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]