

Soulja Boo

Master P

Eeny-Meeny-Miny-Moe
The soulja boy never let you go
You gotta man he ain't got to know
And tell your friends keep it on the low (ya heard!)

(2x)

hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 What!
hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 Huh!
The way - you - make - me - feel
Make me wanna run wit you
Such a boy can I roll wit you
I'm always lovin' you
Check it out
You and ya girls come follow me
I'm the ghetto Bill Gates, they call me Master P
I learnt in the 3rd don't trust your fo'z
I gotta couple diamonds with a mouth fulla gold
Platinum on the wrist, Bentley in the dri-i-i-ve
I learnt in the bricks how to slang and survi-i-i-ve
We No Limit Soldiers till the day that we die
And all my souljas rest, raise ya hands up high

How do you do my senorita
Finally say "I'm glad to meet ya"
Take you out the ghetto and then I'll treat ya
I won't let you cry and I'll never beat ya
Ya got a man, I hope he can keep ya
Hit me on the cell or on the beepa
Roll a 600 Benz to the spot I'ma freak ya
Then pick a hotel that me and you can creep too

Hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 What!
Hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 Huh!
Hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 What!
Hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 Huh!

I'll be your soulja girl
Ain't nothin' like my soulja boy
I'll be your soulja girl

I need a soulja boy ready to go to war
A fire boy with 20'z on his car
When I need some love he won't be far
I need a ride or die thug that can work dat {?} (that's me)
Talk that talk, but keep it real
And never stop but plays the bills
And I love the way he makes me feel
Thats why this soulja girls gonna keep it real

Hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 Ha!
Hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 What!

Hut 1, Hut 1, Hut 2

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah! No Limit Soldiers can't be stop

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!

[Chorus:2x (without Master P in the background)]