

Seal

"Uh Oh"

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[Master P]

Big Ed, Fiend, Mystikal.

You all get in, get the motherfuckin money.

And if anybody moves, huh, buck em.

It's a 211, don't make it a 187

It's a 211, don't make it a 187

It's a 211, don't make it a 187

It's a 211, don't make it a 187

Where they at, where they at, get the gat, get the gat

Where they at, where they at, get the gat, get the gat

Where they at, where they at, get the gat, get the gat

Where they at, where they at, get the gat

[Mystikal]

When Mystikal hits the door it go (door squeak)

Fifty cent they goin get ????

I got the things on fire let em burn

Kill everybody plus the women and the churn

Nigga huh, nigga what you goin learn

Where I'm a put you bitch you aint goin return

Get it straight like your hair when you perm

I'm a streak like comin from my sperm

I hope it stick like a motherfuckin fern

Bitch I make ten times what you earn

And for all you bitches concerned

A 211, a 187 goin be confirmed

[Master P]

It's a 211, don't make it a 187

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[Fiend]

Womp womp, womp womp

Way I feel with these twin glocks, goin up when the pin drops

And all you fat hogs, chop down it's a thin cop

Or feel hot, you meet my richer nigga taker

With balls on my caper and find her if you gotta maker
Braker, two one one, with my two new guns
Love to see you run, I just use your come
Gun cooked, unhooked for tryin to reach
Including my strap so I unleash the beast
I dare you preach, you got way more then me
And it's just somethin I couldn't ignore you see
Better up somethin, or me and my shottie goin buck up
somethin
Snuff somethin, and then night, and slowly cut
somethin

[Master P]

It's a 211, don't make it a 187
It's a 211, don't make it a 187
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[Big Ed]

P point out the house, watch me run up in this bitch
Nigga come out that rug, don't make me bust your shit
Nigga dust your shit, hit em with cocain and dope
And after all of my shows I'm gettin head from hoes
Hypnotized by the way that stripper blast
She shoots me deep in a trance
But look in my TRU shit fast or I'm ready to ass
Dont you make a motherfuckin sound
My pistol is pionted right between your frown
Nigga get down on the fuckin ground
With my kids gotta eat rob everybody around
Pull akickdoe (boom), breakin niggas off
Shit get shady when decks em with the sawed off

[Master P]

It's a 211, don't make it a 187
It's a 211, don't make it a 187
It's a 211, don't make it a 187
it's a 211, don't make it a 187

Uh oh!

See, we can do this the motherfuckin right way.
Just give me the motherfuckin money.
Nobody moves, nobody hurt.
That's it!
Bitch, don't fuckin move, now look what you made me
do.

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