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Master P ''Make Em' Say Uhhhh 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 uhh uhh

I told ya I'm the colonel of this muthafuckin' tank Don't make me get rowdy and start pullin rank My comrads with tanks With diamonds and TRU tats We make em say 'uhhhh' An' 'how ya do that' third ward hustlaz On these streets chasin' riches Penetentury chances Cause this a risky buissiness 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 dojah

Chorus: Make em say uhh Uhh Na na na na Na na na na x3

Fiend: Well, if ya knew something. Fiend still tryin' to do somethin' TRU smokaz dont gotta blow We done already blew sumpthin I still want the green, cornbread, and the cabbage No Limit savage One known as the baddest When I was bustin out expeditions you wasnt ready Bangin like soft black cannon Bangin' out the 4-7 Lyrically a machete I dig da dirt and bury Fiend, the excited private on any mercinary I hurt an' make you worry Like this were you 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 with the colonol, Mr. 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 Tryin ta act hard core 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 duties 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 jack alot cause they just jockin' they spot Off the top Think not 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 me now? cuz dis country, way back laugh at bout it bout it Now everybody screams they want to be rowdy rowdy

T-R-U what we claim represent dat dirty south 4-star 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 (?) Paper chasaz what they labled us Heaven knows 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 W00000

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, best dank mo' bank in dis 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 they game See, when a No Limit soldier walks in the house Nigga get em up, We gon turn this bitch out BOOOOOOOOMM

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