

Ice Berg "Make Some Room"

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Featuring c-murder, mia x, mac and snoop dogg

(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, its 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 im 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 aint to be played with)

Shit! startes better take heat

Ya'll could fuck around and get smoked like weed

Bleed like a minstral, boy dont 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 aint 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 aint you clock spittin and aint no bull
shitin murda,
Murda that when yell before i serv ya
A-s-s-a-s-s-i-n dont make me dig into the hearts of men
wooo!

Chorus

(c-murder)

Im a motha fuckin no limit soldier till im dead and gone
ya heard me and
I aint going never let a bitch nigga serv me
Bitch im 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 id 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 ya'll 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 hes 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 ya'll been told

(i don't know what yall been told)

But gangstas and soldiers boy they roll

(gangstas and soldiers boy they roll)

Guns ammussion and plenty of weed

(guns ammussion 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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