

## Master P "I'm Bout It, Bout It"

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Yeah ha, I could never turn my back nigga  
(Never)  
I could never forget where I came from  
This for all my muthafuckin' soldiers  
(Master P)

Native of New Orleans  
(Louisiana)  
All you Tru soldiers, give it up for Richmond, California  
(Puttin 'em on the map)

Put em up, represent, where you from?  
(Westside, southside)  
Check out some of this down south shit though nigga

You bout it, I'm bout' it bout it  
If you bout' it bout it, well, say you bout' it, bout it  
I represent where them killers hang  
Third Ward, Calliope Projects, we got our own name

It's a small hood, but it's all good  
And Mr. Rogers ain't got shit up on my neighborhood  
I represent nothin' but G's  
(G's)

From Richmond, California all the way back to New Orleans  
That murder capitol of the world, so fool watch your back  
The mighty rise and clip but some tourist don't make it back  
And niggas ain't trippin' on yo life G  
(Life G)

They ready to take your ass out before the count of 1,  
2, 3  
So give me your gold chain, what 'bout your gold ring  
Niggas down south quick to put you in that body slang  
I mean that body cast, ha ha, what 'bout that body bag

You ain't thank quick, that's why you on your ass  
And niggas stuntin' perpetratin', talkin' shit

You roll through the projects, you might get your wig  
split  
Mr crazy wanna borrow a quarter quarter

You best not fuck with them fools that gone on that  
water, water  
I mean that clicker juice, fermaldahide  
(Dang like dat)  
Whatever you want, the more they dip in cigarettes to  
get high  
Like some alcohol, niggas don't even give a fuck

They leave you stuck in that muthafuckin' black truck  
Break you off like some muthafuckin' Japanese  
(Damn)  
Ain't no love in this hood, ain't no love for G's  
And these niggas killin' bitches too

And these bitches settin' up niggas 'cause don't give a  
fuck about you  
You gotta be bout it, bout it, cause I'm bout' it, bout it  
Third Ward, Calliope Projects, you know they bout' it,  
bout it  
And that Fourth Ward is bout' it, bout it

I mean that Fifth Ward and Tenth Ward  
You know they bout' it bout it, Twelfth ward, bout' it,  
bout it  
And that thirteenth, seventeenth uptown, downtown,  
across the sea  
bout' it bout it, 'cause we bout' it, bout it

My little homie Hot Minus Sign, they bout' it, bout it  
bout' it bout it, I mean we bout' it, bout it  
King George, Tru you know, we bout' it, bout it  
Silkk, you know he bout' it, bout it

My manager TC, you know he bout' it, bout it  
Big Ed, bout' it bout it  
Sonya C, you know she bout' it, bout it  
C-Murder, bout' it bout it

Mr. Servon is bout' it bout it, Mo B Dick, you know he  
bout' it, bout it  
Cally G, K-Lou, bout' it, bout it  
Craig, you know he bout' it, bout it  
And Mia X gonna kick some shit, she rowdy rowdy

I'm here to show a whole bunch of niggas that I'm bout  
it  
Comin' from the Crescent, testin' nuts

And ready to bust some of those who doubt it  
I'm rowdy as the fuck, hoes you best be backin' up

From this below sea level hoe comin' like a tornado  
Brings drama, either way I have to do this  
So break your selves, niggas here comes a woman to  
this Tru click  
The bitch you love to hate but yet ain't bold enough to  
face

'Cause Mia X will finish first in this grand diva race  
I kick your ear hole's laced with my pimp stress funk  
Punks playa hate because they shit be bump  
But I dunk a niggas head into a toilet full of piss

'Cause in this drama field, fool we ain't takin' no shit  
Downtown Sixth Ward left feet on guard  
Seven Ward hard heads, niggas out that Saint Bernard  
Ninth Ward pressed for desire and Florida, New  
Orleans

So bout it every day, we comin' harder firewater  
Got them niggas gettin' high off my floss, gumbo  
Re greet 'em plus my ate two fate got 'em payin' twenty  
bones  
So bring it on 'cause I gotta recognize

No Limit and Mia X, nigga flex if you bout' it, bout it  
You bout' it bout it, yeah, I'm bout' it, bout it  
And rest in peace my girl, Jill 'cause she was bout' it,  
bout it

I mean she bout' it, bout it, she was bout' it, bout it  
Them niggas from No Limit Records, you know we bout'  
it, bout it  
Master P, you know I'm bout' it, bout it  
The whole New Orleans, them motherfuckers are bout'  
it, bout it

Baton Rouge, you know they bout' it, bout it  
Jackson, Tennessee, you know they bout' it, bout it,  
Alabama, even Georgia  
And all you other motherfuckers down in Southside  
Florida  
You know they bout' it bout it cause we bout' it bout it

From Richmond, California to Oakland, they bout' it,  
bout it  
Cross the bay to San Fransisco, to the Eastside  
Huh, you know they bout' it, bout it  
Down in Kansas City, you know they bout' it, bout it

Kentucky, Ohio, Washington, they bout' it, bout it  
Mean Green, you know he bout' it, bout it  
Craig Street, that nigga bout' it, bout it  
Rock Raines, huh, ya know he's bout' it, bout it

My nigga, Vercy Carter, you know he bout' it, bout it  
Rasheem in the Magnolia, know ya bout' it, bout it  
And all them niggas, uptown fuckin' bout' it, bout it  
All them niggas bootin' up with that gold bout' it, bout it  
(Bout it, bout it)

Them niggas bout' it, bout it  
(Bout' it, bout it)  
My little brother Kevin Miller, rest in peace  
(Rest in peace)  
Young nigga, he was bout' it, bout it  
Bounce bounce bounce fool if ya bout' it, bout it

Yeah, if you bout it, say you bout it  
Being about it means you down to do whatever  
You bout it? I'm bout' it

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