

Master P "Let's Get Em"

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Where them niggas at?
Where them niggas at?
There them niggas go
Uhh, fuck it, let's get 'em

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I'm a motherfucking soldier
Bitch, I thought I told ya, I smoke your ass like doja
Niggas mad 'cause my tapes selling like crack
Sold a million records, not one disc came back

You know, I gotta repre fuckin' sent
My ghetto niggas got me getting paid like the
president
But TRU niggas don't yap about it
(Yap about it)
But when I do some gangsta shit
You know I gotta rap about it

I left the dope on the motherfucking table
The feds mad 'cause we the number one rap label
No Limit records made history in this bitch
And it's a myth on how ghetto niggas getting rich

The whole world say they 'bout it, 'bout it
I drop this ghetto shit and get my thug niggas rowdy
My tank dogs coming through, where them niggas at
Ready to hit 'em, P, pass me them thangs, let me get

'em

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P man, pass me them thangs and let me get 'em
I be damned if I don't kill a nigga
They shouldn't be fuckin' with ya
They don't respect a fucking soldier

They gonna roll or get rolled over or get fucked over
Now I may be the first to go with, but you best believe
Thirty niggas came out here to get us, thirty niggas
gonna bleed

I'm here to protect and serve my tank dogs
And any nigga that fuck with us
Colonel, get ready to go to war, I'm hitting hard

A made nigga, that's why they call me Mr. Magic
Busting that niggas that try it, Magic and laugh
I'm military minding, I don't second guess
Click clack blast, erasing niggas, it's all bad

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Nigga I ride for scrilla, hang with dealers
Daddy wasn't home so I rode with them killers
And thug niggas high off henneseey and weed
Tatoos and Oz's, invested in CDs

Now the Feds wanna see me dead
Independent, black owned
And teaching other niggas how to get paid
Ran with some gangs, bank for some change
Third ward niggas don't play no fucking games

Me and Silkk, C-Murder, we killers
Plus Magic together, a world of TRU niggas
Taking over this rap game
It's No Limit for life, lights out I'm the trigger man

(Bang, bang, bang, bang)
Okay, I'm reloading, ha ha
I told y'all, No Limit niggas, we mercenary soldiers
We don't talk, we don't rap about niggas
We all about getting our motherfucking paper

A coward dies a million deaths
But a soldier only dies once nigga
Real niggas, they play the
Motherfucking game they don't talk nigga

Ha ha, y'all fake ass niggas, y'all think about it
Rapping for the motherfucking white folks
We independent black owned nigga, ghetto niggas, ha

Real niggas and bitches unite, ha, ha
Fuck fifteen percent nigga
I want the whole motherfucking wallet
Talk to the niggas, I feed nigga if you got problems

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