

Master P "Make Em' Say Uhh #2"

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(phone ringing)
No Limit studios-"No Limit studio"
Master P-"Yo nigga, whatcha'll workin' on?"
NLS-"Nigga, who the fuck is this?"
MP-"This P, nigga, whats happenin'"
NLS-"This ain't no mutha fuckin' P. Nigga, you ain't got
shit betta to
do than play on the muthafuckin' phone?"
MP-"Man, take me off muthafuckin' speaker-phone an'
pick the phone up. This P
nigga. Stop fuckin' playin'"
NLS-"Nigga, if this fuckin P, nigga, say 'uhh', nigga.
Fuck"
MP-"Nigga, I ain't bout to say no muthafuckin' 'uhh'.
Pick the phone up,
nigga"
NLS-"Nigga, what?"
MP-"I'm on my muthafuckin' way right now"
NLS-"Come on then, come on then nigga"
Da Last Don, nigga (remix)
Ha ha (ha ha)
Master P:
Make em say uhhhh!
Uhhhh!
Na na na na
Na na na na
Make em say uhhuhhuhh
uhh uhh
uhh uhh
uhh uhh
uhh uhh
I told ya I'm the colonel of this muthafuckin' tank
Don't make me get rowdy and throw a bullet spank
My comrads with tanks
We gamers wit TRU gats
We make em say 'uhhhh'
An' 'how ya do that'
third ward hustlaz
On these streets chasin' riches
Penetentury chances
Cause this a risky buissness

A No Limit Souldier
Commanderin' Cheif
An' Michael Jackson
Can't rock a muthafuckin' party like me
I'm bumpin' for the real niggaz, playaz, and hustlaz
Qualified killaz, certified head-bustaz
Got love for the North, South, East, to the West
Soldierz throw ya rag, Killaz how ya' vest
Flashin' red lights
Runnin' from the rollerz
If life was a movie, 'CUT'
Pass me the doljah
[Chorus]
{Make em say uhh
Uhh
Na na na na
Na na na na}x3
[Fiend]
Well if you lose some things
An' I'm still tryin' to do somethin'
Two smokas, they gotta blow
We always blew somethin'
I still want the green, cornbread, and the cabbage
No Limit savage
One known as the baddest
When I get bustin out expeditions, you wasn't ready
Bringin' like soft black teddy
Bangin' out the 4-7
Little nigga, a machete
I dig with dirty Barry
P, he bout it bout it on any mercinary
I hate to make you worry
It's just for the loot
Can't get get a tank dog salute
P's already suit
I represent the boot
An' the world is rowdy, rowdy
Makin' you say uhhh
The coward isn't bout it.
Chorus x2
[Silkk]
P gon' make ya say uhhh
I'm gon' make ya say ahhhhhhh
But this time I'm gon' get rowdy by sayin na na na na
na
I'm a cash deala'
A No Limit ass kicka'
I'm a bad nigga
Fast nigga
Ain't the last nigga
Keep my mind on my money because I like riches

House full of tight bitches
An' call me, I might hitcha
Now make em say na na na
Triangle coast
Betta for the flow
Na na na na na na
Now get the ball loose
Kick the boot an drop the verse (64-5)
I'm tryin' to clock the scrilla
But it's hard not to hurt
Now I'm a No Limit soldier
So I get my strength through my jewels
Bout to make em scream 'MISTER'
Like the movie (na na na na na)
Chorus x2
[Mia X]
You know we showed you once before, the tank
couldn't be stopped
Playa hataz yack alot but they get dropped in they spot
Off the top
Think not
Then run up on me
Cock 9 milla mamma Mia
Asshole eata
Head still wouldn't wanna be ya
See ya
At the top of billboards
Yeah we lookin down
Wavin at you muthfuckaz
How you like us now?
Cross-country, way back
laugh at bout it bout it
Now everybody tries they want to be rowdy rowdy
T-R-U what we claim
Represent that ghetto South
4-4 major general Mamma work and come out about
I ride wit No Limit soldiers
Yes we checkin'
Wit' the colonel Master P
He be the Ghetto Dad rapper
Paper chasaz what they labeled us
Better know
If that ass tried to play wit us
Gotta go
So we know what we do
It's never gon die
World-wide in yo' hood
P gon' make ya say
Whooooo
Chorus x2
Snoop Dogg:

Man, I'm smokin' on some chop-chop from S-G-V
No Limit family wit' the D-P-G
Last Don, Big Dogg, what's up? what's happenin'?
Nigga run up
We gon' tear da club up
Top rank, breath stank, molt bankin an' game
Who could t be? Ya'll know my muthafuckin' name
I ain't neva met a gangsta who ain't loved to bang
Especially one who can't represent his game
See, when a No Limit soldier walks in the house
Nigga get em up, We gon turn this bitch out
explosion

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