

Bizzy Bone F/ Mr. Majesty

"No Limit Soldiers II"

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(Master P)

Oh yea

It's Christmas time nigga

Well muthafuckin Merry Christmas and New Years

nigga (ha,ha)

Yall didn't think we was gonna do it again

Hah nigga what

MP be my name

From the ghetto to fame

Got them MAKE 'EM SAY UGHHH (UGHHH)

Got the world screaming my name

From every soldier to soldierette

From every killer to cadet

Playa hatas get wet

TRU niggas march playas step

(Chorus)

We No Limit Soldiers

I thought I told ya

We No Limit Soldiers

I thought I told ya

No, No Limit Soldiers

I thought I told ya

We No Limit Soldiers

(C-Murder)

I'm a muthafucking No Limit Soldier

It's a mystery (what)

How us young black thugs made history

We be some TRU niggas on the rise

And we gonna ball till we fall

Two shots to my dead niggas on the wall

Captain of a bunch a ghetto millionaires on the rise

And much respect like them muthafucking wise guys

TRU tattooed on my back and arm hoe

And represent the south 3rd Ward Calliope

(Fiend)

I dropped on the streets

Like cocked 9's or spray painted stop signs

Niggas gettin knock down
Needles in white lines
Second lines pity crimes
Down to a gun call all from a phone call
I done been through it all
Well you forgot my name Fiend
And I don't fuck around
And soldiers show that there bowdy rowdy
When I come around
I'm Mr. Womp Womp
The one tighter than some new J's
Bout getting some to plays
That get me funky for few days

(Chorus)

We No, No Limit Soldiers
I thought I told ya
We No Limit Soldiers

(Magic)

Yall remember me I'm the one they call Mr. Magic
Voted least to succeed but I'm back to let cha have it
Now I'm moving on yall can't stop the tank I'm wit
If you fuck wit me be guaranteed bitch that your head
gonna split
AHHHHH shit
Who make yall scream the loudest
Who dought it
That Master P boys get rowdy rowdy and bout it bout it
Respect the tank or get your ass rolled over
By this 200 & 20 lb. 9th Ward bulldozer

(Mr. Serv-On)

You bet its me the only one to spell everything out
The nigga to snatch your muthafucking neck
If you ain't got no muthafucking respect
The soldier that been holding back for years
Cause niggas scared of my motherfucking bite
P done let loosened up the straps, believe me nigga
you ain't leaving this motherfucker til everybody fight
Even if you don't want to
I'ma hit you punch you kick you
I'm the rowdiest motherfucker up in this bitch
And I'll love to get witcha
Fuck you I'm wearing these leather support across my
chest
So lower you tens if you don't respect
You know I'm from the 3rd bitch
You gone be a casualty
bitch, I'ma soldier

(Mia X)

Roundin up my soldiers, scoopin up my warriors
Mobbin with these No Limit TRU shotcallers, street
brawlers
All the nigga don't fuck around
We ain't gonna tear your club up
But we gonna shut the bitch down
Lyrically I drown soldier hatas
I'm the lady alligator
Take you shake you and bake you
Split your decision maker
Wake up fire starters coming harder
Than your father's fist
Like he caught your mamma's lips around the
neighbors dick
It's the same bitch
Y'all know how Mama Drama Mia X ho's
You don't want no problems we soldiers

(Chorus)

We No Limit Soldiers
I thought I told ya
We No Limit Soldiers
I thought I told ya

(Big Ed)

I hit you wit the - left, right , left
Then a roundhouse kick
Nigga make some room back up back up
Bout to get right up in this bitch
Big Ed the (Assassin) watch me get my (Blast On)
Then I (Smash On) with my (Mask On)
Full grown wit the brains blown
From my infamous spit
Then I fuck the shit out your old lady with my infamous
dick
Get 'em up hit 'em up
My entourage in camouflage
When you hear (Ooh Ooh Oh) get the fuck out of dodge

(Silkk the Shocker)

Mista!! N-O-L-I-M-I to the T
Second in command
When I get my demands
The only person that can stop it is P
No tattle tails so many bitches I had to kill
Grabbed my steal soldiers from the heart
No killa boy luck killa in my heart
On the battlefield fuck yall what
Coming through spitting
Coming through hitting

Yall niggas hit the gates
Come through flipping
Picture a nigga
So now I'm coming to get you next
Nigga trained for combat
Bomb on contact we can play fair
Yall been warned sorry ones yall can stay there
You can tell we some soldiers (right, right, right)
You can tell we some soldiers (when I say ahhh)
Everybody starts to fight! Soldiers

(Chorus)
We NoLimit Soldiers
I thought I told ya
We NoLimit Soldiers
I thought I told ya
No, No-No Limit Soldiers
I thought I told ya
We NoLimit Soldiers
I thought I told ya

(Mystikal)
Left right left right
Muthafucker I been tight
Running from the breath fire coming from my windpipe
Bullet wounds pistol play muthafucking fist fight
Hiding in the tent with a motherfuckin chim light
There go the tank there come the round
Throwing grenade get on the ground
You might just get up without your head
You looking for trouble and that's what you found
Take a long time look around tryin to find
These niggas ain't trying to respect our minds
Shoot us, and stab us, and kick us, and cut us
but can't fuck with us when we combine
Get you everytime put your foot on the mine
Flyin metal when it highly explode don't matter how you
put it
When you are telling a nigga bout me
Let it be known I'm a motherfucking soldier!

(Chorus)
We No Limit Soldiers
I thought I told ya
We No Limit Soldiers
I thought I told ya
No No Limit Soldiers
I thought I told ya
We No Limit Soldiers
I thought I told ya
No No Limit Soldiers

I thought I told ya
We No Limit Soldiers
I thought I told ya
(Bitch get your mind right)
No No Limit Soldiers
I thought I told ya
(Bitch get your mind right)
We No Limit Soldiers
I thought I told ya

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