No Limit Soldiers

TRU

[master p]
Whazzup with all y'all tru niggaz
Uuhhh, at ease!
And truettes
Rest of my soldiers out there, kevin miller
This ya motherfuckin colonel
Rest in peace tupac
Of the motherfuckin team
And all y'all up there soldiers
Whazzup big boz, nigga!
Master p
I got see-murder with me
T-scot
L.d.
Silkk the shocker
Big mo
Gangsta t
And you know what?
Big man
We no limit soldiers -- I thought I told ya (repeat 6x)
Mr. serv on
Mia x
Klc
Mo b. dick
Craig be
Hope nigga!
So bitch get ya mind right -- I thought I told ya (repeat 2x)
Kane and abel
Skull duggery
We no limit soldiers -- I thought I told ya (repeat 2x)
T-are-you
All y'all motherfuckin tru soldiers
Verse one: master p
Nigga, I'm bustin me locs, but I'm hittin em down with jokes
Y'all niggaz on the rope, got your hoe on da scope
Bitches watching me, jockin me, nigga blockin me, cockin me
Cause I'm the hardest motherfucker, out here rockin
I got the game in shades, got the niggaz in blades
I got them hoes on a raid, because the nigga gettin paid
I've got, niggaz from coast, slangin my dope
Got niggaz and g's, and rollin keys keys to record sto's
Get paid wit fatals, niggaz harder than cato
Nigga turnin the tables, but niggaz livin like potatoes
Get chopped up in game, niggaz runnin my name
Master p up in chain, is he dead he's a man
But I be bustin, hustlin, niggaz ain't trustin
I'm a soldier, that's why niggaz ain't trustin
No bitch or no nigga, hoe or no sucka
Fiend or no clucker, but ready to hustle
With boulders, bigga than yo' shoulders
Runnin from the rollers, gone on that doja
Cause cowards despise, soldiers we ride
Killers with attitudes, but ready to die
Cause chickens get plucked, hoes get fucked
Turkeys get stuck, and niggaz get cuffed
Ready for combat, my gat with my hard hat
Strapped with my crew and my niggaz and all that

Down for whatever, niggaz straight rowdy
Ask any motherfucker in america they'll tell ya, we bout it
Soldiers out there tech, bustin don't think
Lose ya life if you blink
Fuckin with them soldiers on the tank, cause
Chorus: master p
We no limit soldiers -- I thought I told ya (repeat 8x)
Verse two: silkk the shocker
Let's get ready to rumble, them niggaz stumble
Hit em with left blows
Fuck it got death blows
Ready to got to war? let's go!
We killas and realas, drug dealers and killers, fuck it
No limit soldiers, close your eyes
Now picture me foldin dollar bills
I stay fuckin tru, nigga fuck it, nigga do ya
Nigga I come to life and I scare all y'all bustas like freddy kruger
Gangstafied nigga, true to the game nigga
Stay fuckin pullin triggas, fuck up all y'all niggaz
Cause I'm so fuckin t-are-you, representin I thought you knew
Cause killas killas killas
That's all I be around, nigga fuckin fool
About face, this no limit soldier
One to the two to the three (hah hah)
Nigga I tried to told ya
Everybody quiet.... while I load up this rifle (attention!)
Now all my soldiers start fightin
It's time -- to go deep cover
Get to whoopin like danny glover, smother like jelly
Really, go deep like jim kelly
Fuck it, all y'all bustas open up y'all belly
Think we playin bitch, well we ain't
I heard we had drama motherfucker
Put up the benz and now we drive the tank
Cause all I want to be was a soldier
All I want to be was a soldier, soldier
Chorus 1/2
Verse three: see-murder
I'm a no limit motherfuckin soldier till I die
We run this place, and I say the same shit, with a gun up in my face
I ain't scared to die, bitch like I said before, hoe
3rd ward, I'm from that motherfuckin calliope
Projects supported worldwide by drug dealers
Transformin wimpy ass niggaz into killers
Taking over, worldwide, doin shows oversea
Bringing bitches to the telly, put them hoes upon they knees
Gangstafied, like my motherfuckin homies kane and abel
No limit, the world's number one fuckin rap label (worldwide)
Competition get smoked like we smokin blunts
I take a playa hata and knock out his fuckin fronts
Dope slanga, now I'm slangin cd's
A million records (platinum), it used to be some quarter keys
Tru tattooed on my back bitch that's my click
Ready to hop into some motherfuckin gangsta shit
I say no limit loud, cause we ain't scared of nobody
Organized by p or should I say, john gotti
Real niggaz, put ya guns up if ya feel me
But if ya talk shit, bitch ya betta kill me
Like skull I'm a hoodlum 4 life, I told ya
We be some motherfuckin no limit tru soldiers
Chorus 1/2
Verse four: mia x
Hard times got my mind on cock, and massive thoughts be the plot

Top priorities the family dope and royalty
My loyalty, fiends with a gang of true niggaz
No colors, just a bunch of ignorant motherfuckers
Trust my pen is an infa-red
Hollow-tips be my lyrics dipped in venom when I send em
They split ya head (pssssh) wide open
My rhymes on fire blood, but you can't smoke ne'er a one
Don't try to come, don't even touch the mic
My shit so tight, it's more correct than right, when I recite
Absolutely, you booty-ass hoes and niggaz
Perpetratin behind water gun triggers
Hurry up and figure out that studio gotti's catch hotties to the mouth
Who got that clout, don't act surprised cause it's that bitch from the south
Mia x hoes, you don't want no problems
Get so much respect, even yo' niggaz call me momma, the biggest one
To come stompin out the n.o., the crescent
Testin, chin-checkin, wreckin when I'm flexin on your whole crew
Who wants to go to war with this lyrical arsenist
Ya talkin shit, I'll having ya runnin for the thesaurus, cause I'm walkin wi
t
The big dogs without hesitation, unlady like as ever
Full of, verbal annhilation
Escaping, po-po's chasin, want ta catch me but they cain't
I made em think, and now they too scared to run up on the tank
No limit, you can start it, but we niggaz is the hardest
To deal wit, keeps the steel, and the plastics to peel wit
In reach, so we can touch yo' ass
And leave a bout it scarf on ya face, we soldiers
Chorus 3/4
I thought I told ya
Tru niggaz wave ya guns, show ya tattoos
Soldiers foe life nigga
Jumpin off the tank
Stay true to the gizame

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