

# Hook It Up

Master P

Yo Layzie?  
Whats up man?  
Check this out, me and my boy ridin' dirty from New Orleans, right?  
Right.  
When we touch down in Cleveland,  
Yeah.  
I'ma have my phone turned on so if you need me hit me. Use the code. Black o  
r  
blue?  
I'ma use black.  
Me and my boy gonna have some. . .  
Okay.  
Tell Krayzie, Wish, and Flesh have them thangs on 'em cause them hater's is  
out there.  
For sure.  
We gonna be in a green duece and ah quarter, tryin' to out smart the po po's  
.  
Okay, yeah, heh-heh.  
Keep it on the D.L.  
Yeah.  
But check this out.  
Yeah?  
When I get there, you ain't gotta worry bout nothing. Yah heard me?  
I feel ya.  
Cause I got the hook-up.  
Bet on baby, bet on.

Igot the hook-up, hook it up.

Just call it up  
What you need, indeed, a nigga got the hook-ups on the tweed  
But I got more then trees  
Wanna see what I got? Nigga follow me right through the alley  
Don't panic, relax, what's happening?  
Now is it a beeper or a cellular phone that your lacking?  
We got them still in the package  
You know they at a great deal  
No money, we activate them  
No refunds  
But you can trade them for we press no limitations  
Buck buck  
We patient, have all your money in hand  
Don't worry about credit, forget it, cause we don't let it stand in our way  
Nigga we get paid, you get the drop for free  
Look me up  
When you reach someone, thinkin of someone  
I can hook you up

Nigga just got this sack of D  
And Master P, my nigga, just got the hook-up  
Look me up if you need the cook up  
Got shit to hook the crooks up  
Hit me up on my header  
And I'ma call you back  
Cause ain't no taps on my celly  
Nig, come get all we got  
A little hustling mother fucker

With a pocket full of stones  
Rolling with Mo and the No Limit soldiers  
Got the hook-up and its on

We got them rides  
Whatever you need  
Just step next door  
We fully equip with automatics  
Police detect us  
Lets roll, roll, roll  
And when you ride with Bone  
Don't you worry about a thing  
Cause we got shit for real  
Trust in me  
These niggas don't wanna buck buck bang  
We on a mission  
Time to position  
Call the soldiers  
Lets ride  
Set them up in the moonlight  
These niggas done fucked up with my money (die) alright

You want the hook-up? Check this out little. . .

I live like stock market nigga  
Buy low, sell high  
Supply and demand  
Nigga if supply low demand is high  
I sell it for high as I can  
I take the jingle  
But I'm for the counting mother fucking four  
All sales are final  
Ain't no refund in this mother fucker  
This mother fucking shit sold  
I hit them like non-stop  
Cock the glock  
Cause the mother fucking spot be hot  
Nigga wonder where I be  
Cause I'm always cold fresh out of the penn  
Talking about holler at me  
I got everything from hand-held to flips  
Silkk and Bone got the chips  
Don't even try to hit me on a hit like elevator  
Nigga ain't got it shit don't exist  
Nigga talking about  
Holler at your boy  
Holler at your niggas  
See I got what you need  
If I ain't got it  
I'm going get it  
See i ain't hard to find  
You need me?  
Look me up  
They call me Silkk the Shocker  
But you can call me Mr. Hook It Up

I got the hook-up, hook it up, hook it up  
Soldiers  
I got the hook-up, hook it up, hook it up  
Silkk, P, and Bone Thugs soldiers  
I got the hook-up, hook it up, hook it up  
I got the hook-up, hook it up, hook it up

[Chorus to fade]