

X Mia

"Don't Start No...(Ft.C-Murder,Master P.)"

Visit "[Don't Start No...\(Ft.C-Murder,Master P.\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Master P talking: (Yo man u high yet?)

Chorus:

Don't start no shit it won't be no shit
Let me tell you motherfuckers who you fucking wit
Niggas say fuck ya'll bitches say fuck ya'll
No limit soldiers we gon ball til' we fall
Say niggas say fuck ya'll bitches say fuck ya'll
No limit soldiers we gon ball til' we fall

[Master P]

Master P and Big mamma we the Bonnie and Clyde of rap
Nigga we strapped wit projects that's why we stay fully strapped
And now the world wanna know why the fuck we a menace
See how I make them say unhh then I came out with No limit
But you see I hang with ex-convicts and motherfucking dealers
And the world wanna P nigga is you really a killer
Fuck the game I came to make change fuck the fame
I came to put other motherfucking soldiers in the game
And when I'm gone nigga I bet I make ghetto history
But I don't give a fuck about my enemies cause
I got my motherfucking tru niggas with me
Silkk, C-Murder, Big Boz, and Mama Drama
And I'm sending motherfucking one way tickets to the Bahamas
See the ghetto got me stressed but fuck it I ain't gon cry
But when I'm goneniugga make sure all my enemies die

Chorus

[C-Murder]

Nigga ask yourself do you really wanna fuck with this here
Now think about it dog do you think you gon see

another year
Bitch I'm Bossaline do you really know what the fuck
that means
That means that means I come to your set
with no regrets and make you a dream
See I'm deadlylike a motherfucking snake biting crack
I've seen niggas with a fallen ?
but they know they ain't never coming back
I'm kinda like public service bitch I'll cut your lights off
forever
Bitch be spittin at your dome I'll get caught in rainy
weather
I rest in No Limit to the shit that I'll do you
Nigga I'll cut your head off and send your body to a
army look brutal
Same shit when you cross my click you playa haters
and snitches
Tru niggas stick together so nigga fuck ya'll bitches

Chorus

[Mia X]

Mama Mia southern girl fuck old susanna I totes
Two blocks and rocks of camoflaue bandanna
I keeps them on cock when I'm riding through the hood
Cause soldier haters live for plottin something no good
I wish you would try to get your rap an attested Mama
I gots the kind of cash to make sure they never find ya
I'm trying to do thre right and live my life in peace
Help my soldiers make it better with the Colonel Master
P
But we can still get rowdy rowdy as fuck
And we got millions of niggas riding with us
Put em up for tru playas click tight for life
And make shots at fake haters who ain't playin it right

Chorus: repeat to end

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