

## Master Ace

### "Act A Fool"

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[Intro]

Yeah nega I'm going rep this motherfucking No Limit to  
I D.I.E

Check this out nigga

I could gave a FUCK what a nigga gotta say about me  
I could gave a FUCK what the media gotta say about  
me

Nigga I ain't got no motherfucking english

I'm from the hood

And you know what?

If a motherfucker come at me they better come right  
(you heeard me?)

[Chorus x 16]

Don't make me act a fool (what!)

[Verse 1]

Still posted on the block

Still slangin that coke

Still runnin from the cops

Still lettin those bitches know

Still fuckin with your made

Beause blowin that ganja

Uptown New Orleans is where them thugs gonna find  
me

Rolling with those head bustas

My niggaz splitting wigs

A couple fucking g's nigga it can get did

Straight from the hood

And I represent the street

Send money to the pen

Still fucking with C (okay!)

R.I.P. to the niggaz in the motherfucking dirt

When I look into their momma's eyes I still see the hurt

What a nigga supposed to do when his boy get shot?

Put the bullets in the can and let that motherfucker pop

[Chorus x 16]

[Verse 3]

Thug girls, I put my name on them  
Me and Jon's like the Lakers  
Going for three rings in the game on them  
We ain't done til it's a dun-dadda  
And I got my own lable so fuck Gucci and Prada nigga  
I'm underated like Sam Cassell  
But when the playoffs come nigga I'm gunna be there  
Can't fall off because a nigga ain't average  
Fuck the I.R.S. a nigga still got cabbage  
Know how to play the game because the nigga is a  
baller  
Lil Jon with the beat (jeah!) and now them hoes wanna  
call ya  
I ain't Michael Jackson the P won't quit  
I'd rather be judged by 12 than carried by 6

[Chorus x 16]

[Verse 4]

I still walk through the hood by motherfucking myself  
And if I have some beef nigga I don't need know help  
A nega ain't Puffy and a nigga ain't Ma\$e  
So give me 50-feet before I catch a fuckin case, nigga  
We ain't going to the Grammys  
Find us on the block posted up slangin motherfucking  
wammies  
Still thuged out with the white tees fuck-a-nigga who  
don't like me  
I got nine biscuits for the dog that try to bite me  
I'm still rowdy  
Nigga I'm still bouty  
Still got them bouncing in the clubs  
And the hoes still talk about me  
Ten years later nigga I'm still in the game  
Y'all thought after 400\$ mill a nigga would change?

[Chorus x 16]

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