

Ghetto D

Master P

Masta P
Imagine substitutin crack for music
I mean dope tapes
This is how we would make it. (There it is right there)
For all you playas, hustlaz, ballas and even you smokasMa ma ma make crack like
thisMasta P
Ghetto Dope No Limit Records
(Ma ma ma make crack like this)
Part of the Tobacco, Firearms, and Freedom of Speech Committee.
Thank you dope fiends for your support. Ha ha.(Beat starts)
C Murder
Let me give a shot out to the D Boys (drug dealas)
Neighborhood dope man
I mean real niggas
Thata make a dolla out a fifteen cents
Ain't got a dime, but I rides and pay the rent
Professional crackslanger I serve fiends
I once went to jail for having rocks up in my jeans
But nowadays I be too smart for the Taz
C Murder been known to keep the rocks up in the skillet man
Waitin on a kilo they eight I'm straight you dig
What you need ten
Ain't no fuckin order too big
And makin crack like this is the song
You won't be getting yo money if yo shit ain't cooked long
Never cook yo dope it might come out brown
Them fiends gonna run yo ass clean outa town
But fuck that I'm bout to put my soldias in the game
And tell ya how to make crack from cocaine.
1. Look for the nigga wit the whitest snow
2. No buying from no nigga that you don't know
make yo way to the kitchen where the stove be
You get the baking soda I got yo D
Get the triple beam and measure out yo dope
Mix one gram of soda every seven grams of coke
An shake it up until it get harder
Then sit the tube in some ready made cold water
Twist the bitch like a knot while it's still hot
And watch that shit while it can rise to the fuckin top
Now ya cocaine powda is crack.
Nigga I hopes you strapped cause you might get jacked.
Ghett Ghett Ghett Ghetto Dope

Ma Ma Ma Ma Make Crack like this Ghett Ghetto Dope (Repeat 4 times)Silkk

My phone rang I picked it up

(Need some weight)

What you need

(Silkk bout a coupla K)

I had it all into powder but it ain't no thang

Gimme a coupla hours I have it all in a cake

Trust nobody got my gun and went an smacked Kane and Abel

You probably catch me choppin ki's choppin ki's up on my mom's table

I got a big order for some coke

I called some hoes up

I want ya'll but naked while you cookin up my dope

I told ya'll we some Tru G's

See me and P and C

? with uzi's

Choppin up two ki's

Baby twenty-four oz's a piece

Cause see if it ain't about money

Then it ain't about me

Hella mail from sales

Hella yeah for scales

Come up short

My money jumpin yo ass like bail

First of all you gotta have nuts

Don't give a fuck

Cause when I bust niggas guts

They know if it miss it ain't by much

Thinkin short like I'm only seventeen

A coupla dope fiends

Some oz's

A triple beam

And then playa hit yo block

And tell a bitch nigga to raise up off the spot

That's why I acts like this

But I rides rims, them gold D's (Ma Ma Make Crack like this)

I made crack like thisChorusMasta PNigga Nigga never let a nigga

Front you no dizos

Start from the ground

Work yo way up to a kilo

Get some killas on yo team

Keep one up in the chamber

For the jackas and the dope fiends

Fools come short get rowdy

Kick down doors

Show mutha fuckas that ya bout it bout it

Break ki's down to oz's

Never buy any dope

Without weighin it on the triple beam

Fuck soda use V-12

Keep a stash for the tryin to take other niggas clientele
Check the man made junk for residue
Cause every fiend you miss want three or two
1. Never talk on the phone in ya house
2. Never slang dope out ya baby momma's house
3. Never fuck with snitches
Cause niggas that talk to the police is bitches
4. Keep a low key
And if you movin weight
Treat yo'self to an uzi
The first hit for free (damn)
But the next time you see me
You betta have twenty G
5. Never pay
Pimp hoes for the pussy
That's the 'Merican way
Clean up ya dirty money to good money
Cause legal money last longer than drug money. Chorus.
Fade Out.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>