

Souljas

Master P

You in the ghetto.. and you ain't got no hustlin skills?
GET DOWN AND GIVE ME TEN PRIVATE!
(Where y'all at? Where y'all at? Where y'all at? Where y'all at?)

I don't know what you've been told
(I don't know what you've been told)
But No Limit Soldiers came to rock'n'roll
(But No Limit Soldiers came to rock'n'roll)
Where are all my whodis at?
(Where are all my whodis at?)
From the North to the South to the East to the West
(From the North to the South to the East to the West)
Thugged out (one two) what we bout? (Knockin boots)
Shinin it out (N.. O.. L.. I.. M-I-T!)

UNNNNNNNNGHHHHHHH!
See I'm a thug nigga, and I was - born to die
I hang with drug dealers, that's - ready to ride
We got BEEF nigga, then we - ready for war
I can't SLEEP nigga til I - have my enemies heart
I'm Uptown on the blocks with the bricks ba-bayyy
Fiends roll up and get fixed ba-bayyy
Fifties and doves or the bic ba-bayyy
Smoke weed with my nigga but don't trick ba-bayyy
Now if you step to one of my niggaz, then you steppin to me
I heard you famous cat, but you don't mean shit to me
I'm out that C-P-3 and I'm a soulja for life
And all my real niggaz wild out from left to the right

(What? What?) Now how the war WAS WON (HUH) on, blocks in the hood
(HUH) We got enemies (WHAT) then it's, glocks we pulled
In God we trust nigga; I ain't got no friends (Ya heard?)
Souljarettes, they love, money and ends
You need some work? Meet me in the bricks nigga
You come short? I'ma wet your shirt nigga
It's like Vietnam on the ghetto in these streets
You die how you live, the strong eat the weak
Red and blue rags for the souljas that be bangin
And warriors on the wall for the souljas left hangin
Twenty-one gun salute, for the souls on the street
And the souljas up in heaven, may you all rest in peace (Ya heard me?)
UNNNNNNGGGGGH!

Them Down South souljas they be ready to ride
And we can take it outside if you ready to ride
Them Midwest souljas they be ready to ride
And we can take it outside if you ready to ride
Them East Coast souljas they ain't ready to ride
And we can take it outside if you ready to ride
Them West Coast souljas they be ready to ride
And we can take it outside if you ready to ride
Don't start no shit it won't be no shit
Let me tell you muh'fuckers who you fuckin wit
Don't start no shit it won't be no shit
THIS NO LIMIT ARMY'S WHO YOU FUCKIN WIT!

Wild out.. wild out.. No Limit is in and y'all out

Wild out.. wild out.. so y'all haters keep our name
out y'all motherfuckin mouth, hahah you heard me?
Ride ride niggaz (ride ride) Lah lah
(ALL THE WAY TO THE MOTHERFUCKIN TOP OF THE CHARTS YA HEARD ME?)
DJ's.. hut one, hut two.. hut one, hut two
Hut one, hut two..
DJ cut the fuckin lights off cause I'm through!