

Young Buck

"Yappin"

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[Intro: Master P]Man you need to cut all that woofin out
Either you from the hood or you ain't from the hood
But if you ain't from the hood,
Don't be actin like you from the hood (NEW NO LIMIT)
Cause niggaz gon expose these fake niggaz

[Chorus: Halleluyah]Don't make me put my hands on
you
Nigga, I'ma show you what I'm bout
Keep yappin at the mouth and get knocked the fuck out
Knocked the fuck out, knocked the fuck out
Keep yappin at the mouth and get knocked the fuck out
Don't make me put my hands on you nigga, I'ma show
you what I'm bout
Keep yappin at the mouth and get knocked the fuck out
Knocked the fuck out, knocked the fuck out
Keep yappin at the mouth and get knocked the fuck out

[Master P]Need to stop yappin, quackin soundin like a
duck
Quick to holla what's up when a thug pull up
I see you fake ass twisted niggaz straight to the side
And can't even look a real nigga straight in the eye
Screamin "Bust a nigga head" but real killers don't talk
You could tell a real gangster how he act and how we
act
See, you and your click don't wanna face me nigga
I'll detroit indiana fuckin pace ya nigga
Cause I'm crazy like my dad, a wild coyote
Show you what Shaq shoulda did to Kobe
Slap him in his mouth, nigga fuck Jerry Buss
That fool still talkin, beat his bitch ass up
You a rookie under me so respect your elders
Get a country ass whoopin tryin to be rebelous
The New No Limit, we ain't scared to go to war
Have you spoof when you leave the house or ridin in
your car

[Chorus]

[Master P]You can't live in a glasshouse and try and
throw stones

I'm a New No Limit soldier, got it tatted on my arm
See you puh puh poolay, fuck what you say
We get to stomping like soldiers in Peru Bay
Real thugs get it crunk in the club
You don't give a fuck then throw your hood up
I got a couple screws missing, they say I talk in my
sleep
I'm addicted to money and weed but I love the freaks
You don't wanna run up on a nigga in the club
When I'm gone off that hypnotiq, henny and that buzz
See, I'm a fool nigga, break the rules nigga
I came to party, you wanna get stomped, that's on you
nigga
See, I'm a bEast boy, I'm from the streets boy
You could knuckle up but Drumma got that heat boy
I mean the feet boy, I'm Pistol Pete boy
Stop screamin motherfucker, you ain't me boy

[Chorus]

[Young Buck + (Master P)](Where you at Buck?)
We got the weed spot poppin and the dice game
crackin
Got some hustlers with some birds and some young
niggaz jackin
This the hood baby, white t-shirts and the khakis
Stomp stompin in my G-Units still Cadillac'n
P, you know I been waiting to push a line with you dawg
P, uou know I been waiting to use this nine with you
dawg
I'm on the grey goose, Huey Lewis Black Panther shit
The whole club pumping they fist but here we go
It's No Limit up in here, bitch you got damn right
(Bitch you got damn right)
We gonna act like C-Murder just got out of jail tonight
Oh, we came to start a fight, break 'em off something
rough
Take it back to the streets nigga, make 'em say ughh
(Make 'em say ughh)
So me and Silkk The Shocker in a black Impala
Burnin rubber in the third ward, ridin wit a chopper
No matter what I been through, my bank account got it
Fuck them other niggaz cause we still bout it bout it

[Chorus]

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