

Who Them Boyz

Master P

Mother fuckin' king of crunk and the don of rowdy music, nigga
Hey, hey, Lil' Jon, Lil' Jon, Master P, Master P
New no limit B M E click me and my mother fuckin' boyz
In the club tonight, we don't give a fuck
If we gotta run the fuckin' fight
Especially with them mother fuckin' boys over there
You know them mother fuckin' boys? Nah!

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I'm from uptown New Orleans, straight out the hood
I jumped off the spinners sayin', "I wish you would"
Nigga walked up on me mean-muggin' talkin' shit, what!
I don't know this mother fucker I probably done fucked his bitch

Eyes hella red I just smoked me a nickel
I ain't feelin' this shit, I put my hand on my pickel
The nigga started steamin' but I'm cool as a fan
He wanna throw 'em up but I got a gat in my pants

I'm throwed off nigga, missin' a few screws
And I don't give a fuck about puttin' yo ass on the news
And if you ain't from my hood, you know you could get it
We roll hella deep niggas screamin', "No limit"

I'm a thug nigga, I lean when I walk
My favorite drink is that Incredible Hulk
I'm a soldia and I'm ready to ride
We got beef we could take it outside

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We ridin' dirty, smokin' windows tinted
Run up on the Lac', this ain't a movie but this the endin'
I gotta nigga rollin' with me name Oozy
We stop on the block and this boy ain't choosy

The first one we see better break me off
And if yo shoes too big, take the mother fuckers off
Straight gutter, straight rugged rugged raw
Wicked like you never saw, lets go to war

If talkin' hell is hot my change is 50/50
If I die I'm takin' you with me so come and get me
In my chest yo' bullets'll never hit me, I'm vested up
Touchin' talneshee nigga that's what's up

We demand respect, 'cuz y'all niggas rookies
Don't make us act like cookie monster and take a niggas cookies
No limit boyz rowdy and we don't give a fuck
C-Murder in dis bitch throw yo' fuckin' hoods up

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What! yo, tell liberty there's' some girl out here for her

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I'm ready willin' and able to ride at any cause
Down to spark feelin' I'm pedo and I'm from boat
Chokin' bitches with their weaves I'm all up in their throat
I suggest you think about it, 'cuz you don't really know, what!

I can care less about yo' rep up in the streets
I got peeps in the streets that'll automatic sweep
No limit mommies, only fooled by the baby face
I'm not diggin' yo man I'm just thuggin' for Benjamins

So stop the hatin' increase the radio cake
I'm not familiar with you why you tryin' to debate
I'm in a light green laid back mirror glass tinted
You better keep yo' day job you'll never be in it

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