

## Big Ed "Make Some Room"

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(big ed)

Chorus

Nigga make some room, nigga back up, back up  
No limit soldiers bout to act up, act up x2

(big ed)

Ha, ha were my mother fuckin soldiers, it's time for war  
(attention)

Salute your captin time to get even

Fire in the hole take cover

Got you punk ass nigga trippin fallin over each other  
Seen that 50 calibur spit that bits, unload, reload and  
extra an clip,

I thought I was watchin gymnastics the way I seen that  
hoe flip

Its the a-s-s-a-s-s-i-n who am I (the assassin)

Big ed be puttin it down like dat get your gat

A-r fully automatic now whatch how act

It's survival of the roughest nigga, toughest nigga

When I'm drinkin happy, so they call mr. bucka nigga

Ask my nigga chris artis he say no limit niggaz be the  
hardest

>from coast to coast regardless

Better then the last soldiers, throw yo nut, nigga what  
nigga what

Chorus x2

(mia x)

N-o -l-i-m-i-t (repeat)

Bout it niggaz from the streets (repeat)

Tru is what we claim (repeat)

We break that ass then we take names (repeat)

Sound off (click clack)

Sound off (rat tat tat tat)

Break it on down (we ain't to be played with)

Shit! startes better take heat

Ya'll could fuck around and get smoked like weed

Bleed like a minstral, boy don't play no games

We done give a fuck about tha family's pain

All the game is me find me in the n.o.

Told ya he's got no name once the 50 sprain

Who ya kiddin 2, whatcha been through  
Aint the issue, choppers hit you  
Nigga soldiers tryin to spit you  
Rip you you to pieces leave you funky like feces  
Talkin ride ride know when you ain't tryin to see  
Tthese down south about more problems than a lil  
Watch out the bound nigga comin 4 your grill  
The real feels so they tryin our shit  
Why the fakes hate because they cant relate  
Nut fuck it we got duckets in the buckets for a rainy day  
And momma mia's verbil a-k gon spray 4 my soldiers

(mac)

Nigga die die die in the swingin battlefield (field)  
You can kill me if you kill (kill)  
I got that horse shoe on my grill (grill)  
I'm a soldier (soldier )i never die (never die)  
When you no limit niggaz, we stay camoflage  
(camoflauge)  
Wooo!  
The full metal jacket that mac it I pack it clickin clackin  
T start spittin, they start subtractin  
No retreat no surrender never take me alive  
Got the game in my vein and the killer in my eye  
I'm shellshocked I ain't you clock spittin and ain't no  
bull shitin murda,  
Murda that when yell before I serv ya  
A-s-s-a-s-s-i-n don't make me dig into the hearts of  
men wooo!

Chorus

(c-murder)

Im a motha fuckin no limit soldier till I'm dead and  
gone ya heard me and  
I ain't going never let a bitch nigga serv me  
Bitch I'm bossalini that means I run all this shit  
First lieutenant of a bunch of ignant niggaz in my tru  
click  
Fo the fedz if my regrets be real  
I cant explain why all my mother fuckin enimies is  
gettin killed  
We no limit soldiers I thought I told ya  
Make millions on rap my lyrics burn like dolja  
We breed fight machines military minded mother  
fuckas  
With a past of sellin crack 2 some cluckers  
So make some room nigga, cause we combat ready  
So back up , back up, or you gon fell this meshedie we  
soldiers

(snoop)  
Na,na.na.na.na.na.  
Now I can lay play you or just spray you  
Buck you up or fuck you up or just chill  
And I will on real nigga  
But I'd rather not speak on it cause I know niggaz be  
litenin and twistin  
Shit  
My vision is to stomp on niggaz like a marin core vet  
We ease your stress with 2 to your chest  
Mr gangsta ganasta how ya do dat  
I'm a tru tankdawg & all y'all niggaz already knew that  
I got 2 kids in the back seat of my tank  
And 4 rights on the front door  
And every state I go to hoes have to salute me  
Even though they know they niggaz probably wanna  
shoot me  
But thats what big pokey & big v-90 there fo  
C-murder is fool and big ed you know he's got tools  
And silkk got all the bitches in high school  
Livin the life of a no limit soldier man that shit is way  
too cool now i  
Don't know what y'all been told  
(I don't know what y'all been told)  
But gangstas and soldiers boy they roll  
(gangstas and soldiers boy they roll)  
Guns ammunnission and plenty of weed  
(guns ammunnission and plenty of weed)  
And a couple bad bitches oh yes indeed  
(couple bad bitches oh yes indeed)  
Sound off 1-2 sound off dpg  
N-o l-i-m-i-t

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