

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.

I got 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]