

## Penny McLean

### "Bring the Noise"

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[Master P]

This for my nigga Young Bleed, ya heard me?

Young Bleed, hah hah, ungh

From the South to the West bring the noise

(Bitch I see you there, whas happenin?)

Oh what you don't remember me? I'ma come out  
motherfucker, know how I do)

Ain't No Limit, unggggh

Ungggggh, bring the noise, nigga

Ungggggh, pass me them toys, nigga

(repeat 2X)

[Mystikal]

You need a fuckin whole army if you think you gonna  
take me

I come up in this bitch and start goin CRAZY

No more Mr. Nice Guy, excuses be given but that's how  
you MADE me

Bitch this real life, it ain'ts to be played with

One false move, niggaz I tear purchasin the pavement

Had to get my shit together straight never flyin right  
from a sandpit

Had to get my foundation mo' stable, and tighten up on  
my PAPER

Uncle Sam get out the way I don't care so hand the  
number

to my pager watchin for weasels, but still take good  
care of my PEOPLE

Keep handlin my business I'm in it to win it -- YEAH!

Fuck the party I'm workin hard from seargeant to  
lieutenant

Let's get it started to fin' it, my beginning is your  
ending

If I want it I GET IT, AND IF I SAID IT I MEANT IT

HOW IN THE FUCK you gonna PLAY ME, smile in my  
face like you LIKE me

Bitch you might as well HATE ME, you don't value my  
LIFE

Determination, balls of fate, is how I got up in here

So don't get SHOT up in here get out the way bitch we

GOT IT from here!

Chorus: Master P

So, bring the noise, niggaz unnnngh  
So, pass me them toys, nigga unngggggh  
(repeat 2X)

Niggaz duck when I came I mean I buck and they ran  
How many fools screamin Soldier but they couldn't  
maintain  
I had my Soldier ranks high and across my fo'head  
Is there a heaven 4 a gangsta, that what my pah said  
I learned to, double it up for some dollars  
Hooked up wit a dopefiend term I sawed shit into hard  
powder  
I'm on the block slingin amphetamines  
I'm thinkin about my ghetto dreams on a triple beam  
Ain't no, turnin back I'm way too deep  
I got prices on my head by niggaz in the hood and the  
police  
A young nigga tryin to make it  
Twenty inch rims, candy wood, that's why they hate  
me, Soldiers

Chorus

[Young Bleed]

Nigga if you ain't ready now you won't ever be ready  
They tryin to catch me for steady stackin confedi it's  
heavy  
But let me explain the game to break the chains of pain  
and, misery  
Playin my fame throughout this game and, remain a,  
mystery  
Is you peepin my skill? Is you seein is it real?  
Is you hurtin from hatin makin me reach for my steel?  
Knowin I'm runnin with ballers and steady clickin with  
killers  
Graveyard peelers masterminded drug dealers, and  
bitches love  
niggaz payin dues without nothin to lose  
Actin a fool the savage style from New Orleans to  
Baton Rouge  
I'm the cool out, makin it pop, it don't stop  
til I stack a million chips that's off the top, is you feelin  
me?  
I'm willin, it ain't no killin, I bet  
your life'll never be the same from blood spillin  
Heavens to Merkatroid gotta be fouler like the Big Boy  
Shakin up some shit I thought you knew I bring the

noise, bitch

Chorus

[Master P]

Ha ha, No Limit nigga

Bringin the motherfuckin noise

Young Bleed, pass the toys

Mystikal, and I got it Master P

Let's ride out nigga, handle our business

Burst the game on these stupid bitches and get paid

\*gunshot\*

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