

The Nixons

"Mission 2 Get Paid"

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(Master P)

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

2x - More money, more money

I'm like a bee, trying to make the honey

[Master P]

I drop the switches on the 6-4, headed to the liquor store

Get me a 40 ounce and that crazy horse and that's how it go

I'm gone off indo-nesia

And surrounded in my large body, 4-30 skeezer

They trying to get me for my dollar bill, my crumb but I ain't going out

Hit the backstreets and put that dank in they mouth

But that nigga take some chase, nine in they face

Call my girl on the mobile phone, bring the yellow tape

And it's on cause we balling, and I'm doing this shit

For Richmond all the way back to New Orleans

Where them killers hang, I mean them gangstas slang

I got a two for three, four for five I'm counting bank

And Mia X bout to hook it up, real good

I'm Mr. Rogers, Sarah Lee, she's the neighborhood queen

And I'm doing this like g's do

And them niggas just mad cause we hit them with this voo-doo

Southern, mixed with this Cali style

And Master P don't give a fuck cause I could go about a hundred miles

When any nigga chase me, amaze me

Police mad cause a young nigga paid g

And No Limit keeps a nigga's pocket swoll like I'm on perole

Ain't got no love for y'all niggas that want to be the row

Throwing blows like Tyson

Right ones and left ones but ain't no nice ones

Cause I'm a nigga, coming high-er than Biggie

A nigga making bank so call me the young diggy-wiggy

I mean the Al Kapone, of this rap throne

And beat the row to any nigga that got it going on

And snatch your wallet out your pocket
Your arm out your socket, niggas hate me, cause I got
it

(Chorus)

No Limit niggas on a mission to get paid
Keep your hk cocked for the niggas that player hate
We on a mission to get paid, pulling all nighters
And keep that hk cocked for them fools that don't like
us

[Mia X]

Heal to the toe, nigga you can't see me
Unless you guard your grill cause you sure gone feel
me
Creeping on the come up on the mission to get, paid
Haters want to stunt up but they run up in my, face
To blackness the macstress I'm bout to get, wreck
I be the one and only baller, Mia X
Next to flex a hex so wicked on that, ass
Now who that, say that they knew that that bitch was
bad
Packing mad flavor, it's in my nature to be, boss
To rat-a-tat-a-tat with plastic toys I mean go, off
Bring hella-noise, behind that F-E-D-D-Y
It's do or die, a ghetto bitch gone survive and try to
stay alive
In 95, to position herself for that mission
To increase her wealth, the decision failed
Years to lay it down, cause I'm coming
Running this street rap shit, ain't no fronting, I'm on a
mission

(Chorus)

[Big Ed]

Well it's the B-I-G-E here to make you holler
The last letter's D and the D stands for dollar
Sometimes I'm feeling my life is at a standstill
But I feel, that I can grow 7 figgas nigga, that'll be a
mill
So let me chill, and organize strategically
Cause I'm a grown man and don't need my mama
feeding me
So it's time to leave the, nest
Tims are getting harder, lives a little shorter
See this llelo, got my hood captivated
Innovated my spot, and major was the plot
So uh, I gots to make a decision with precision
Should I ball, slang dope, or rap for a living
But either all I gots to get them divid-ends

Cause the with my down south family to make some
ends
So in this rap game there is no competition
Fool you better recognize No Limit, we on a mission

(Chorus)

(Master P talking)

Uh, uh, uh, yeah, Master P in this bitch on a mission to
get paid

With my girl Mia X, Big Ed in this bitch

We got that stupid dope game for y'all motherfuckers
for the 9 fizzle

T-R-U in this bitch, uh, them Richmond niggas in this
motherfucker

The New Orleans niggas, uh, uh, C-Murder in this bitch

King George, Cali G, young Silkk, Tre 8 in this bitch

No Limit, it's a No Limit thang so y'all better recognize

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