

Master P f C

"Murder Magic Let's Get 'Em"

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Master P/C-Murder]

Chorus

Where them niggas at

Where them niggas at

There them niggas go

[Master P]

Uhhhhh

Fuck it, let's get em x4

[C-Murder]

I'm a motherfucking soldier

Bitch I thought I told ya, I smoke your ass like doja

Niggas mad cause my tapes selling like crack

Sold a million records, not one disc came back

You know, I gotta repre fuckin sent

My ghetto niggas got me getting paid like the
president

But TRU niggas don't yap about it (yap about it)

But when I do some gangsta shit, you know I gotta rap
about it

I left the dope on the motherfucking table

The feds mad cause we the number one rap label

No Limit records made history in this bitch

And it's a myth on how ghetto niggas getting rich

The whole world say they bout it bout it

I drop this ghetto shit, and get my thug niggas rowdy

My tank dogs coming through, where them niggas at

Ready to hit em, P, pass me them thangs, let me get
em

Chorus x4

[Magic]

P man, pass me them thangs and let me get em

I be damned if I don't kill a nigga

they shouldn't be fuckin with ya

They don't respect a fucking soldier

They gonna roll or get rolled over, or get fucked over

Now I may be the first to go with, but you best believe

Thirty niggas came out here to get us, thirty niggas
gonna bleed

I'm here to protect and serve my tank dogs
and any nigga that fuck with us
Colonel, get ready to go to war, I'm hitting hard
A made nigga, that's why they call me mister Magic
Busting that niggas that try it, Magic and laugh
I'm military minding, I don't second guess
Click clack blast, erasing niggas, it's all bad

Chorus x4

[Master P]

Nigga I ride for scrilla, hang with dealers
Daddy wasn't home so I rode with them killers
And thug niggas high off henneseey and weed
Tatoos and oz's, invested in CD's
Now the feds wanna see me dead
Independent, black owned and teaching other niggas
how to get paid
Ran with some gangs, bank for some change
Third ward niggas don't play no fucking games
Me and Silkk, C-Murder, we killers
Plus Magic together, a world of TRU niggas
Taking over this rap game
It's No Limit for life, lights out I'm the trigger man

(bang, bang, bang, bang)
OK, I'm reloading. Ha ha.
I told yall, No Limit niggas, we mercenary soldiers.
We don't talk, we don't rap about niggas.
We all about getting our motherfucking paper.
A coward dies a million deaths, but a soldier only dies
once nigga.
Real niggas, they play the motherfucking game they
don't talk nigga.
Ha ha, yall fake ass niggas, yall think about it.
Rapping for the motherfucking white folks.
We independent black owned nigga.
Ghetto niggas, ha.
Real niggas and bitches unite. Ha ha.
Fuck fifteen percent nigga, I want the whole
motherfucking wallet.
Talk to the niggas I feed nigga if you got problems

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