

Make 'Em Say Uhh #2

Master P

[No Limit studios]-"No Limit studio"
[Master P]-"Yo nigga, whatcha'll workin' on?"
[NLS]-"Nigga, who the fuck is this?"
[MP]-"This P, nigga, whats happenin'"
[NLS]-"This ain't no mutha fuckin' P. Nigga, you ain't got shit betta to do than play on the muthafuckin' phone?"
[MP]-"Man, take me off muthafuckin' speaker-phone an' pick the phone up. This P nigga. Stop fuckin' playin'"
[NLS]-"Nigga, if this fuckin P, nigga, say 'uhh', nigga. Fuck"
[MP]-"Nigga, I ain't bout to say no muthafuckin' 'uhh'. Pick the phone up, nigga"
[NLS]-"Nigga, what?"
[MP]-"I'm on my muthafuckin' way right now"
[NLS]-"Come on then, come on then nigga"

Da Last Don, nigga (remix)
Ha ha (ha ha)

Make em say uhhhh!
Uhhhh!
Na na na na
Na na na na

I told ya I'm the colonel of this muthafuckin' tank
Don't make me get rowdy and start pullin rank
My comrads with tanks
With diamonds and TRU tats
We make em say 'uhhhh'
An' 'how ya do that'
Third ward hustlaz
On these streets chasin' riches
Penetentury chances
Cause this a risky buissiness
A No Limit Souldier
Commanderin' Cheif
An' Michael Jackson
Can't rock a muthafuckin' party like me
I'm bumpin' for the real niggaz, playaz, and hustlaz
Qualified killaz, certified head-bustaz
Got love for the North, South, East, to the West
Soldierz throw ya rag, Killaz how ya' vest
Flashin' red lights
Runnin' from the rollerz
If life was a movie, 'CUT'

Pass me the dojah

Make em say uhh

Uhh

Na na na na

Na na na na

Well, if ya knew

Something. Fiend

Still tryin' to do somethin'

TRU smokaz dont gotta blow

We done already blew sumpthin

I still want the green, cornbread, and the cabbage

No Limit savage

One known as the baddest

When I was bustin out expeditions you wasnt ready

Bangin like soft black cannon

Bangin' out the 4-7

Lyrically a machete

I dig da dirt and bury

Fiend, the excited private on any mercenary

I hurt an' make you worry

Like this were you

Can't get get a tank dog salute

P's already suit

I represent the boot

An' the world is rowdy, rowdy

Makin' you say uhhh

With the colonol, Mr. Bout it

P gon' make ya say uhhh

I'm gon' make ya say ahhhhhhh

But this time I'm gon' get rowdy by sayin na na na na na

I'm a cash deala'

A No Limit ass kicka'

I'm a bad nigga

Fast nigga

Ain't the last nigga

Keep my mind on my money because I like riches

House full of tight bitches

An' call me, I might hitcha

Now make em say na na na

Tryin ta act hard core

Betta for the flow

Na na na na na

Now get the ball loose

Kick the boot an drop the verse (64-5)

I'm tryin' to clock the scrilla

But it's hard not to hurt

Now I'm a No Limit soldier

So I get my strength through my duties

Bout to make em scream 'MISTER'

Like the movie (na na na na na)

You know we showed you once before the tank couldn't be stopped

Playa hataz jack alot cause they just jockin' they spot

Off the top

Think not

Run up on me

Cock 9 milla mamma Mia

Asshole eata
Head still wouldn't wanna be ya
See ya
At the top of billboards
Yeah we lookin down
Wavin at you muthfuckaz
How you like me now?
Cuz dis country, way back
Laugh at bout it bout it
Now everybody screams they want to be rowdy rowdy
T-R-U what we claim
Represent dat dirty south
4-star major general Mamma work and come out about
I ride wit No Limit soldiers
Yes we checkin'
Wit' the colonel Master P
He be the Ghetto Dad (?)
Paper chasaz what they labled us
Heaven knows
If that ass tried to play wit us
Gotta go
So we know what we do
It's never gon die
World-wide in yo' hood
P gon' make ya say
Woooooo

Man, I'm smokin' on some chop-chop from S-G-V
No Limit family wit' the D-P-G
Last Don, Big Dogg, what's up? what's happenin'?
Nigga run up
We gon' tear da club up
Top rank, best dank mo' bank in dis game
Who could t be? Ya'll know my muthafuckin' name
I ain't neva met a gangsta who ain't loved to bang
Especially one who can't represent they game
See, when a No Limit soldier walks in the house
Nigga get em up, We gon turn this bitch out
BOOOOOOOOOOMM