

Master P "Back Up Off Me"

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Are you ready for this?
The Ice Cream Man
Are you ready for this?
It's bad like my high
Are you ready for this?

My No Limit Soldiers, trademark
Get em' up ugh, show ya domes, TRU
We TRU, ugh, ugh
Time to go to war, ugh

I'm posted up on the block, got these killers runnin',
you sick of this
And chicken nuts, niggas slangin' with cuts
Ready to bust on you cluckers
On you niggas that sick 'cause we sicker

Niggas slangin' flickers
I'm in the projects ballin' with my niggas
I'm hustlin' quarters and thirty sacks
Niggas ain't fuckin' with dirty sacks

I'm hustlin' I got those ball sacks
But y'all niggas don't know that
I'm the mad killer, murder, lunatic
You fuckin' with a nigga, that don't give a fuck about
you

Or your bitch 'cause I'll go like psycho
Like Michael, load this fuckin' rifle
Start blastin' at bitches motherfucker, yeah 'cause I'm a
psycho
Out that 3rd ward, Calliope killin' murder

Lunatic, out to fuck you
You heard of a nigga not playin' with a full deck
Break ya neck, hustle on ya check
Get cho' spine, get cho' neck broke

Fuckin' field cats and chat
No Limit nigga, real nigga, who
Don't give a fuck when you dead and gone

Motherfucker you feel my bucks from my chrome

Back up off me
(Feel me)
Feel it
Back up off me
(My trademark)
Feel it back up off me

Gon' pack me with a nigga with no bread
Nappy head, put chu' in a grave
Give a fuck about chu' niggas, piss on ya forehead
I'm from that Southside, we kill with that cut rock

But niggas they slingin' that hoo rock
But niggas they wanna boo dock that Buddha
Nigga a quarter, of water
But y'all niggas late 'cause I done took over New Orleans

In the Southside to the Westside to the Eastside to the Northside
Motherfuckers never realize 'cause the young gon' die on the streets
I'm killin' murder, the lunatic
Never givin' a fuck, I'm tryin' to make bucks

Before I leave this truck
Got these killers watchin' me
Niggas not pockin' me
V got that tech nine and man got that uzi

Big Boz come with rah rah, niggas with sah sah
KR hooked up the track, so what the fuck y'all didn't realize
We back to takin' the battle, scattle not rattle
Get my tic tac and make ya motherfuckin' head rattle

Like an ostrich, nigga you want some sausage
Meet me in the French Quarters
I'm kickin' it with them 3rd ward hustlers
And they 'bout it, niggas we rowdy

Never givin' a fuck, we started this 'bout it, 'bout it
Now why y'all sayin' y'all 'bout it, 'bout it
Y'all scared of me, niggas, yeah, y'all scared of me
Bitch talkin' shit, you and ya bitch, I ain't afraid of ya

I'm hustlin' got them ballers
Niggas we smokin' them quarters
Fiends be dippin' that water

But we hustlin' like it ain't no tomorrow

Nigga, feel it
Back up off me
Nigga, feel it
Back up off me
Nigga, feel it
Bitch get up

Niggas comin' wicked, fools, I'm gon' kick it
Be whippin' niggas ass like I'm cookin' greasy chicken
I'll pop off batter but niggas they wanna scatter
Niggas they talkin' shit, I be runnin' with them 17 round
automatics

Up the trees, watch them niggas freeze
Don't give a fuck, take off my shirt nigga
No Limit on my back, back
But niggas they pullin' that sack, sack

TRU against my stomach, motherfucker how y'all
gonna fade that
The real fuckin' click, ain't no love for y'all dubs
Niggas think we slangin' dubs
Nigga we slangin' tapes to you niggas across the world

Niggas that squirrel, I got that girl
My lil' partner got that boy, man, got the whirl
But I don't give a fuck 'cause I be sick like Suzy
Take these 32 round clips from my automatic Uzi

Run and duck and hide nigga, you fried
Ain't no love where I'm from, from the outside to the
inside
The projects from uptown to downtown
To across the river

Niggas they slangin' that dope motherfucker, get cho'
head twisted
In the river, you gone, ain't no love meet the chrome
I be in the project ballin' like the black Al Capone
And if you come sick you stupid

'Cause my click don't give a fuck but they ready to
shoot shit
Up but nigga, you better duck nigga
'Fore you find your body floatin' up the Mississippi River

Back up off me
Back up off me
(Feel that motherfucker nigga, feel that)

Back up off me, nigga
Back up off me
My trademark

Bitch get off me
Bitch get off me
Word's up motherfucker
[Incomprehensible]

Work this
Look me in the eyes if you real
(You'll need to feel this)
Bitch, get off me
Look me in the eyes if you real
(Bitch get off me)

Nigga feel this, feel it
Look me in the eyes, niggas if you real
[Incomprehensible]
Soldier, No Limit, Soldiers
(Look a real nigga in the eyes)
Ready for the battlefield
Buckle up and [Incomprehensible]

Are you ready for this?

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