

Master P F/ Big Ed, Lil' Ric

"No Doubt"

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Kick ass nigga, come on
Yeah, yeah Hit Squad, Firing Squad
Nine eight shit

Chorus: Das EFX

No doubt, no doubt
Do your thing, do your thing
No doubt, no doubt
Do your thing, do your thing
Yo, its Diggy Das, M.O.P., and that nigga Teflon
Lets get it on what what
Lets get it on yeah yeah

[Drayz]

Another new year, I got my crew here, lets get it on
Miggity make money money! Yo, son I got the bomb
See me swervan, through the urban
Black Suburban, puffing urban
Wiggity wild and drinking bourbon

[Lil Fame]

See Im learnin, while Im earnin
Rapidly firin, like that shit that the Ku Klux be burnin
Who wanna get stuck up
Or get fucked the fuck up?
Blucka, blucka blowe!
Bitch nigga your lucks up

[Teflon]

Yo, Im about to pull the plug out
Thug out, but rub out
Head for my car, get blazed, turn the whole club out
Shit I set it for real when I bug out
My trey mark making it possible for paramedics to pull
the plug out

[Billy Danze]

Yo, we just seep underground to be dug out
We represent the Ruffhouse
Keep one and a half, even while I'm banned

at the thug house (tha'ts right)
Now your facing a one of a kind dude
Undefined dude, top of the line dude

[Skoob]

Aiyyo, we giggity getting bug in here
All my people up in here
Its rough in here
Bullets figgity flying every fucking where
Its un fucking faitiggity tear cats out the frame
Diggity Das, Billy Danz, Teflon, and Lil Fame

Chorus - 2x

[Teflon]

Say hello to the bad guy
Hmhm, excuse me as I
Grab my N-U-Ts no need to ask why
We blow the spot up
Hit em with the uncut raw
Could be somewhat more
Advance with the product

[Billy Danze]

You dealing with sacrifice, real hardcore
All the love for these thugs that Im willing to die for
First family style! Its deep
You catch us on these beats
But we should never be disconnected from these
streets

[Skoob]

See my higgity hard times
That bring forth these higgity hard rhymes
Hard crimes, leave em hospitalized with scar lines
Figgity far rhymes, my squad shines, Its turn to eat
again
Motivated by cats who would never see the street again

[Lil Fame]

See him in the next life cause thats where were gon
meet again
And if it goes down then, you gon bleed again
Any ground I roam I stand on it
Keep a llama with eight shots and my hand on it

[Drayz]

Yeah, so lets expand on it (what)
Put my mans on it (what)
Its the shit that make flies wanna land on it (what)
The Higgity Hit Squad and Firing Squad

We billin ya, killin ya, figgity feelin ya til the next
millennia

Chorus - 2x

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