

Master P F/ Fiend, Mystikal

"Here We Go"

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Chorus: Master P (repeat 2X)

Here we go Here we go Here we go (BE BOUT YO
BUSINESS)
From the south to the west to the mid to the east coast

Verse One: Master P

I got heroin and cocaine
some call me the dope man a young nigga havin
thangs
A thug like Tupac
went from cheddar to cheese from powder to cooked
rocks
From the ghetto to the lakes
(to the lakes 3rd ward, Caliope)
Slangin' thangs in the hood to move my records to 54
states
Got more work than the mayor do (mayor do)
it stick to niggas that talk shit
like a baller they bitch hair blue
Got more corns than fritos
Got more hoe's than Macys sell muthafuckin Girbauds
Keep the muthafuckin party jumpin (uhh, bout it, bout
it)
For puttin the south on the map like Eazy-E did
Compton
Hoo-ride with these gangbangers (gangbangers)
No Limit Soldiers, mercenary killas keep one up in the
chamber
Got it Made like Special Ed
Got more _Vapors_ than BizMarkie ever had
After _Dead Presidents_ like Eric B.
Hypnotize the rap industry like Biggie
Going _Federal_ like E-40
Shock the world like Silkk, put my pockets on tilt
Puttin fools _On Hold_ like En Vogue
Used to slang white ice cream, now its platinum and
golds

Chorus 2X

Verse Two: Mystikal

Without no business
its over for you before you get out the door
what the fuck they gon tell you for if you don't already
know
huh nigga thats all on you to be on top of yearn
But by the time they finish fuckin you, bitch you gon
learn
Ain't no fuckin favors, ain't no fuckin friends
That shit don't mix, this business
Be bout yo paper, yo royalties or them bitches will take
ya
Make sure yo contract is escalatin' otherwise them
bitches will rape ya
makin big promises on how it's gonna be all good just
and be patient
yo album done came and gone and you stupid ass still
waitin
stackin paper off my work
Them no good son of a bitches got me livin for
concerts
I done headlined every hole in the wall in and out the
city
Humble cause I'm gonna believe it was meant for me
I'ma get it, makin moves but still somethin missin
Fuck how good you rap it ain't shit without yo business
No business

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: Fiend

I could end the world with one line
but I chose to make these hoes suffer
Fill the voice with no muffler, I's a bad motherfucker
Uncover, unleash the beast, dangerous from head to
feet
Can't control my rhymes, because them bitches seep
through
My teeth, so cold I heats, rising like some yeast, bake
some beats
Meltin needers off of technique and thats just when I
speak
Seek and you should find that my mind is beyond
and yall niggas lines behind the times of my first lines
Shit I'm in my prime, I want it with the mic or the nine
For mine it protects crimes to the blind (he ain't lying)
And I ain't dying line goes the paper the chase
P done gave me the break for me to make some cake

still dope I cook in sake, got pretty ass hoes to bake
Thats definitely a dumb nigga lure, you wanna smoke
Cause this business makin me a weed conniseur
Meet the have-been, one of the last men on this note
Who wanna get served by the nigga, the nerve at the
throat
You think you bad but bitch you never had
A nigga to give more heart attacks than Fred Sanford
had

Chorus till fade

(Master P talking)
To the motherfuckin south (the south)
to the west (to the west)
To the mid (to the mid)
to the motherfuckin east (to the east)
To the world (to the motherfuckin world)
No Limit, here I come whenever we want to
September 2nd, get the fuckin world high
bout my motherfuckin business, ha ha,
Master P, Young Fiend and Mystikal
Uungh!, bout it bout it

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