

Troy Spratt

"No Limit Soldier"

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[master p]

Whazzup with all yall tru niggaz

Uuhhh, at ease!

And truettes

Rest of my soldiers out there, kevin miller

This ya motherfuckin colonel

Rest in peace tupac

Of the motherfuckin team

And all yall up there soldiers

Whazzup big boz, nigga!

Master p

I got c-murder with me

T-scot

L.d.

Silkk the shocker

Big mo

Gangsta t

And you know what?

Big man

We no limit soldiers -- I thought I told ya (repeat 6x)

Mr. serv on

Mia x

Klc

Mo b. dick

Craig b

Hope nigga!

So bitch get ya mind right -- I thought I told ya (repeat 2x)

Kane and abel

Skull duggery

We no limit soldiers -- I thought I told ya (repeat 2x)

T-r-u

All yall motherfuckin tru soldiers

Verse one: master p

Nigga, Im bustin me locs, but Im hittin em down with jokes

Yall niggaz on the rope, got your hoe on da scope

Bitches watching me, jockin me, nigga blockin me, cockin me

Cause Im the hardest motherfucker, out here rockin

I got the game in shades, got the niggaz in blades

I got them hoes on a raid, because the nigga gettin paid

Ive got, niggaz from coast, slangin my dope

Got niggaz and gs, and rollin keys keys to record stos

Get paid wit fatals, niggaz harder than cato

Nigga turnin the tables, but niggaz livin like potatoes

Get chopped up in game, niggaz runnin my name

Master p up in chain, is he dead hes a man
But I be bustin, hustlin, niggaz aint trustin
Im a soldier, thats why niggaz aint trustin
No bitch or no nigga, hoe or no sucka
Fiend or no clucker, but ready to hustle
With boulders, bigga than yo shoulders
Runnin from the rollers, gone on that doja
Cause cowards despise, soldiers we ride
Killers with attitudes, but ready to die
Cause chickens get plucked, hoes get fucked
Turkeys get stuck, and niggaz get cuffed
Ready for combat, my gat with my hard hat
Strapped with my crew and my niggaz and all that
Down for whatever, niggaz straight rowdy
Ask any motherfucker in america theyll tell ya, we bout
it
Soldiers out there tech, bustin dont think
Lose ya life if you blink
Fuckin with them soldiers on the tank, cause
Chorus: master p
We no limit soldiers -- I thought I told ya (repeat 8x)
Verse two: silkk the shocker
Lets get ready to rumble, them niggaz stumble
Hit em with left blows
Fuck it got death blows
Ready to got to war?lets go!

We killas and realas, drug dealers and killers, fuck it

No limit soldiers, close your eyes

Now picture me foldin dollar bills

I stay fuckin tru, nigga fuck it, nigga do ya

Nigga I come to life and I scare all yall bustas like
freddy kruger

Gangstafied nigga, true to the game nigga

Stay fuckin pullin triggas, fuck up all yall niggaz

Cause Im so fuckin t-r-u, representin I thought you
knew

Cause killas killas killas

Thats all I be around, nigga fuckin fool

About face, this no limit soldier

One to the two to the three (hah hah)

Nigga I tried to told ya

Everybody quiet.... while I load up this rifle (attention!)

Now all my soldiers start fightin

Its time -- to go deep cover

Get to whoopin like danny glover, smother like jelly

Really, go deep like jim kelly

Fuck it, all yall bustas open up yall belly

Think we playin bitch, well we aint

I heard we had drama motherfucker

Put up the benz and now we drive the tank

Cause all I want to be was a soldier

All I want to be was a soldier, soldier

Chorus 1/2

Verse three: c-murder

Im a no limit motherfuckin soldier till I die

We run this place, and I say the same shit, with a gun
up in my face

I aint scared to die, bitch like I said before, hoe

3rd ward, Im from that motherfuckin calliope

Projects supported worldwide by drug dealers

Transformin wimpy ass niggaz into killers

Taking over, worldwide, doin shows oversea

Bringing bitches to the telly, put them hoes upon they
knees

Gangstafied, like my motherfuckin homies kane and
abel

No limit, the worlds number one fuckin rap label
(worldwide)

Competition get smoked like we smokin blunts

I take a playa hata and knock out his fuckin fronts

Dope slanga, now Im slangin cds

A million records (platinum), it used to be some quarter
keys

Tru tattooed on my back bitch thats my click

Ready to hop into some motherfuckin gangsta shit

I say no limit loud, cause we aint scared of nobody

Organized by p or should I say, john gotti

Real niggaz, put ya guns up if ya feel me

But if ya talk shit, bitch ya betta kill me

Like skull Im a hoodlum 4 life, I told ya

We be some motherfuckin no limit tru soldiers

Chorus 1/2

Verse four: mia x

Hard times got my mind on cock, and massive
thoughts be the plot

Top priorities the family dope and royalty

My loyalty, fiends with a gang of true niggaz

No colors, just a bunch of ignorant motherfuckers

Trust my pen is an infa-red

Hollow-tips be my lyrics dipped in venom when I send
em

They split ya head (pssssh) wide open

My rhymes on fire blood, but you cant smoke neer a
one

Dont try to come, dont even touch the mic

My shit so tight, its more correct than right, when I
recite

Absolutely, you booty-ass hoes and niggaz

Perpetratin behind water gun triggers

Hurry up and figure out that studio gottis catch hotties
to the mouth

Who got that clout, dont act surprised cause its that
bitch from the south

Mia x hoes, you dont want no problems

Get so much respect, even yo niggaz call me momma,
the biggest one

To come stompin out the n.o., the crescent

Testin, chin-checkin, wreckin when Im flexin on your
whole crew

Who wants to go to war with this lyrical arsenist

Ya talkin shit, Ill having ya runnin for the thesaurus,
cause Im walkin wit

The big dogs without hesitation, unlady like as ever

Full of, verbal annihilation

Escaping, po-pos chasin, want ta catch me but they
caint

I made em think, and now they too scared to run up on
the tank

No limit, you can start it, but we niggaz is the hardest

To deal wit, keeps the steel, and the plastics to peel wit

In reach, so we can touch yo ass

And leave a bout it scarf on ya face, we soldiers

Chorus 3/4

I thought I told ya

Tru niggaz wave ya guns, show ya tattoos

Soldiers foe life nigga

Jumpin off the tank

Stay true to the gizame

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