

Master P "Souljas"

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You in the ghetto and you ain't got no hustlin' skills?
Get down and give me ten private
(Where y'all at? Where y'all at?)
(Where y'all at? Where y'all at?)

I don't know what you've been told
(I don't know what you've been told)
But No Limit Soldiers came to rock and roll
(But No Limit Soldiers came to rock and roll)

Where are all my whodis at?
(Where are all my whodis at?)
From the North to the South to the East to the West
(From the North to the South to the East to the West)
Thugged out, what we 'bout? Shinin' it out
(One, two, knockin' boots, N O L I M I T)

Uh, see I'm a thug nigga and I was born to die
I hang with drug dealers, that's ready to ride
We got beef nigga, then we ready for war
I can't sleep nigga till I have my enemies heart

I'm uptown on the blocks with the bricks bay
Fiends roll up and get fixed bay, fifties and doves or
the bic bay
Smoke weed with my nigga but don't trick bay

Now if you step to one of my niggaz, then you steppin'
to me
I heard you famous cat but you don't mean shit to me
I'm out that C P 3 and I'm a soulja for life
And all my real niggaz wild out from left to the right

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(What? What?)

Now how the war was won on, blocks in the hood
(Uh, uh)
We got enemies then it's, glocks we pulled
(What)

In God we trust nigga, I ain't got no friends
(Ya heard?)
Souljarettes, they love, money and ends
You need some work? Meet me in the bricks nigga
You come short? I'ma wet your shirt nigga

It's like Vietnam on the ghetto in these streets
You die how you live, the strong eat the weak
Red and blue rags for the souljas that be bangin'
And warriors on the wall for the souljas left hangin'

Twenty-one gun salute, for the souls on the street
And the souljas up in heaven, may you all rest in peace
(Ya heard me?)
Uh

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Them Down South souljas they be ready to ride
And we can take it outside if you ready to ride
Them Midwest souljas they be ready to ride
And we can take it outside if you ready to ride

Them East Coast souljas they ain't ready to ride
And we can take it outside if you ready to ride
Them West Coast souljas they be ready to ride
And we can take it outside if you ready to ride

Don't start no shit it won't be no shit
Let me tell you muh'fuckers who you fuckin' wit'
Don't start no shit it won't be no shit
This No Limit army's who you fuckin' wit'

Wild out, wild out, No Limit is in and y'all out
Wild out, wild out, so y'all haters keep our name out
Y'all motherfuckin' mouth, ha, ha you heard me?
Ride ride niggaz, lah lah
(Ride ride)

(All the way to the motherfuckin' top of the charts, ya
heard me)
DJ's hut one, hut two, hut one, hut two, hut one, hut two
DJ cut the fuckin' lights off 'cause I'm through

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