

Mister P

"The Ghetto's Tryin To Kill Me"

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Master P)

I don't know where I'm going to

but selling dope is the only thing God knows how to do

Damn indo you got to handle that dank time tonight

I'm deep in the game I can't sleep at night

And mommy praying cause she know her boy ain't
living right

And when I die they say I'm going out in gunsmoke

Cause I refuse to be broke up in this ghetto

See I been tripping all life cause life is a damn trip

And when I leave the house you know I'm carrying an
extra clip

See in the 90's things all gone change

I never thought I'd grow up to be the dope man

But in reality I guess I damn lost it all

just the other day i put my brother's name on the wall

rest in peace, yeah they killed him G

I know one day somebody is going to try to kill the P

and if they do I guess it was my time to go

But if they miss me you will be reading about some
dead folks

In other words can you fell me and if you from my hood

you know the ghetto's tryin to kill me

Chorus: repeat 2X

The ghetto's trin to kill me

they might send me to the pen but doing time doesn't
scare me

(Master P)

I'm selling dope and my baby mommy she wants me to
quit

but i can't because the game gives me dividends

see in the game my hella partnas depend on me

So when I go out I'm going out like my dead homies

Forty G's two keys in the crackhouse

Po-po's on my trick, you know the P is going to smash
out

Never trust nobody, can't even trust my chick

And when my kids grow up they know daddy's a lunitic

Driveby's in the ghetto happen all night long

Call me Master P, killer call me Al Capone

Because when I die they probably won't remember me

But while I'm here those marks can't fade the P

You seeing fatal when you mess with this dope click

But if you run on the P you get your wig split

For the jealous suckers that's out to kill me

I'm going to reverse the game partna, can you feel me

Chorus: repeat 2X

(Silkk)

I lost 2 brothers in the gear and I can't cope

I try to go straight, but I still end up selling dope
Reminiscing on my childhood, but it ain't the same
I never thought my occupation was going to be the
dope game
Two keys a day, you never see so much coke
Three o'clock in the morning chopping up dope
Reaching for my gat soon as I hear the slightest noise
Just come from a funeral, and it got me paranoid
Having flashbacks of this fool I smocked with my gat
He living, if he's real he'll be coming back
But if I'm going out I'm going out with a bang
Suckers jealous because Silkk riding on those thangs
having visions on how I'm going to die G
Will I die up in this game or will I die in my sleep
That's why i'm packing a P, y'all should feel me
I ain't paranoid, I know this ghetto is tryin to kill me
Chorus: repeat 4X
Yeah like my partna Too \$hort said
"Get In Where You Fit In
just remember Life Is Too \$hort

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