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## Master Ace "Playaz From The South"

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## [U.G.k]

Ya, hahaha...Well I been direct, break yo Kneck to get a peep of a TRU 11 goddamn fool. I came to sweep You off your goddamn feet, now pass that sweet & get back, lookin' For action, retaliation, that's where that shit at. Click clack Goes that pistol, bullets couldn't win, make a fucked up ass Whistle, you know it's yo dismisal. Now this will nip it in Tha bud, for my brothaz in tha pen, I gots ta bust 2 nuts, nigga Whut? I put it down, keep puttin it down, so I advice hoes to Not fuck around, it's that underground. Bitch you couldn't cut Tha sound, would blow up, hold up, wrong move, but it's time To call tha first family to handle these niggaz. Cuz we all Tha work, you bitch niggaz made your eyez burn, I'm fo sure that These G'z goin' fo', fo' fo, & blow fo' blow. It's Silkk, Master P, & U.G.K front door, front row, slow it down hoe, you know? [Chorus:] Playaz from tha south stack gee'z, flippin' tight On that white with that candy on them gold D'z [x4] [Master P] Foolz hate tha P cuz I'm bout it {bout it} Got them black soldierz owned & I'm rowdy. Ready to bust on tha Nigga that talkin' shit, I'm bad like J'Sun, but compare me with Them other niggaz, cuz I aaint shrive placin'. Y'all niggaz Gone off that fried black. I had fucked mo' niggaz in tha game

Then a quarter bag. I got them thinkin, killin them keyz, l'm Fuckin them devil done deeds, I'm trippin them keyz, tryna' make This dope into quarter keyz. Ask me where I'm from, New Orleans {New Orleans} Where them niggaz in tha projects be ballin' Slangin' that Iceberg & Plirens, runnin' from tha sirens{sirens} Don't know how to completely work, tha fuck how to triple beam. Eliminate niggaz like Kelgon {Kelgon } if there was a muthafuckin' Band I'd be a Baraton {Baraton}. C tha P is from that muthafuckin' Calliope{Calliope} where them niggaz who bootin' up & have gold teeth Don't give a fuck bout a hoe{hoe}, & niggaz cuttin' on that wata Wata {wata wata }. We bout it bout it, don't give a fuck bout seeing No muthafuckin' tomorrow, & won't stop, send me to tha pen, I won't Stop till them muthafuckin' saints go marchin' in.

[Chorus]

[Silkk]

1-2-3, you know Silkk a G (a G) all about

That muthafuckin' mayo (mayo). Gold on my ride, front back

Side 2 side, you know a nigga all about tha sells. I'm in front

Of tha nigga that front, nigga ask yo bitch ass to come. I'm

From that 3rd Ward (uptown) in other words I run this shit iight,

Chill. For them niggaz that boast, I'll be like Blast 'em (blast em)

WAtch tha ground, before it gets full of smoke, & watch how it goes

Like faster. Shit aint gonna fuckin' change nigga, I think not,

Cuz I be on tha same block, same house, same spot, same glock, but

More rock. Fuck whut ya heard, recognize whut I be sayin', but y'all

I aint never gonna die, so when U.G.K, Master P, & I be Down South

Hustlin', I wasn't surprised. Cuz I be tha man ta stand,

I'm Bound ta make a mil. Whoomp there it is, y'all haven't heard, but Y'all bitches will. Believe me, I got 2 for 3, 4 for 5, hollah At ya boy if ya need, & bitch I'm out (fading)

[chorus]

[Pimp C] Now do you blame me? A sweet for every Bitch that I fuck, you have to bring 4 18 wheelers, fill em from Back to front. I'm Pimp C bitch, ain't no mistakin', niggaz Tryin' to get tha cheeze, but bitch I be gettin' bacon. Would It candy just an every day thang rubb'n butt, because you like Tha way that my 5 wheel & my wheel look. Cuz I be comin' down, Cuz my heart be TRU, I'm fuckin' ya boo, gettin' a screw, nigga Whut up wit choo? I lived & wept fo ya nigga he had it comin'. I represent my shit, cuz nigga I can't be no harder, & just Because we do popo, bitches be thankin' we don't have a fuckin' Pocket full of stones. A drug deala with killaz, sip syrup With murderaz, put food in my mouth incase you bitches ain't Heard of us. Nigga, I live for tha bush, I live for tha crush.

I'm down with rich & royal muthafuckin' flush, whut?? Ya,

Tha muthafuckin' organize noise boy, wassup?

[chorus] [Pimp C in background talkin]

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