

## Master P "Is It You (Deja Vu)"

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*[Master P]*

My adversaries hate me, this ghetto got me crazy  
I hope these streets don't play me, mama why you  
MADE me?  
I'm a No Limit thug nigga  
Live the American dream, so society think I'ma drug  
dealer  
Cause I hang with the MADE Men  
600 Rolls Royce's and Ferrari's on the PAVement  
Ghetto fabulous, Rolex with the pearl face  
Million dollar mansion, imagine livin like Scarface  
And then the Feds started watchin me  
Johnny Cochran's clockin me  
Can't depend on black, not no stoppin me  
Started from the bottom, made it to the top  
I told you No Limit just came to make the CLUB rock  
Get it rowdy (UNNNNGH) get it bout it  
Made the cover of The Source when everybody  
doubted me  
and nickname me The Last Don  
And everytime I say UNGH (UNNNNNNGH) you gotta  
press rewind

*[Chorus: Keva]*

Deja vu..  
You could be the thug that I will do  
(That's right baby) Is it you?

*[Made Men]*

Yo.. feel these Made Men, we blazin, hella ganje,  
elegante  
Watch TV, you can see E, in 3-D, on your TV  
Yo E be, thug type, or some nights, we Gucci  
Burnin lucci, Dom P, ice rocked out, with a dimepiece  
Profusely, spendin lucci, extravagant cuisine  
Such arrogance between, the sheets to the extreme  
Trips to the Carribean, in a jacuzzi, with a uzi  
Try to bruise me, then I coolly, pop pop shots like a  
juve'  
How your crew be? For the 3/4th, it's Nico, take the  
meek off

While we floss, hit the weed spot, then freak off, in the  
sheik long  
Got three glocks, niggaz don't want no drama, lyrical  
Unabomber  
Puffin head trauma, ? slugs blastin through your body  
armor

*[Chorus: Keva + Master P]*

Deja vu.. *[UNNNNNNNNGH]*  
You could be the thug that I will do  
(Ahh.. that's right) Is it you? (Mmm-hmm)  
I keep rememberin (mmmMMMM)  
I keep rememberin *[Made Men and these No Limit Soldiers]*  
Deja Vu *[Made Men and these No Limit Soldiers]*  
*[Made Men and these No Limit Soldiers]*

*[Mr. GZUS]*

Yo, they welcome this Lenox kid  
Slicker lyrical gripper number one pick  
Yo call me Mr. GZUS, chargin bitches like they Visa's  
I ride the blaze skunk, instead of fake funk  
Get a taste of this slam dunk  
Nigga pops and ya stop junk, my style krunk  
Tryin to make all my shit bump  
til my pockets got the mumps  
Always pray I never have to dump  
with the eight-shot, punk you're fucked  
You shoulda ducked you bitch  
A killer really never have to switch  
A-with the real slow pitch that hit  
Bass that make your ears split  
Cause I know that you're tired of the bullshit counterfeit  
so I'm flippin this script up like a lunatic  
Better pay attention who you fuckin with  
Nigga got the trigger on the 380Z hit it squeeze  
Hang around nothin but killers fu'realla  
with itchy fingers and homicidal tendencies  
Made Men blow your back out til you black out  
Trust me, you won't be seein no more, for sure  
Fuck around and be face to face with the four-four  
Made Men, these niggaz bug more

*[Chorus: Keva + Master P]*

Deja vu.. (ahhh, mmmmm)  
You could be the thug that I will do  
(Whatchu want me to do baby?) Is it you? (Uh-huh)  
Deja vu.. (yeahh)  
Could you be the thug that I want to

(it's hot, uh-huh) Is it true?

I keep rememberin [*Made Men and these No Limit Soldiers*] [UNGGGGGHH]

I keep rememberin [*Made Men and these No Limit Soldiers*]

Deja Vu [*Made Men and these No Limit Soldiers*]

[*Made Men and these No Limit Soldiers*] [UNGGGGGHH]

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