

Missy Elliott F/ Beyonce

"Made Niggaz"

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[Master P] (Mack 10)

Third ward, New Orleans. To Inglewood.

To the motherfuckin world, nigga.

Mack Dime. (What's up my nigga?)

Mystikal, and Master P.

(They know, P, they know, they know.)

[Hook:] (Master P & Mack 10) X 6

Made niggaz from the South to the West!

[Master P]

Give me a chance to ball, put my name on the wall

How many killas done called, No Limit niggaz stand tall

Cuz we, mercenary soldiers, gone off a Hennesy and
that doja

Runnin from the, (Who?) motherfuckin rollers

Slangin, (What?) tapes like cola

Nigga, hangin with the big niggaz

Penitentiary chances just to make six figures

No we fuckin (What?) gold and platinum

Nigga, we made niggaz and we rappin

Nigga, Mack Dime, Mystikal and P

Every rowdy bout it nigga won't you follow me?

[Hook] X 4

[Mystikal]

Watch me! I'm throwed off, I ain't right!

Bitch I'll do you somethin, I ain't wrapped tight!

I roll with bullets like (?) and killas like Versey

Managed by TC and paid by big Percy

Whole lotta niggaz with me

You think I'm lying, but I'm not

You know who we are, we ready for war

You ready to die fuckin with the wide Tchoupitoulas

Say your prayers, them niggaz shottin, Hallelujah!

Gotta stop these niggaz from runnin they dick lickers

We self made big niggaz, killin these bitch niggaz

We paper chasin, goin platinum, in the gangstafied
fashion

Made niggaz from the south to the west done hooked

up with Mack 10
Gotta get real with this shit that's the only way shit gon
happen
We made now, we was gangstas back then!

[Hook] X 4

[Mack 10]
From Inglewood to the NO, Mystikal, Mack and P
No Limit soldiers, Hoo Bangin see we got the Recipe
I stay ready nigga, with a vest strapped and all
Hit the rizzo and ball from LA to the Mardi Gras
No discrimination, hittin blacks to amigos
Slangin compact discs like they kilos
A real hustler, recognize another nigga with scrilla
Game recognize game, and killas recognize killas
Never aim to loose, always wanna be a winner
Transactions in New Orleans over jambalaya dinner
Cuz what you say you want, that's it, that's what you
get, you
can't switch
Cuz Silkk'll shock you nigga, and make Mia shoot your
bitch
We tatted up, bauggeted up, the jewels glare
Make the haters stop and stay "How we do that there?"
See Mack and Master P, been up to seven figures
Hoo Bangin and No Limit, two sets of made niggaz

[Hook] (till fade)

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