

Bout It, Bout It II

Master P

Ugg, ggg, hhh, hhh, it's time for the national anthem
Y'all niggas bout it
(I started this bout it, bout it)
If you bout it, I mean you bout it, bout it
(Get 'em up)
(That mean you bout it, bout it)
Well, say you bout it, bout it

I represent, it's 1990-skrilla
It's Master P and they labeled me a drug dealer
'Cuz I'm bout it, I mean I'm rowdy
I hang with these killas that everyone talk about
We doin' this, we doin' that
(We doin' what)
We in the studio rippin' up dope tracks
'Cuz we real, you betta guard your grill

'Cuz if we bout it, bout it
If you ain't bout it, bout it you might get killed
I represent where them killas at
(T R U)
3rd Ward, uptown, Calliope on the map
Back up off me, ain't no softy
Betta guard your grill mothafuckas, we comin' hard G
I got killas in the projects sellin' water

I got niggas from New Orleans to Florida
Bout it, bout it
(Bout it, bout it)
I mean they rowdy, rowdy
(Mean they rowdy, rowdy)
You betta watch your shit 'cuz niggas is bout it bout it
I mean they snatch you out your car on a kidnap
Lay you on the floor and tell you

Bitch you betta break off some snaps or dead
Put the pistol to your head
Ain't no love where I'm from, but you niggas in the grave
I mean they dyin', I mean they fryin'
Gone off that juice and leave their mothers cryin'
(Fermalgahide)
'Cuz their little boy is dead, 'cuz that color blue or red
And wanta do what them other ballas said

To make some snaps, I mean to make some money
To break it up on the street, but this game ain't funny
You want that beat in, ain't no way out
But death or that mothafuckin' jailhouse
If you bout it, say you bout it
I roll with some niggas that are bout it bout it
I mean we rowdy, rowdy, them niggas bout it, bout it
Bounce, bounce, bounce fool, if you bout it, bout it

C-Murder is bout it, bout it
(Show them gold ones, show them gold ones)
Big Ed you know he's bout it, bout it
(Buddha)

Nigga [unverified], that nigga bout it, bout it
(Get up off hin)
Big Man and the Caleo is bout it, bout it
(Bounce, bounce, bounce)

Mercy Caller you know he's bout it, bout it
And Cali-G in California is bout it, bout it
Mo B. Dick, you know he's bout it, bout it
(If you bout it)
Nick Pokey you know he's bout it, bout it
KLC of the Parkway is bout it, bout it

And Mr. Serv-On is bout it, bout it
And Rasheen and the Mack know yas bout it, bout it
Sonya-C you know she bout it, bout it
Silkk the Shocker you know he's bout it, bout it
And Mia X is bout to kick some flava
(She's rowdy, rowdy)

Niggas know that I'm bout it already, I can prove it
So when they hear my voice, they all know I come to do shit
Mia X representin', puttin' it down for the south
Keep a shank in my sock and bullet in my mouth
So don't doubt the angel like voice, come across
Get your cucumber sliced and you messy hoe tossed, boss bitch
I keep 'em sick from the way I kick my shit

And KLC got 'em scared 'cuz he's back whisperin' it, anotha hit
No Limit niggas in the house, plus on niggette
With that pimp stress clout, now what they talkin' bout
Beau coup hustlas, and thugstas, murderers, and dope fiends
Feel a taste from drame scenes
Infrared beams aimin' at your forehead
Ain't no fuckin' country boys

Soldiers bringin' noise, leave you lyin' in red
Puddles from a fuckin' Now who will be the next to get they fuckin' shoes to
ok off
I really can't call it 'cuz once the gumbo be grievin'
A nigga start ballin', strike up the second line band
And put your black gear on 'cuz we gonna stay bout it, understood

Bitch I been bout it, I mean we bout it, bout it
From Kansas City to St. Louis they bout it, bout it
(They rowdy)
Down in Memphis you know they bout it, bout it
From L.A. to Alabama they bout it, bout it

Washington to Carolina to Georgia
(They bout it)
Cincinnati, Port Arthur, to Florida
Chattanooga, Ohio, Detroit
(Do that gangsta walk)
Lexington Kentucky to Louisville, you know they bout it bout it
(You bout it)

I mean they rowdy
(Break it up)
From Richmond California to San Francisco
To Oakland they bout it, bout it
Down in Houston they bout it, bout it
The Northside, the Southside, you know they bout it, bout it
From Dallas to Waco to Austin

(They been bout it)

To Jackson to Mississippi them niggas flossin'

(Means they bout it)

B and M's on triple-gold and they bout it

That's how these gangstas roll

From Lafayette to Lake Charles to Chicago to Florida

To Baton Rouge to Shreveport to New Orleans

(They bout it)

They bout it, I mean they rowdy

(They rowdy)

In Little Rock, Arkansas they bangin' I mean they bout it

My homie Tre-8, they bout it

Loony Skull Dugrey you know that fool is bout it

Ken Frank, Raw Wayne, Jeff B, Mean Green

DJ Roe, Greg Streeper, Levi, may he rest in peace

And all the other motha-niggas that are dead

like my little brother Kevin Miller that was bout it, bout it, bout it

(Bout it, bout it)