

## Master P "Playaz From The South"

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*[U.G.k]*

Ya, hahaha...Well I been direct, break yo  
kneck to get a peep of a TRU 11 goddamn fool. I came  
to sweep  
you off your goddamn feet, now pass that sweet & get  
back, lookin'  
for action, retaliation, that's where that shit at. Click  
clack  
goes that pistol, bullets couldn't win, make a fucked up  
ass  
whistle, you know it's yo dismissal. Now this will nip it in  
tha bud, for my brothaz in tha pen, I gots ta bust 2 nuts,  
nigga  
whut? I put it down, keep puttin it down, so I advice  
hoes to  
not fuck around, it's that underground. Bitch you  
couldn't cut  
tha sound, would blow up, hold up, wrong move, but  
it's time  
to call tha first family to handle these niggaz. Cuz we  
all  
tha work, you bitch niggaz made your eyez burn, I'm fo  
sure that  
these G'z goin' fo', fo' fo, & blow fo' blow. It's Silkk,  
Master P, & U.G.K front door, front row, slow it down  
hoe, you know?

*[Chorus:]*

Playaz from tha south stack gee'z, flippin' tight  
on that white with that candy on them gold D'z [x4]

*[Master P]*

Foolz hate tha P cuz I'm bout it {bout it}  
got them black soldierz owned & I'm rowdy. Ready to  
bust on tha  
nigga that talkin' shit, I'm bad like J'Sun, but compare  
me with  
them other niggaz, cuz I aaint shrive placin'. Y'all  
niggaz  
gone off that fried black. I had fucked mo' niggaz in  
tha game  
then a quarter bag. I got them thinkin, killin them keyz,

I'm  
fuckin them devil done deeds, I'm trippin them keyz,  
tryna' make  
this dope into quarter keyz. Ask me where I'm from,  
New Orleans  
{New Orleans} Where them niggaz in tha projects be  
ballin'  
slangin' that Iceberg & Plirens, runnin' from tha  
sirens{sirens}  
Don't know how to completely work, tha fuck how to  
triple beam.  
Eliminate niggaz like Kelgon{Kelgon} if there was a  
muthafuckin'  
band I'd be a Baraton{Baraton}. C tha P is from that  
muthafuckin'  
Calliope{Calliope} where them niggaz who bootin' up  
& have gold teeth  
don't give a fuck bout a hoe{hoe}, & niggaz cuttin' on  
that wata  
wata{wata wata}. We bout it bout it, don't give a fuck  
bout seeing  
no muthafuckin' tomorrow, & won't stop, send me to  
tha pen, I won't

stop till them muthafuckin' saints go marchin' in.

*[Chorus]*

*[Silkk]*

1-2-3, you know Silkk a G (a G) all about  
that muthafuckin' mayo (mayo). Gold on my ride, front  
back  
side 2 side, you know a nigga all about tha sells. I'm in  
front  
of tha nigga that front, nigga ask yo bitch ass to come.  
I'm  
from that 3rd Ward (uptown) in other words I run this  
shit iight,  
chill. For them niggaz that boast, I'll be like Blast 'em  
(blast em)  
WATch tha ground, before it gets full of smoke, &  
watch how it goes  
like faster. Shit aint gonna fuckin' change nigga, I think  
not,  
cuz I be on tha same block, same house, same spot,  
same glock, but  
more rock. Fuck whut ya heard, recognize whut I be  
sayin', but y'all  
I aint never gonna die, so when U.G.K, Master P, & I be  
Down South  
Hustlin', I wasn't surprised. Cuz I be tha man ta stand,

I'm  
bound ta make a mil. Whoomp there it is, y'all haven't  
heard, but  
y'all bitches will. Believe me, I got 2 for 3, 4 for 5,  
hollah  
at ya boy if ya need, & bitch I'm out (fading)

*[chorus]*

*[Pimp C]*

Now do you blame me? A sweet for every  
bitch that I fuck, you have to bring 4 18 wheelers, fill  
em from  
back to front. I'm Pimp C bitch, ain't no mistakin',  
niggaz  
tryin' to get tha cheeze, but bitch I be gettin' bacon.  
Would  
it candy just an every day thang rubb'n butt, because  
you like  
tha way that my 5 wheel & my wheel look. Cuz I be  
comin' down,  
cuz my heart be TRU, I'm fuckin' ya boo, gettin' a  
screw, nigga  
whut up wit choo? I lived & wept fo ya nigga he had it  
comin'.  
I represent my shit, cuz nigga I can't be no harder, &  
just  
because we do popo, bitches be thankin' we don't have  
a fuckin'  
pocket full of stones. A drug deala with killaz, sip syrup  
with murderaz, put food in my mouth incase you  
bitches ain't  
heard of us. Nigga, I live for tha bush, I live for tha  
crush,  
I'm down with rich & royal muthafuckin' flush, whut??  
Ya,  
tha muthafuckin' organize noise boy, wassup?

*[chorus]*

*[Pimp C in background talkin]*

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