

504 Boyz, Yeah Yeah

(feat. Slay Sean, Young Blaze)

Yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah

[Master P]

Check my status, then check my name
You want to win give me the ball, the last play of the game
Cause I'm a big time baller, shot caller
From Uptown, got a house and a quarter
You wanna fight me, then bite me
Stop tripping cause your baby mama like me
We roll Benzes, Beamers, Ferraris
Then we smoked out our band new parlay
I'm like Randy Moss, throw me a pass
I'm like Belvin Davis, bout to bust your ass
Call me Austin Powers, cause I leave you groovy
I ain't R. Kelly, don't make no movies
But I'll freak you, won't beat you
You buck then I'll be the preacher
We in it, we winning
They can't stop the New No Limit

[Chorus: Slay Sean - 2x]

You wanna be me, we off the heezy
Catch me on the block, black V-Tweezy
You see the rims spinning, yeah we still winning
Who we be, the New No Limit

[Slay Sean]

Fresh out the hood daddy, look at the wood daddy
You see the neck you see the wrist, that's mad karats
Dog I'm past average, my lifestyle's lavish
Ya'll can keep the hood, I'm bout to jump it off in Paris
I got a lot of habits, love stacking cabbage
You ain't no where near my level son, don't get embarrassed
We push the hottest whips, we on that baller shit
We cop our jewels like rat, give me all of this
Bout that foolishness, bitch like a Jewish kid
I'm that dude in the club, with the bluest wrist
My whole crew is thick, you can not fool with this
I'm bout my paper, and I don't plan on losing it

[Chorus - 2x]

[Young Blaze]

Hey yo it's still me Young Blaze, still in the mix
You could catch me in a six lil one, still in the bricks
In that 5-0-4 flip it, drop the O
And you left with that four-fifth, cocked at your do'
I'm country so I talk slow, walk even slower
Sip henny in a pickle jar, chickens in a Rover
Yes sir, got Seawoodson's on the truck grinning
Like if I could stop blinking, maybe they could stop spinning

[Chorus - 2x]