

Keith Sweat F/ Playa Too \$hort and Erick Sermon "Saxophone"

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[* Theme Song to "Sanford & Son" *]

Ha, oh shit, you always goin' to get cha' dick sucked

Ah suck that thang, ha ha

Man that's a fuckin' rerun, turn the tv off man (Ah shit)

Turn the radio on man, turn the radio on

[* Radio stations being changed *]

It ain't nothin' on the radio man

Put that fuckin' Master P tape in (repeated to fade)

Yo, there go Master P

[Master P talking]

Ahh, yeah ya know what I'm sayin'

This is for them punk, punk pussy motherfuckers

That didn't think I could do this, know what I'm sayin'

(Sucker ass niggas) Yeah, weak fuckers (AHHHH

HAAAA!)

(Yo, yo P man what chu' mean) Yo man I mean this,
know what I'm sayin'

(DROP IT!)

[Master P]

From the Master to the crowd that surrounds me

Once the king speaks you suckers better bow behind
me

Yeah, royalties and jewels, I stole ya check

Punk motherfuckers wanna get flicked like a Bic

(Suckers!)

I'm just fiendin' to kick some ass

So why cross the line when you know you couldn't pass

Don't act ignorant cause ya know that I warned ya

Straight from New Orleans but I'm chillin' in Richmond,
California

So you suckers better listen when I speak

A brother that's hard but very unique

Cause the P is one of a kind

Kick some ass, grab the mic, then I go for mine

So cue the lights, turn up the beat, ya know it's on

All jealous, punk, suckers better run

If ya play like a motherfuckin' saxophone

Get busy y'all, get busy y'all
Yeah I got my home boy Big O
From The Real Untouchables in the motherfuckin'
house
And he gon' kick some shit on the motherfuckin'
saxophone
(You motherfuckin' right)

[Big O]

It's my turn to drop some shit with my nigga Master P
And I know all you bitch-type niggas say "It couldn't be"
That crazy motherfucker from The Real Untouchables
Yeah it's me so sit the fuck back while I flow
And let cha' motherfuckers know ya can't fuck with P
Whoever fucks with him gets to fuck with me
And that will be ya worst nightmare
Ya punk ass me and P will share
Like a hot apple pie
Every time we lyricate niggas start to die
Cause they don't know how we do it
Ya wanna battle, forgot ya weak ass rhymes, ya blew it
So don't get solemn after the sax blows
A lot of ya scream the time that I rip ya throat
Comin' like one of them crazy niggas down Center
Street
I left the game now I'm chillin' with Master P
The O can carry more than one so ya know it's on
And ya just got attacked by the maniac and played like
a saxophone
Sucker ass bitch-type ass niggas

[Master P]

P once again, bustin' some hype shit
To let cha' motherfuckers know I ain't bullshittin'
And if ya ever think I am just run up
Hit ya one time, knock ya to ya knees then HUH
And watch that nose bleed DAMN! ya know what I'm
sayin'
And wouldn't give a fuck about doin' time
Cause to me a few days in county like a parade or
second line
Chew a crew up, bitch ever tryin' to press his luck
I do a walk-by and leave him dry like a pool puck
And like a mad muscian I will react
Compose ya ass through sounds of a sax
And once that awkward strut starts strollin'
Out on the streets I'm known as young buck and day
totin'
My man Grand Master Scratch adds the finishin' touch
From the sax to the table so just chill as my DJ cuts

[* DJ scratching *]

Yo, Sonya C just walked in the house (WHOOOOO!)
And she gon' kick some shit on the motherfuckin'
saxophone
Yeah, GO, GO, GO, GO, GO

[Sonya C]

Sonya C in the place and ya know that it's on
To kick some shit with P on the motherfuckin'
saxophone (Uh Oh)
Ya probably tricked me cause ya just didn't know
That a girl could come soft and hard and still flow
It ain't what cha' say, it's how ya say it
And if ya don't like the motherfuckin' record then don't
play it

[* Music stops *]

Yo, yo what cha' doin' that was hot
I wanted to see what's up

[* Starts *]

So you was smartin' and jackin' to the groove
Play that sax and Sonya C makes the crowd move
The record pump, suckers jump, imitators get stumped
(Ya motherfuckers want some)
Now ya suckers better duck and dodge
The heat is on but it's only P and I (Watch out)
Ya can't fuck with me, I leave ya screamin'
Ya want sex, ya must be wet dreamin'
Sonya C can duck bitches like a symphony
Now ya understand why you can't fuck with me
Harmony spreads so ya better move on
And if ya duck ya get played like a got damn
saxophone

[Master P]

I wanna take this time just to let you know
Two guys and a girl but we all from the ghetto
Tryin' to survive the turfs and the game
And special lyrics to make sure you understand
The life that I live ain't always fun
A lot of dark and sometimes there's no sun
Since this is the last verse of this dope song
Master P is about to flow like a motherfuckin'
saxophone
Shockin' and rockin' and breakin' and takin' the crowd
I can come hardcore as the sax player smile

Should be the first if ya get stuck
Broke like a barn then plucked like a duck
Ya mess with P, ya gamble ya life ya dead
Ya soul and all ya pieces ya see em' goin' like a
saxophone
Yeah, ya know what I'm sayin'
It ain't where ya from, it's how ya come, know what I'm
sayin' Suckers!

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