

## Master Ace

### "Here We Go"

Visit "[Here We Go](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Chorus: Master P (repeat 2X)]

Here we go, Here we go, Here we go (BE BOUT YO BUSINESS)

From the south, to the west, to the mid, to the east coast

[Verse One: Master P]

I got heroin and cocaine  
Some call me the dope man, a young nigga havin  
thangs  
A thug like Tupac  
Went from cheddar to cheese, from powder to cooked  
rocks  
From the ghetto to the lakes  
(to the lakes, 3rd ward, Caliope)  
Slangin' thangs in the hood to move my records to 54  
states  
Got more work than the mayor do (mayor do)  
It stick to niggas that talk shit  
Like a baller they bitch hair blue  
Got more corns than fritos  
Got more hoe's than Macys sell muthafuckin Girbauds  
Keep the muthafuckin party jumpin (uhh, bout it, bout  
it)  
For puttin the south on the map like Eazy-E did  
Compton  
Hoo-ride with these gangbangangers (gangbangers)  
No Limit Soldiers, mercenary killas keep one up in the  
chamber  
\_Got it Made\_ like Special Ed  
Got more \_Vapors\_ than BizMarkie ever had  
After \_Dead Presidents\_ like Eric B.  
\_Hypnotize\_ the rap industry like Biggie  
Going \_Federal\_ like E-40  
Shock the world like Silkk, put my pockets on tilt  
Puttin fools \_On Hold\_ like En Vogue  
Used to slang white ice cream, now it's platinum and  
golds

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse Two: Mystikal]

Without no business  
Its over for you before you get out the door  
What the fuck they gon tell you for if you don't already  
know  
Huh nigga that's all on you to be on top of yearn  
But by the time they finish fuckin you, bitch you gon  
learn  
Ain't no fuckin favors, ain't no fuckin friends  
That shit don't mix, this business  
Be bout yo paper, yo royalties or them bitches will take  
ya  
Make sure yo contract is escalatin' otherwise them  
bitches will rape ya  
Makin big promises on how it's gonna be all good just  
and be patient  
Yo album done came and gone and you stupid ass still  
waitin  
Stackin paper off my work  
Them no good son of a bitches got me livin for  
concerts  
I done headlined every hole in the wall in and out the  
city  
Humble cause I'm gonna believe it was meant for me  
I'ma get it, makin moves but still somethin missin  
Fuck how good you rap it ain't shit without yo business  
No business

[Chorus 2X]

[Verse Three: Fiend]

I could end the world with one line  
But I chose to make these hoes suffer  
Fill the voice with no muffler, I's a bad motherfucker  
Uncover, unleash the beast, dangerous from head to  
feet  
Can't control my rhymes, because them bitches seep  
through  
My teeth, so cold I heats, rising like some yeast, bake  
some beats  
Meltin needers off of technique and that's just when I  
speak  
Seek and you should find that my mind is beyond  
And yall niggas lines behind the times of my first lines  
Shit I'm in my prime, I want it with the mic or the nine  
For mine it protects crimes to the blind (he ain't lying)  
And I ain't dying line goes the paper the chase

P done gave me the break for me to make some cake  
Still dope I cook in sake, got pretty ass hoes to bake  
That's definitely a dumb nigga lure, you wanna smoke  
Cause this business makin me a weed conniseur  
Meet the have-been, one of the last men on this note  
Who wanna get served by the nigga, the nerve at the  
throat  
You think you bad but bitch you never had  
A nigga to give more heart attacks than Fred Sanford  
had

[Chorus till fade]

[Master P talking]  
To the motherfuckin south (the south)  
To the west (to the west)  
To the mid (to the mid)  
To the motherfuckin east (to the east)  
To the world (to the motherfuckin world)  
No Limit, here I come whenever we want to  
September 2nd, get the fuckin world high  
Bout my motherfuckin business, ha ha,  
Master P, Young Fiend and Mystikal  
Uungh!, bout it bout it

Visit [Master Ace](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.