

Master P

"Bout It Bout It"

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[Master P]

uggggghhhhhh, its time for the national anthem
y'all niggas bout it (I started this bout it, bout it)
if you bout it (get em up), I mean you bout it, bout it
(that mean you bout it, bout it) well say you bout it, bout
it

I represent, this 1990-skrilla

It's Master P and they labeled me a drug dealer

Cause I'm bout it, I mean I'm rowdy

I hang with these killas that everyone talk about

we doin' this, we doin' that (we doin' what)

we in the studio rippin' up dope tracks

Cause we real, you betta guard your grill

Cause if we bout it, bout it

if you ain't bout it, bout it you might get killed

I represent (T-R-U) where them killas at

3rd Ward, uptown, Calliope on the map

Back up off me, ain't no softy

betta guard your grill mothafuckas, we comin' hard G

I got killas in the projects sellin' water

I got niggas from New Orleans to Florida

bout it bout it (bout it, bout it)

I mean they rowdy, rowdy (mean they rowdy, rowdy)

you betta watch your shit cause niggas is bout it bout it

I mean they snatch you out your car on a kidnap

lay you on the floor and tell you

bitch you betta break off some snaps or you dead

put the pistol to your head

ain't no love where I'm from, but you niggas in the

grave

I mean they dyin', niggas fryin'

gone off that juice (fermalgahide) and leave their

mothers cryin'

cause their little boy is dead

cause that color blue or red

and wanta do whatt them other ballas said

to make some snaps, I mean to make some money

to break it up on the street, but this game ain't funny

you want that beat in, ain't no way out

but death or that mothafuckin' jailhouse

if you bout it, say you bout it

I roll with some niggas that are bout it bout it
I mean we rowdy, rowdy, them niggas bout it, bout it
bounce, bounce, bounce fool, if you bout it, bout it
C-Murder is bout it, bout it (show them gold ones, show
them gold ones)

Big Ed you know he's bout it, bout it (bhudda
nigga ?????, that nigga bout it, bout it (get up off hin)

Big Man and the Caleo is bout it, bout it (bounce,
bounce, bounce)

Mercy Caller you know he's bout it bout it
and Cali-G in California is bout it, bout it

Mo B. Dick (if you bout it) you know he's bout it bout it

Nick Pokey you know he's bout it bout it

KLC of the Parkway is bout it, bout it

and Mr. Serv-On is bout it bout it

and Rasheen and the Mack know yas bout it bout it

Sonya-C you know she bout it bout it

Silkk the Shocker you know he's bout it bout it

and Mia X is bout to kick some flava (she's rowdy,
rowdy)

[Mia X]

Niggas know that I'm bout it already, I can prove it
so when they hear my voice, they all know I come to do
shit

Mia X representin', puttin' it down for the south
Keep a shank in my sock and bullet in my mouth
so don't doubt the angel like voice, come across
get your cucumber sliced and you messy hoe tossed,
boss bitch

I keep em sick from the way I kick my shit
and KLC got em scared cause he's back whisperin' it,
anotha hit

No Limit niggas in the house, plus on niggette
with that pimpstress clout, now what they talkin' bout
Beaucoup hustlas, and thugstas, murderers, and dope
fiends

fel a taste from drame scenes

infared beams aimin' at your forehead

ain't no fuckin' country boys

soldiers bringin' noise, leave you lyin' in red

puddles froma fuckin' ?????

now who will be the next to get they fuckin' shoes took
off

I really can't call it, cause once the gumbo be grieven
a nigga start ballin'

strike up the second line band

and put your black gear on cause we gonna stay bout
it, understand

[Master P]

Bitch I been bout it, I mean we bout it, bout it

from Kansas City to St. Louis they bout it, bout it (they

rowdy)
down in Memphis you know they bout it bout it
from L.A. to Alabama they bout it bout it
Washington to Carolina to Georgia (they bout it)
Cincinnati, Port Arthur, to Florida
Chattanooga, Ohio, Detroit (do that gangsta walk)
Lexington Kentucky to Louisville (you bout it) you know
they bout it bout it
I mean they rowdy (break it up)
from Richmond California to San Francisco, to Oakland
they bout it bout it
down in Houston they bout it bout it
the Northside, the Southside, you know they bout it
bout it
from Dallas to Waco to Austin (they been bout it)
to Jackson to Mississippi them niggas flossin' (means
they bout it)
B and M's on triple-gold and they bout it
that's how these gangstas roll
from Lafayette to Lake Charles to Chicago to Florida
to Baton Rouge to Shreveport to New Orleans (they
bout it)
they bout it, (they rowdy) I mean they rowdy
in Little Rock, Arkansas they bangin' I mean they bout it
my homie Tre-8, they bout it
loony Skull Dugrey you know that fool is bout it
Ken Frank, Raw Wayne, Jeff B, Mean Green, DJ Roe,
Greg Streeper
Levi, may he rest in peace
and all the other motha-niggas that are dead
like my little brother Kevin Miller that was bout it bout it
BOUT IT (bout it bout it)

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