

## After Dollars, No Cents

Master P

Whatsup niggaz?  
This the colonel(hu-haha)  
Mr. M-P(nigga)(haha)  
Come 1 come all, TRU niggaz ball(I told y'all)  
I know there's niggas out there waitin' for the fall  
(Y'all can't stop a motherfuckin' Tank)

After Dollars, no cents  
From Chev's to Bents  
From cheddar to cheese  
Tryin' to pay the rent

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From cheddar to cheese  
Nigga tryin' to pay the rent

I'ma hustler, baller, nigga G'z and cut ki's  
Gats for enemies, freeze! hundred degreez  
Kill, robbery, soldier- born to ride  
Killer- born to die, Mama- was born to cry  
Wild like a long fuckin' ranger  
Niggaz from the South keep one up in the chamber  
Lord knows, when your enemy is quittin'  
That's why niggaz watchin' nigga's back,  
cause they gone on that powder shit  
Caine, nigga's gang, heroin in the vain  
Fuckin' with they brains  
Who the next nigga to get popped by a cop?  
Who the next nigga in the hood to get shot?  
I hope it ain't me, so I'm strapped up in bulletproof  
Nigga on my stomach see - Motherfuckin' T.R.U.  
Soldier til I die, fuck it I won't cry  
Look my ENEMY, in the eye  
Fuck every nigga that ain't real, cause we bout it  
And if I have to die, cause a nigga gone shout it  
I was born a No Limit Soldier, from heart  
Cowards run they mouth, but killers don't talk

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You know Kriss, I'm Kross  
Y'all ran, we walked  
No Limit niggaz got ghetto dope by pounds and bults  
Blowin' tapes up in flames, like weed  
Got box albums up like ki's, from the South to overseas  
Niggaz independant, and rowdy  
Nigga check billboard, number 1 and bout it  
That's why niggaz tryin' to get us on the radio

Now niggaz might see the P. on the video  
But a nigga, still TRU to the Gizzame  
Cause I, represent the hood and every fuckin' nigga that gangbang  
The streets is so real, fool guard yo grill  
Smoke one for the homies that done made it over the hill  
Cause we.....

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After...Dollars no cents, we representin', No Limit  
Put a dime rolex presidential, nigga ride everythang ???  
Nigga I went from riches to riches  
Not motherfuckin' rags to riches  
Cause I, always had money  
Cause I, always had bitches  
Yeah a motherfuckin' nigga tryin' to get mo' dough  
Nigga act like you know the motherfuckin' sco' though  
I pull a ice solo, hit a 40 G lo  
Lay-low pro, get a Benz, too dope  
??????, gold Tank, crush diamonds, and mo mo's  
Nigga runnin' from the po po's, hidin' from a lo lo'  
Takin' trips together to the ???  
Fa'sho though, puttin' a vest up under my Polo  
Nigga strapped with the 4 when I'm solo  
To test the best, then that's a no no  
365 days, 24/7, I'm bout my riches  
See money, is a must, everything's a plus, includin' weed and bitches  
It went from 18/5 a ki, not 18/5 for me, C and P to do a show  
Act like y'all know, Ghetto Millionaire,  
shippin gold out the do', you know?

[Silkk & Master P - Talking until end]