

Juvenile F/ Lil' Wayne, B.G.

"Is it You?"

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[Master P]

My adversaries hate me, this ghetto got me crazy
I hope these streets don't play me, mama why you
MADE me?
I'm a No Limit thug nigga
Live the American dream, so society think I'ma drug
dealer
Cause I hang with the MADE Men
600 Rolls Royce's and Ferrari's on the PAVement
Ghetto fabulous, Rolex with the pearl face
Million dollar mansion, imagine livin like Scarface
And then the Feds started watchin me
Johnny Cochran's clockin me
Can't depend on black, not no stoppin me
Started from the bottom, made it to the top
I told you No Limit just came to make the CLUB rock
Get it rowdy (UNNNNGH) get it bout it
Made the cover of The Source when everybody
doubted me
and nickname me The Last Don
And everytime I say UNGH (UNNNNNNGH) you gotta
press rewind

Chorus: Keva

Deja vu..

You could be the thug that I will do
(That's right baby) Is it you?

[Made Men]

Yo.. feel these Made Men, we blazin, hella ganje,
elegante
Watch TV, you can see E, in 3-D, on your TV
Yo E be, thug type, or some nights, we Gucci
Burnin lucci, Dom P, ice rocked out, with a dimepiece
Profusely, spendin lucci, extravagant cuisine
Such arrogance between, the sheets to the extreme
Trips to the Carribean, in a jacuzzi, with a uzi
Try to bruise me, then I coolly, pop pop shots like a
juve'
How your crew be? For the 3/4th, it's Nico, take the

meek off

While we floss, hit the weed spot, then freak off, in the
sheik long

Got three glocks, niggaz don't want no drama, lyrical
Unabomber

Puffin head trauma, ? slugs blastin through your body
armor

Chorus: Keva + [Master P]

Deja vu.. [UNNNNNNNNGH]

You could be the thug that I will do

(Ahh.. that's right) Is it you? (Mmm-hmm)

I keep rememberin (mmmMMMM)

I keep rememberin [Made Men and these No Limit
Soldiers]

Deja Vu [Made Men and these No Limit Soldiers]

[Made Men and these No Limit Soldiers]

[Mr. GZUS]

Yo, they welcome this Lenox kid

Slicker lyrical gripper number one pick

Yo call me Mr. GZUS, chargin bitches like they Visa's

I ride the blaze skunk, instead of fake funk

Get a taste of this slam dunk

Nigga pops and ya stop junk, my style krunk

Tryin to make all my shit bump

til my pockets got the mumps

Always pray I never have to dump

with the eight-shot, punk you're fucked

You shoulda ducked you bitch

A killer really never have to switch

A-with the real slow pitch that hit

Bass that make your ears split

Cause I know that you're tired of the bullshit counterfeit

so I'm flippin this script up like a lunatic

Better pay attention who you fuckin with

Nigga got the trigger on the 380Z hit it squeeze

Hang around nothin but killers fu'realla

with itchy fingers and homicidal tendencies

Made Men blow your back out til you black out

Trust me, you won't be seein no more, for sure

Fuck around and be face to face with the four-four

Made Men, these niggaz bug more

Chorus: Keva + [Master P]

Deja vu.. (ahhh, mmmmm)

You could be the thug that I will do

(Whatchu want me to do baby?) Is it you? (Uh-huh)

Deja vu.. (yeahh)

Could you be the thug that I want to
(it's hot, uh-huh) Is it true?
I keep rememberin [Made Men and these No Limit
Soldiers] [UNGGGGGHH]
I keep rememberin [Made Men and these No Limit
Soldiers]
Deja Vu [Made Men and these No Limit Soldiers]
[Made Men and these No Limit Soldiers]
[UNGGGGGHH]

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