[Chorus: Master P]

Hey hoe (Trick get off me), Better watch them elbows, (Bitch get off me) Niggas get the fuck back (Move), Hoes get the fuck back, (Move) Whoadie you ain't bout that (Move), Better get the fuck back, (Move) Hey hoe (Trick get off me), Better watch them elbows, (Bitch get off me) Niggas get the fuck back (Move), Hoes get the fuck back, (Move) Whoadie you ain't bout that (Move), Better get the fuck back, (Move)

[Verse 1: Currency]

Roll up with both the doors up on the black Lambo Red rag round my head like the black Rambo A bananna clip with 50 hollow tips of ammo Smoke a nigga how a prisoner smoke Camel's Got blacked out tints, Niggas like who is that? I give a hatin' nigga 2 shots where his ribs at Ya better not snitch cause I know where ya live at I have niggas pissed, Don't know where they kids at Cause once the beefs on you can't call a war off I'll let the raw buck, Knock ya fuckin' car doors off Switch phone numbers just to piss the whores off Cop a 6 while you bitch about how much the 4's cost The hot spitter is real, What the deal? One hand on the wheel, The other holdin' the steel Play with it if ya will, But this some real shit My niggas done put out more hits than Will Smith

[Chorus: Master P]

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[Verse 2: Master P]

Call me tiger cause I live in the woods
I'm like Tarzan when he run through the hood
A couple of wild coyotes chased me but couldn't catch me
?? and Lacey pulled me over but couldn't arrest me
Once the radar on I'm like the Preadator
We pop pills like Anvil and Excedra
Call me a blender, I put ya in a mix
Let go my eggo and pass me the purple twist
Throw them bows, We got the club jumpin'
XL like Jordan, He got the beat pumpin'
I'm famous in the ghetto like Amos Cookies
In other words I'm a vet and ya'll rookies

[Chorus: Master P]

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[Verse 3: Silkk Tha Shocker] If he ain't talkin' like I'm talkin', Tell him get the steppin' I'll +Nicolas Cage+ him, Whodie I'm +Gone In Sixty Seconds+ We ball 'til we fall, I mean we shop 'til its gone Why drive a car if it don't match what I got on If I do something I usually get the block involved You don't wanna get outta line whodie, That means the glocks involved Ya'll cowards, Always run and gets the cops involved You ain't gotta wonder if its me, You know is me nigga the top will be off Look, You ain't did shit 'til you flipped bricks in a drought You ain't had a girl 'til you had like a chick from the south And nigga respect it even when the clips is out Let ya borrow the 5 only 'til the 6 come out They tryin' to get they weight up, I'm tryin' to get my G's up Make athlete money without messin' my knee's up Slim he don't know me like that, Whoadie ya best to ease up Knuckle game is off the chain, Soon as I roll my sleeves up Holla back

[Chorus: Master P]

Hey hoe (Trick get off me), Better watch them elbows, (Bitch get off me) Niggas get the fuck back (Move), Hoes get the fuck back, (Move) Whoadie you ain't bout that (Move), Better get the fuck back, (Move) Hey hoe (Trick get off me), Better watch them elbows, (Bitch get off me) Niggas get the fuck back (Move), Hoes get the fuck back, (Move) Whoadie you ain't bout that (Move), Better get the fuck back, (Move)