

Master P F/ C Murder Partners In Crime

"Everything's a Go"

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[Just Blaze] Just Blaze!

[Chorus - Memphis Bleek]

Everything's a go!

And I just washed the wheel, and I Armor All the wheels

And it's real, everything's a go!

New jeans, new cheese's, new gat, gimme a reason

Everything's a go! Squad in the club wit me

Tryna find a chick to fall in love wit me

Everything's a go! Mami hit me on the jack

Told me meet her at the spot, and I'm bout to call her
back, its a go!

[Verse 1 - Memphis Bleek]

Bleek come scoop you, try to seduce you

Half Black and Chinese, she gave me the fu-fu

A little bit of that, wan-tan soup

From the hood, got more chips than wan-tan

oooooooooh!

But matter fact, got more chesse than nacho

Not from rap, when I used to fuck wit Pancho

I'm in the class, all by myself

Now you haters wanna crowd my space

Hundred grand all in your face, motherfucker better fix
ya face

For they butterfly-stich ya face

If ya bitch outta line, put the bitch in place

If the record sound +Just+ get the +Blaze+, nigga

Put in back, on the block for motherfuckers

The ROC get hot, let 'em scream "It's the ROC, in ya
area!"

You better warn ya folks

They hate to see a real clique, but now

[Chorus] w/ (Jay-Z ad-libs)

[Verse 2 - Jay-Z]

Highest paid act, highest paid to rap

I advance myself, and pay myself back

Ha, man you gotta love that

When them pockets on "E" man you gotta hug that

Corner like you wanna proposal and lock that
Kill a nigga for the scrilla man I'm not above that

[Memphis Bleek]

Hooo! hold on Young, let me get it back
You got beef in these streets, Lord, let me get a gat
Booooy! you now tuned into the greatest
Can't beat us, join us, can't fade us, hate us
Nigga it's nothin, my crew and half dozens
That's cause we scramble, like we Vick's half cousins
Booooy! and get ya mind right nigga
We gon' put you on the news, you want lime light nigga
Channel 2 or Channel 4, you know what 9 like nigga
Groupie men, we put on UPN

[Chorus]

[Verse 3 - Memphis Bleek]

One - thug in the club, two - models to go
Three - bottles of Arma', four jars of dro
Five shots to draw, my six hits took off
Seven you make Heaven, or eight - everything's a go!
Mami got that ice in ya drink
Long legs short skirt, what you mean - everything's a
go!
My thugs outdie of the club wit Timbs
Nine on ya waist, let's roll we gettin in (Everything's a
go!)
Nigga I'm back for, I'm willin to clap boy
You holdin me back for - go!
I - spring into ac-tion, Brooklyn I'm back for
I'm bringin it back boys cause..

[Chorus]

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