

## Juvenile F/ Lil' Wayne, B.G.

### "Don't Start No"

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Master P talking: (Yo man you high yet?)

Chorus:

Don't start no shit it won't be no shit  
Let me tell you motherfuckers who you fucking wit  
Niggas say fuck ya'll bitches say fuck ya'll  
No limit soldiers we gon ball til' we fall  
Say niggas say fuck ya'll bitches say fuck ya'll  
No limit soldiers we gon ball til' we fall

[Master P]

Master P and Big mamma we the Bonnie and Clyde of rap  
Nigga we strapped wit projects that's why we stay fully strapped  
And now the world wanna know why the fuck we a menace  
See how I make them say unhh then I came out with No limit  
But you see I hang with ex-convicts and motherfucking dealers  
And the world wanna P nigga is you really a killer  
Fuck the game I came to make change fuck the fame  
I came to put other motherfucking soldiers in the game  
And when I'm gone nigga I bet I make ghetto history  
But I don't give a fuck about my enemies cause  
I got my motherfucking tru niggas with me  
Silkk, C-Murder, Big Boz, and Mama Drama  
And I'm sending motherfucking one way tickets to the Bahamas  
See the ghetto got me stressed but fuck it I ain't gon cry  
But when I'm goneniugga make sure all my enemies die

Chorus

[C-Murder]

Nigga ask yourself do you really wanna fuck with this here

Now think about it dog do you think you gon see  
another year  
Bitch I'm Bossaline do you really know what the fuck  
that means  
That means that means I come to your set  
with no regrets and make you a dream  
See I'm deadlylike a motherfucking snake biting crack  
I've seen niggas with a fallen ?  
but they know they ain't never coming back  
I'm kinda like public service bitch I'll cut your lights off  
forever  
Bitch be spittin at your dome I'll get caught in rainy  
weather  
I rest in No Limit to the shit that I'll do you  
Nigga I'll cut your head off and send your body to a  
army look brutal  
Same shit when you cross my click you playa haters  
and snitches  
Tru niggas stick together so nigga fuck ya'll bitches

Chorus

[Mia X]

Mama Mia southern girl fuck old susanna I totes  
Two blocks and rocks of camoflaug bandanna  
I keeps them on cock when I'm riding through the hood  
Cause soldier haters live for plottin something no good  
I wish you would try to get your rap an attested Mama  
I gots the kind of cash to make sure they never find ya  
I'm trying to do thre right and live my life in peace  
Help my soldiers make it better with the Colonel Master  
P  
But we can still get rowdy rowdy as fuck  
And we got millions of niggas riding with us  
Put em up for tru playas click tight for life  
And make shots at fake haters who ain't playin it right

Chorus: repeat to end

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