

## Harry McClintock

### "Uh Oh"

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[Master P]

Big Ed, Fiend, Mystikal.

You all get in, get the motherfuckin money.

And if anybody moves, huh, buck em.

It's a 211, don't make it a 187

It's a 211, don't make it a 187

It's a 211, don't make it a 187

It's a 211, don't make it a 187

Where they at, where they at, get the gat, get the gat

Where they at, where they at, get the gat, get the gat

Where they at, where they at, get the gat, get the gat

Where they at, where they at, get the gat

[Mystikal]

When Mystikal hits the door it go (door squeak)

Fifty cent they goin get ????

I got the things on fire let em burn

Kill everybody plus the women and the churn

Nigga huh, nigga what you goin learn

Where I'm a put you bitch you aint goin return

Get it straight like your hair when you perm

I'm a streak like comin from my sperm

I hope it stick like a motherfuckin fern

Bitch I make ten times what you earn

And for all you bitches concerned

A 211, a 187 goin be confirmed

[Master P]

It's a 211, don't make it a 187

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[Fiend]

Womp womp, womp womp

Way I feel with these twin glocks, goin up when the pin  
drops

And all you fat hogs, chop down it's a thin cop

Or feel hot, you meet my richer nigga taker

With balls on my caper and find her if you gotta maker  
Braker, two one one, with my two new guns  
Love to see you run, I just use your come  
Gun cooked, unhooked for tryin to reach  
Including my strap so I unleash the beast  
I dare you preach, you got way more then me  
And it's just somethin I couldn't ignore you see  
Better up somethin, or me and my shottie goin buck up  
somethin  
Snuff somethin, and then night, and slowly cut  
somethin

[Master P]

It's a 211, don't make it a 187  
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It's a 211, don't make it a 187

[Big Ed]

P point out the house, watch me run up in this bitch  
Nigga come out that rug, don't make me bust your shit  
Nigga dust your shit, hit em with cocain and dope  
And after all of my shows I'm gettin head from hoes  
Hypnotized by the way that stripper blast  
She shoots me deep in a trance  
But look in my TRU shit fast or I'm ready to ass  
Dont you make a motherfuckin sound  
My pistol is pionted right between your frown  
Nigga get down on the fuckin ground  
With my kids gotta eat rob everybody around  
Pull akickdoe (boom), breakin niggas off  
Shit get shady when decks em with the sawed off

[Master P]

It's a 211, don't make it a 187  
It's a 211, don't make it a 187  
It's a 211, don't make it a 187  
it's a 211, don't make it a 187

Uh oh!

See, we can do this the motherfuckin right way.  
Just give me the motherfuckin money.  
Nobody moves, nobody hurt.  
That's it!  
Bitch, don't fuckin move, now look what you made me  
do.

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