

# No Limit (G)

Usher

Yeah I meant what I said on the first one  
Not long then I'm comin' with the new one  
Yeah I know, y'all been waitin' for a minute  
That's what I do, keep it no limit  
G-Mix! Yep yep, Ursher baby  
Yeah, yeah

Make you say uh, no limit  
T Scott and Master P with me, no limit baby  
2 Chainz and Gucci mane, no limit  
Yeah, Eastside Ferg, not the re but the G-Mix  
There's no limit baby  
Make you say uh, no limit  
I C-Mu-Mu-Murder that, no limit baby  
Give you that ghetto D girl, no limit  
Just know when you roll with a nigga like me  
There's no limit baby, G-Mix

More money, more bitches gon' love ya  
I got the hook up, it's nothin'  
I park the Phantom, we fuckin', I told her friend that we wasn't  
I told her man that we cousins  
I made this remix for Usher, did it for Travis and hustlin'  
I gave the game to my youngsters  
I showed 'em how to get paper  
We takin' trips to Jamaica  
I've been bout it bout it, since "Bout It, Bout It"  
Bad bitches gon' come up out it  
We ain't even gotta talk about it  
No Limit boys get rowdy-rowdy  
Shawty bad, I won't try that  
Say she want it, I'ma buy that  
All this ice get them panties wet  
Ughhh, it'll ride that  
G-Mix, yeah yeah

Silkk The Shocker with the bandana tied sideways (yeah)  
Master P, no gold teeth, I got the diamonds in it  
I've been minding my business, you've been minding mine  
If the love has no limit, why your ass decline? (straight up)  
All these cell phone minutes, all these written rhymes (yeah, yeah)  
Just one thing to make this finish if you cross the line (yeah)  
Eat, sleep, fuck, sleep, fuck  
Yeah, all day, that's my baby (yeah)  
She private, party, to keep me, started  
Baby, party, these diamonds, cost forty  
All this money gotta count for something (yeah)  
Keep that shit no limit, fuck 100 (straight up)

Make you say uh, no limit  
Got that Master P, no limit baby  
Give you that black card, no limit (yep yep)  
2 Chainz, hold up, Tity Boi  
There's no limit baby

Okay you're fine, shawty you know that you're fine  
I pull you out of the line

Then I recline, I put it right in your spine  
I make you smile all the time  
I pour you wine, I'm puttin' Act' into mine  
I take it back like rewind  
I take you back, put you in back of the Bach  
I got my hand on your thighs  
I am the ice cream man, no limit  
Pull up in a two seater with four women baby  
Mouth full of golds, lick you from your head to your toes  
All these lame dudes get exposed  
Only the real, I give an F how you feel  
I spent a check on these clothes  
I make a wish on a rose, I got the stars on the roof  
I am a dog, I go woof  
I am the shit, I am the Pepe Le Pew  
I got a rep in the crew  
I got a plan with a partna, I got her out of the Honda  
I just might get her a tank  
I give a fuck what you think  
Takin' selfies in the bank

I'm Silkk The Shocker, clothes designer, Fendi, Prada  
Mama got the illest nana  
Beat it proper, eat it up just like desire  
Make me holler "oh my God"  
Mommy, daddy, but I'm father from her father  
Smoke the coochie up like marijuana  
Do the honors, long as she mow the lawn up  
Make her scream like "uhhh"  
I'm the new Dave P Miller, yeah  
Might ball in that chinchilla, ay  
Probably try out for the A, ay  
Cause I score more than these niggas, ay  
Remember them TV dinners  
And never go to Nevel's for the mean dinner, ay  
I'ma go with the grilled steak, ay  
Swear it feel good to be richer

Make you say uh, no limit  
Got that Master P, no limit baby  
If I give you that black card, better show me, no limit  
Just know right now it's the G-Mix  
There's no limit baby

I done fucked with this one and that one, a white one, a black one  
I've been there and done that now I ain't even on that  
But these hoes ain't on shit anyway  
And at the end of the day man I don't even want that  
I lucked up then I fucked up and we broke up  
Then we made up but I got locked back up  
But it ain't how you fall, it's how you get right back up  
I'm a one man army and my bitch my back up  
Now it's sit ups, pull ups, drips, and push ups  
Thinkin' bout the one who kept it triller  
That's my chick, she kept it realer  
None of these hoes ain't fuckin' with her  
You my private soldier mama, can I call you meal?  
It's truly ain't no limit bae and I can't wait to see you  
Everything you think you want, know I can't wait to give  
Let's lay a rock solid foundation bae cause I just wanna build  
Your wildest dreams and fantasies, the way that you should live  
Like Master P with golden ceilings babe and diamond chandeliers

Make you say uh, no limit  
She put that Master P on me, no limit baby  
Got her sitting court side, no limit  
Just know how it go if you put it on me  
There's no limit baby  
Make you say uh, no limit  
I C-Mu-Mu-Mu-Murder that, no limit baby  
Give you that ghetto D girl, no limit  
Just know when you call and request it  
Y'all asked for the G-Mix