

## Bout Dat

Master P

Niggas hear this  
I want niggas to mug niggas  
Like, what you lookin at?

Bounce wit me, bounce wit me, bounce  
When my real niggas come; flip a ounce wit me, ounce wit me  
Bounce wit me, bounce wit me.. c'mon bounce  
When my real niggas come; flip a ounce wit me, ounce wit me

Bentleys and Hummers; lil daddy, we bout dat (VROOM, VROOM)  
Whodi, ice on our mouth and wrist, we bout dat (Bling! Bling!)  
Block parties in the projects; souljas, we bout dat  
Only guns and pretty bitches my niggas we bout dat

Drop platinum on the street, Ghetto D and Ghetto Postage  
Homey don't touch the weed, lil whodi, and don't smoke it  
Jack one of my souljas lil daddy; I doubt dat!  
Get paid on the 1st & 15th, we bout dat!  
A thousand fuckin grams, lil whodi, I got dat  
Goin for sixteen five, you want it then holla back!  
We in the project livin nigga, rollin with my boyz  
Hustlin on them rocks, but we strapped wit dem toyz  
You come up fakin and frontin  
You get your wig split nigga  
Live by the knife  
Whodi die by the trigga  
We be runnin dem blocks  
Duckin Dodgin dem cops  
Slangin tape till they pop  
And we gon' ball till we drop (Ya Heard!)

All they can say is, when they see us be like, that's them bastards!  
Silkk and P equals dope, come on that's simple mathematics  
Niggas wanna be more, famous then rich  
Now I might hang wit a chick or just, hang in the bricks  
Nuttin polite, opposite of nice, gangsta shit  
You ain't never seen 2 or more niggas, gangsta then dis  
See we right where da block at  
Right where da spot at  
Right where it's hot I mean  
Right where the cops at  
Ball 'till we fall, never gon' stop dat  
Do what we done, come on, never gon' top dat (Ha)

Fool kid nappin papers nigga, we bout dat  
No Limit stuntin 'n frontin lil daddy, I doubt dat

Ride me out Silkk

Vvvrrrrrrm! Vvvrrrrrrm!  
Vvvrrrrrrm! Vvvrrrrrrm! Eeeerrrrr!