

**Fat Joe****"You Ain't Saying Nothin'"**

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Them TRU Boys Up In Here  
Gonzilla Ain't Got Nothing On Me

[Chorus: Master P]  
You Ain't Sayin Nothing, Nigga, You Ain't Sayin Nothing  
x8

[Master P]  
I'm the truth motherfucker I ball with Mike Bibby  
I'm in the Calliope project you want me, then come get  
me  
When niggaz will jack you, them hoes got gats too  
These kids walk around with golds and tattoos  
J Prince, The King of The South, I just kept that bitch  
going  
Niggaz disrespect me and I make you stop growing  
Boz he right here, Hot Boy he right here  
The New No Limit, nigga this is our year  
We about money, cars, bitches, hoes  
Kicking out windows and knocking down doors  
I'm a hustler motherfucker, I can't work for the man  
Put them birds in the van, and holla catch me if he can  
They feeling me, my enemies mean-mug  
Still walk up in the club and buy the bars up  
Like What The What What, Get Beat the Fuck Up  
No Limit In This Bitch, You better shut the fuck up

[Chorus]

[Mr. Str8]  
They don't wanna play with me, they scared, ain't said  
nothing  
We too deep up in the club, we waiting to start stunting  
Jumping like you crazy, like nigga you can't fade me  
Tipsy on that remy, I'm ready to start blazing  
Like holding the club down, dipping out with cha lady  
Sprees on my Chevy, they spinning like changed faces  
Movin through the hood, Choppin like I am racing  
Boy say "He gone" but show me you can't hate me  
Yeah this the year, so niggaz just disappear  
Niggaz gonna expect it from me, I'm right chea

You drive, I'm right chea, My niggaz, we right chea  
Riding, Might Drop Em, don't wanna play round here  
We about money, cars, broads, hoes  
Kicking out windows and knocking down doors  
A cup full of remy and a bottle of Mo  
I light that dro when its time to smoke

[Chorus]

[Desperado]

South West Philly P's  
Them sawed off stickers, snatch out ya weave  
You can't see me through the tips on the range  
It ain't about the money, bitch we got change

[Yukon]

Gets ya hypnotic, Afficial, we bout it  
Real niggaz up in the club, we ain't smiling

[Desperado]

Respect on our shirt, my shoes are P Miller  
Find us on the block with thugs and drug dealers  
The cuts on our diamonds is sharp as grease  
It looks like the lights on our masterpieces

[Yukon]

My team strong so we ready for whatever  
Bad chicks wit us like we came here together  
Later on, I might lace something  
We in the club, hella deep, but your ass wouldn't say  
something

[Mr. Str8]

Put your hood in the air, represent your city  
Free C-Murder and wild out with me

[Chorus] - 2X

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