

## Master Ace

### "Make Em' Say Uhhhh #2"

Visit "[Make Em' Say Uhhhh #2](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(phone ringing)  
No Limit studios-"No Limit studio"  
Master P-"Yo nigga, whatcha'll workin' on?"  
NLS-"Nigga, who the fuck is this?"  
MP-"This P, nigga, what's happenin'"  
NLS-"This ain't no mutha fuckin' P. Nigga, you ain't got  
shit betta to  
Do than play on the muthafuckin' phone?"  
MP-"Man, take me off muthafuckin' speaker-phone an'  
pick the phone up.  
This P nigga. Stop fuckin' playin'"  
NLS-"Nigga, if this fuckin' P, nigga, say 'uhh', nigga.  
Fuck"  
MP-"Nigga, I ain't bout to say no muthafuckin' 'uhh'.  
Pick the phone up,  
Nigga"  
NLS-"Nigga, what?"  
MP-"I'm on my muthafuckin' way right now"  
NLS-"Come on then, come on then nigga"

Da Last Don, nigga (remix)  
Ha ha (ha ha)

Master P:  
Make em say uhhhh!  
Uhhhh!  
Na na na na  
Na na na na

Make em say uhh  
Uhh  
Uhh  
Uhh  
Uhh  
Uhh  
Uhh  
Uhh  
Uhh  
Uhh  
Uhh

I told ya I'm the colonel of this muthafuckin' tank  
Don't make me get rowdy and start pullin rank  
My comrads with tanks  
With diamonds and TRU tats  
We make em say 'uhhhh'  
An' 'how ya do that'  
Third ward hustlaz  
On these streets chasin' riches  
Penetentury chances  
Cause this a risky buissiness  
A No Limit Souldier  
Commanderin' Cheif  
An' Michael Jackson  
Can't rock a muthafuckin' party like me  
I'm bumpin' for the real niggaz, playaz, and hustlaz  
Qualified killaz, certified head-bustaz  
Got love for the North, South, East, to the West  
Soldierz throw ya rag, Killaz how ya' vest  
Flashin' red lights  
Runnin' from the rollerz  
If life was a movie, 'CUT'  
Pass me the dojah

Chorus:  
Make em say uhh  
Uhh  
Na na na na  
Na na na na  
X3

Fiend:  
Well, if ya knew  
Something. Fiend  
Still tryin' to do somethin'  
TRU smokaz don't gotta blow  
We done already blew sumpthin  
I still want the green, cornbread, and the cabbage  
No Limit savage  
One known as the baddest  
When I was bustin out expeditions you wasn't ready  
Bangin like soft black cannon  
Bangin' out the 4-7  
(???) a machete  
I dig da dirt and bury  
Fiend, the excited private on any mercinary  
I hurt an' make you worry  
Like this were you  
Can't get get a tank dog salute  
P's already suit  
I represent the boot  
An' the world is rowdy, rowdy

Makin' you say uh-hh  
With the colonel, Mr. Bout it

Chorus x2

Silkk:  
P gon' make ya say uh-hh  
I'm gon' make ya say ahhhhhhh  
But this time I'm gon' get rowdy by sayin na na na na  
na  
I'm a cash deala'  
A No Limit ass kicka'  
I'm a bad nigga  
Fast nigga  
Ain't the last nigga  
Keep my mind on my money because I like riches  
House full of tight bitches  
An' call me, I might hitcha  
Now make em say na na na  
Tryin ta act hard core  
Betta for the flow  
Na na na na na na  
Now get the ball loose  
Kick the boot an drop the verse (64-5)  
I'm tryin' to clock the scrilla  
But it's hard not to hurt  
Now I'm a No Limit soldier  
So I get my strength through my duties  
Bout to make em scream 'MISTER'  
Like the movie (na na na na na)

Chorus x2

Mia X:  
You know we showed you once before the tank couldn't  
be stopped  
Playa hataz jack a lot cause they just jockin' they spot  
Off the top  
Think not  
Run up on me  
Cock 9 milla mamma Mia  
Asshole eata  
Head still wouldn't wanna be ya  
See ya  
At the top of billboards  
Yeah we lookin down  
Wavin at you muthfuckaz  
How you like me now?  
Cuz dis country, way back  
Laugh at bout it bout it  
Now everybody screams they want to be rowdy rowdy

T-R-U what we claim  
Represent dat dirty south  
4-star major general Mamma work and come out about  
I ride wit No Limit soldiers  
Yes we checkin'  
Wit' the colonel Master P  
He be the Ghetto Dad (?)  
Paper chasaz what they labled us  
Heaven knows  
If that ass tried to play wit us  
Gotta go  
So we know what we do  
It's never gon die  
World-wide in yo' hood  
P gon' make ya say  
Wooooo

Chorus x2

Snoop Dogg:  
Man, I'm smokin' on some chop-chop from S-G-V  
No Limit family wit' the D-P-G  
Last Don, Big Dogg, what's up? what's happenin'?  
Nigga run up  
We gon' tear da club up  
Top rank, best dank mo' bank in dis game  
Who could t be? Ya'll know my muthafuckin' name  
I ain't neva met a gangsta who ain't loved to bang  
Especially one who can't represent they game  
See, when a No Limit soldier walks in the house  
Nigga get em up, We gon turn this bitch out  
BOOOOOOOOOOOM

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