

## Bout That Drama

Master P

Silkk-Wassup fool?  
Silkk-We gonna do this like real muthafuckin' g's.  
Silkk-Time to take two in your fuckin' back  
Master P-Young Silkk the shocker in this bitch  
Master P-Bout that drama  
Master P-No Limit

Niggas must wanna fuckin' die bitch  
Talkin' that muthafuckin' shit  
I run with TRU  
I gives a fuck about who you run with  
Bitch, we run this shit  
Nigga it be No Limit for life  
Across my stomach  
Runnin' is a bitch for the simple fact that I got drug money  
Got it for fifteen g's or more  
I ain't stretchen out upon the floor  
I want that cash in that bag  
Then Im'a dash  
I want that cash, and that dope  
It ain't no luv in this bitch  
I got a slug for a trick  
It's '95 my nigga, but I be livin' large and rich  
Gotta break 'em off the plastic  
Have them face down closed casket  
You niggas should never start that shit with a semi-automatic  
Stuff them niggas, freeze, show em my degrees  
I want them keys up in the lexus, bloody trail but police can't catch me  
Nigga wassup? (Murder)  
Fool  
Gettin' high up off that indo  
Niggas gettin' high 'n rich and bend low  
Cock with a glock  
Pop once to them low  
Nigga fade me  
Think I'm crazy?  
Nigga, I do this shit daily  
I'm bout that drama

I'm bout that drama, I'm bout that drama  
No Limit niggas ready to kill  
We bout that drama  
We bout that drama bitch  
No Limit niggas are bout that drama  
That drama  
drama  
We bout that drama  
Givin' niggas one way tickets to the bahamas

Bitch I been about that drama  
Nigga, this shit ain't gon' fuckin' stop  
My bullets ain't got no name  
and plus my trigga ain't gots no heart  
Freeze  
You niggas better duck  
I'm quick as fuck  
Nigga I'm rollin' in this fuckin' cutlass

I gives a fuck bitch  
Nigga I falls for that bitch and ducks this  
nigga don't need to run though  
Cuz I'm knockin' everything up off the front porch  
With this gat 1-1-0  
Nigga watch straight street sweeper  
Watchin' the block  
and the glock cock  
Nigga, boz with that shot your dome  
It be known I'm from the southside  
Bitch you thought wrong,  
I stick and move with this pistol grip  
I see you bleedin' tryna' get to the phone  
Call 9-1-1  
But to late, you caught up in a 1-8-7  
Stretched out on the stretcher  
Can't catch me bitch I'm to smooth  
Bullets to the dome, and I'm on and cool  
How you gon' catch me when the police ain't got no evidence  
I represent  
I bet you I get dead presidents  
Before I die I'm bust more fly  
For '97 P and Silkk gon' sell a billion.

[Master P chorus and talking]