

2Pac F/ Ice Cube, Ice-T "Make Em' Say Uhh!"

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dialtone, touch tone buttons being pushed, phone rings twice

No Limit Studios, whassup?
Who dis is? Who dis is?
Nigga, this Rappin 4-Tay, who is this?
Oh dis P
P?! *said with disbelief*
Yeah dis P!
P?! (Yeah) Well if this P lemme hear ya say
unggggggggggh
UngnNGYAHAAHngngnghh *voice cracking*
This ain't no motherfuckin P!
Man, hang the phone up

[MP] Unggggggghh, na-nah na-nah
[MP] Make em say UNGGGGGGH (UNGGGGGGH)
Na-nah na-nah (na-nah na-nah)

[Master P]
Nigga, I'm the colonel of the motherfuckin tank
Y'all after big thangs, we after big bank
3rd Ward hustlas, soldiers in combats
Convicts and dealers, and killers with TRU tats
Never gave a fuck bout no hoes on our riches
And niggaz come short, I'm diggin ditches
M.P. pullin stripes, commander-in-chief
And fools run up wrong, nigga I'm knockin out some
teeth
I'm down here slangin, rollin with these hustlers
Tryin to get rid of all you haters and you bustas
Steppin on cold, break a niggaz nose
In the projects niggaz anything goes
Breakin fools off cause I'm a No Limit soldier
At ease now salute, this pass me the doja

Chorus: Master P and No Limit

Make em say UNGGGGGGH (UNGGGGGGH)
Na-nah na-nah (na-nah na-nah)

(repeat 3X)

[Fiend]

Fiend exercisin this right, of exorcism bustin out the
expedition
Bullets choppin haters business to about the size of
prisms our mission
They heard we scary, No Limit mercenary
No tellin how bad it get, because the worst'll vary
I heard you make em worry, that this for the loot
They intimidated by the rounds that the tank shoot
Tank Dogs salute! Every robbery in store, cause they
know
everything Fiend know, mean mo' money mo'
Little Fiend still want the greens, the cornbread and the
cabbage
In your hood, remindin you bitches of who the baddest
Definitely the maddest, so the crime gon' stick em up
My UNGGGGGGH went twice (ungh, ungh)
And ended with nine, get em

Chorus (2X)

[Silkk the Shocker]

P gon' make ya say UNGGGGGGH, I'ma make you say
OWWWWWWWW
I'm not Eric B but guaranteed to Move this motherfuckin
Crowd
I stay on like light switches, money, cause I like riches
Hittin nothin but tight bitches, call me, I might hit ya
Nigga make em say nah-nah-nah, don't trip
After I bust yo' shit, then after that say na-nah-nah-nah
I hang with niggaz, I do my thang with niggaz
(unggggh)
They wanna know if I gangbang, cause I hang with a
whole gang of niggaz
So when, we connect bitch better respect this, I step
quick
Cause I got a, vicious right hand but ya know what? My
left is quick!
Silkk, you the type of nigga that promotes violence?
You might be right
cause I'll step in the club and say somethin
to get that motherfucker start to, fightin!! (Bout it!!)
Bad as vogues, I'm cold, extra see through
?P-G? never fuckin knockin niggaz cause I make em all
see 3-D
And P-D's the game that I spit, No Limit Soldiers got my
back
I run this motherfucker, TRU niggaz
And I, betcha y'all niggaz ya say, "Bet!"

Chorus (2X)

[Mia X]

We capitalize and monopolize on everything we see
keep pistols drawn
and cocked, we got the industry locked, we can't be
stopped, too hot
Check the spots that we got, on Billboard
This Tank can set up roadblocks, we fadin all you hoes
Want some mo? Then let's go, stretch you out like
elastic
Zip that ass up in plastic, have ya folks pickin caskets
We drastic, our tactics is homegrown in the ghetto
So feel the wrath of this sista, it's like you fightin 10
niggaz
Forget the baby boys, it's the biggest mamma Mia
The Unlady Like diva, lyrical man eater, believe her
Or see her, and get that ass embarrassed
If you're a decision maker, guaranteed you'll get
carried away
So stay in yo' place, when ya hear mamma speakin
Cannon spray, clear the way, when ya see The Tank
creepin

Chorus (2X)

[Mystikal]

Hi

I'm that nigga that rap and stick-up Joe when they won't
know how to do it
You could be the little bitty skinny motherfucker with
the braids in his hair
Usin limos and choppers too
I done paid my dues, but still played the blues
Nigga play me like you was scared to lose
I'm still a fool, you ain't heard the news
I was a No Limit nigga, makin major moves
I won't stop now, bitch, I can't stop
You can't stop me, so bitch don't try we
We TRU soldiers, we don't die
We keep rollin, na-nah-nah-nah-nah
All aboard, bitch it's like a choir inside
The group goin hallelujah
Niggaz goin to war, got to fightin and shootin inside
rumors
Bitches be sayin he there, we there, BEWARE!!!
C there, Silkk there Fiend there, Mamma there, P there
Ain't no salary cap, on top of my dollars
I roll with nothin, but them No Limit riders
I gets down nigga, I hold my tank up high

Watch how many bitches get wild, na-nah na-nah

Chorus and fade

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