

DJ Clue F/ Nature

"Who Them Boyz"

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(Intro)

[Master P] Motherfucking King of Crunk and the Don of rowdy music nigga)

[Lil Jon] Yyyeeeaahhh!

[Lil Jon] Hey (Hey) Lil Jon (Lil Jon) Hey Master P (Master P)

[Master P] Uuuughhhh!

[Lil Jon] New No Limit BME Click (What! 7X)

Me and my motherfucking boys in the club tonight

We don't give a fuck if we gotta run the fucking fight

[Master P] Represent, get 'em up, throw 'em up, get 'em up

[Lil Jon] Especially with them motherfucking boys over there

You know them motherfucking boys?

[Master P] Nah!

[Master P: Chorus]

Who them boys? (Fuck them boys)

You know them boys? (Fuck them boys)

Who them boys? (Fuck them boys)

I know them boys (Fuck them boys)

Who them boys? (Fuck them boys)

You know them boys? (Fuck them boys)

Who them boys? (Fuck them boys)

I know them boys (Fuck them boys)

[Master P]

I'm from uptown New Orleans

Straight out the hood

I jumped off the spinners saying "I wish you would"

Nigga walked up on me mean-mugging talking shit (What!)

I don't know this motherfucker I probably done fucked his bitch

Eyes hella red I just smoked me a nickle

I ain't feeling this shit, I put my hand on my pickle

The nigga started steaming but I'm cool as a fan

He wanna throw 'em up but I got a gat in my pants

I'm throwed off nigga, missing a few screws

And I don't give a fuck about putting your ass on the news
And if you ain't from my hood, you know you could get it
We roll hella deep niggaz screamin NO LIMIT!
I'm a thug nigga, I lean when I walk
My favorite drink is that Incredible Hulk (Uuuughhhh!)
I'm a soldier and I'm ready to ride
We got beef we, we could take it outside

Chorus

We ridin dirty smokin, windows tinted
Run up on the 'lac this ain't a movie but this the ending
I got a nigga rolling with me name Uzi
We stop on the block and this boy ain't choosy
The first one we see better, break me off
And if your shoes too big, take the motherfuckers off

[C-Murder]

Straight gutter, straight rough rugged raw
Wicked like you never saw (Uuuughhhh!)
Let's go to war
It's dark and hell is hot, my chance is 50/50
If I die I'm taking you with me, so come and get me
In my chest your bullets will never hit me
I'm vested up (WHAT!)
Touching retaliation nigga that's what's up

[Master P]

We demand respect, cause ya'll niggaz rookies
Don't make us act like cookie monster and take a niggaz cookies (Uuuughhhh!)
No limit boys rowdy and we don't give a fuck
C-Murder in this bitch throw your fuckin hoods up

Chorus

[Master P]

Yo, tell Liberty there's some girl out here for her

[Liberty]

Who them girls? (Fuck them girls)
You know them girls? (Fuck them girls)
Who them girls? (Fuck them girls)
I know them girls (Fuck them girls)
Who them girls? (Fuck them girls)
You know them girls? (Fuck them girls)
Who them girls? (Fuck them girls)
I know them girls (Fuck them girls)

I'm ready willing and able to ride at any cost
Down to spark feeling I'm Pedo and I'm from boat
Choking bitches with their weaves I'm all up in their
throat
I suggest you think about it cause you don't really know
(What!)
I can care less about your rep up in the streets
I got peeps in the streets that'll automatic sweep
No limit mommies don't be fooled by the baby face
I'm not digging your man, I'm just thugging for
Benjamins
So stop the hating increase the radio cake
I'm not, familiar with you why you trying to debate
I'm in a light green Maybach (WHAT!), mirror glass
tinted
You better keep your day job you'll never be in it uh hah

[Liberty]

Who them girls? (Fuck them girls)
You know them girls? (Fuck them girls)
Who them girls? (Fuck them girls)
I know them girls (Fuck them girls)

[Master P]

Who them boys? (Fuck them boys)
You know them boys? (Fuck them boys)
Who them boys? (Fuck them boys)
I know them boys (Fuck them boys, boys, boys)

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