

M**"After Dollars, No Cents"**

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Master P

Come 1 Come All, TRU niggaz ball (I told ya),
I know there's niggaz out there wait'n fo' tha fall

Chorus:

After Dollars, No Cents.
From Shabz 2 Benz,
From Cheddar 2 Cheeze,
Tryna Pay Tha Rent.
(x2)

I'm a hustla, balla, nigga gee'z, cut keyz, gats for
enemies, freeze, hund
reds of greens. Kill, robbery soldiaz
born 2 ride, killaz born 2 die, mommaz born 2 cry.
Wild like tha lone fuck'n ranger, niggaz from tha South
keep 1 up in tha chamber. Lord knows when ya enemy
is
quick, that's why niggaz watch'n niggaz back, cuz they
gone off that pila shit. Cane, niggaz game, heroin in
tha vain, fuck'n with there brains. Who tha next nigga
ta get popped by a cop? Who tha next in tha hood 2
get shot? I hope it ain't me, so I'm strapped with a
bulletproof. Nigga on my
stomach see muthafuck'n TRU.
Soldia till I die, fuck it I won't cry, look my enemy in
tha eye. Fuuck every nigga that ain't real, cuz we bout
it,
& if I have to die cuz a nigga gon' shout it! I was born
a No Limit Soldia from heart. Cowards run they mouth,
but
killaz don't talk.

Chorus (x2)

You no Kris, I'm Kros, y'all ran, we walked.
No Limit niggaz got Ghetto Dope by pounds & balls.
Blow'n tapes up in flames, like weed. Got boxed
albums up like keyz from tha South 2 Overseaz.
Nigga, Independent & Rowdy, niggaz check billboard,

number 1 & Bout It. That's why niggaz tryna get us
on the radio, now niggaz might see tha P on the
video, but a niggaz still TRU 2 tha gizame. Represent
tha hood, & every fuck'n nigga that gang-bang. These
streets iz so real, fool guard ya grill. Smoke 1 fo'
tha homies that have made it over tha hill, cuz we...

Chorus (x2)

Silkk

After dollarz, no cents. We represent'n No Limit, put
it down rolex, presidential. Nigga ride everythang I
done
sent u. Nigga, I went from riches 2 riches, not
muthafuck'n
rags to riches, cuz I've always had money, plus I've
always
had bitches. Young muthafuckaz tryna get Mojo, nigga
act
like ya muthafuckaz know, cuz I pull a high solo. Hit em
fo' they gee'z low, lay low, crow. Get a bien 2 go. Why
ain't you ever know, don't crush dimes, & mo mo's.
Nigga
runnin' from tha po-po's, high from a low low, take a
trip together to tha ocapulka. But show those, put ya
breasts right up under my polo's, nigga strapped with a
44'
& I'm solo. To try test'n tha best nut & that's a no no.
365 days, 24-7, I'm bout my rizez, see money is a
must, everything is a plus,
including weed & bitchez.

It went from \$18.5 a key, not \$18.5 fo' me see'n P ta
do a show, act like y'all know. Ghetto millionaire, ship
& guard tha dope.

Master P

You know me, we have Silkk & P, ugggggggghhh!!!

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