

Intro (ghetto Postage)

Master P

Oh, say to the
Crooked cops that searchin'
Sees me and my homies(uuuggghhh)
And there's No Limit till we free (ya heard?)
Cause you haters can't stop me

Master P (talking): Can't never! Can't NEVER!
Nigga, I'm delivering the mail! Platinum! (Deliverin' the mail!
)
Ghetto postage. To every soldier and soldierette in the ghetto,
Cee-lo beats, soldier productions! (Ha, ha. We back in this, W
hodie.)
And all the fakers, we done got rid of em! (They gone)
If it don't say No Limit on the back of their records...(don't
fuck with em)
They ain't with us, ya heard? (Don't ask no shit bout it)
All the real niggas, y'all know how it's goin' down. (I ain't f
ucking wit ya)
We hustlas for life, baby. Hustlas for life. (If they ain't wit
h No Limit...)
I might not get 5 mics... (...then they the enemy. Remember tha
t!)
...but I'm the hottest shit on the streets. (Ain't no coming ba
ck, either, Whodie.)
Haha!
(Haha!)
Play them beats and let's ride. NO LIMIT NIGGA!

(And I'mma tell y'all all these old fake-ass niggas out there w
ith these number jobs - or should I say local deals - y'all kno
w NO LIMIT THE ONLY MOTHERFUCKIN' INDEPENDANT BLACK-OWNED COMPA
NY OUT THERE! And still doin' this shit. Thanks to all y'all re
al niggas that been supportin' us. Oh, yeah. And I'mma end this
note on - these old bitch-ass niggas that snitchin' goin' to t
he police, I can't fuck wit y'all.
THIS ONLY FOR THE REAL NIGGAS!)