesses What! for Revelation on the Genesis
The Nazis and worn papi call up Khadafi
I'm on today we stayin' bent all day
And put the lye out in your mug like ashtray
Cabron! Castellano too many people in my cypher

bloody up my visiano
Too much weakness the German secret laid my
pregame down
You just a hijo slap you with the black heat though
I'm all about my clique blowin' up people showin' up
CNN What! we want the gold nothin less
Buddah bless me caress me bitches here too sex me
Undress me suck me off Crunch much like a Nestle
Suck it off suck it off suck it off suck me off

Chorus #1 and #2

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