

## Master P "Made Niggaz"

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*[Master P (Mack 10)]*

Third ward, New Orleans. To Inglewood.  
To the motherfuckin world, nigga.  
Mack Dime. (What's up my nigga?)  
Mystikal, and Master P.  
(They know, P, they know, they know.)

*[Hook: (Master P & Mack 10) X 6]*

Made niggaz from the South to the West!

*[Master P]*

Give me a chance to ball, put my name on the wall  
How many killas done called, No Limit niggaz stand tall  
Cuz we, mercenary soldiers, gone off a Hennessy and  
that doja  
Runnin from the, (Who?) motherfuckin rollers  
Slangin, (What?) tapes like cola  
Nigga, hangin with the big niggaz  
Penitentiary chances just to make six figures  
No we fuckin (What?) gold and platinum  
Nigga, we made niggaz and we rappin  
Nigga, Mack Dime, Mystikal and P  
Every rowdy bout it nigga won't you follow me?

*[Hook X 4]*

*[Mystikal]*

Watch me! I'm throwed off, I ain't right!  
Bitch I'll do you somethin, I ain't wrapped tight!  
I roll with bullets like (?) and killas like Versey  
Managed by TC and paid by big Percy  
Whole lotta niggaz with me  
You think I'm lying, but I'm not  
You know who we are, we ready for war  
You ready to die fuckin with the wide Tchoupitoulas  
Say your prayers, them niggaz shottin, Hallelujah!

Gotta stop these niggaz from runnin they dick lickers  
We self made big niggaz, killin these bitch niggaz  
We paper chasin, goin platinum, in the gangstafied  
fashion  
Made niggaz from the south to the west done hooked

up with Mack 10  
Gotta get real with this shit that's the only way shit gon  
happen  
We made now, we was gangstas back then!

*[Hook X 4]*

*[Mack 10]*

From Inglewood to the NO, Mystikal, Mack and P  
No Limit soldiers, Hoo Bangin see we got the Recipe  
I stay ready nigga, with a vest strapped and all  
Hit the rizzo and ball from LA to the Mardi Gras  
No discrimination, hittin blacks to amigos  
Slangin compact discs like they kilos  
A real hustler, recognize another nigga with scrilla  
Game recognize game, and killas recognize killas  
Never aim to loose, always wanna be a winner  
Transactions in New Orleans over jambalaya dinner  
Cuz what you say you want, that's it, that's what you  
get, you  
can't switch  
Cuz Silkk'll shock you nigga, and make Mia shoot your  
bitch  
We tatted up, bauggeted up, the jewels glare  
Make the haters stop and stay "How we do that there?"  
See Mack and Master P, been up to seven figures  
Hoo Bangin and No Limit, two sets of made niggaz

*[Hook (till fade)]*

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