

# Master P, Back Up Off Me

Uh, ah, da  
(Are you ready for this) Err  
The Ice Cream Man  
(Are you ready for this)  
It's bad like my high  
(Are you ready for this)  
ERRR, my No Limit Soldiers, trademark  
Get em' up ugh, show ya domes, T-R-U  
We TRU, ugh, ugh  
Time to go to war, ugh

(Master P)  
I'm posted up on the block, got these killers runnin' you sick of this  
And chicken nuts, niggas slangin' with cuts  
Ready to bust on you cluckers  
On you niggas that sick cause we sicker  
Niggas slangin' flickers  
I'm in the projects ballin' with my niggas  
I'm hustlin' quarters and thirty sacks  
Niggas ain't fuckin' with dirty sacks  
I'm hustlin' I got those ball sacks  
But y'all niggas don't know that  
I'm the mad killer, murder, lunatic  
You fuckin' with a nigga that don't give a fuck about you  
Or your bitch cause I'll go like psycho, ha ha ha  
Like Michael, load this fuckin' rifle  
Start blastin' at bitches motherfucker, yeah cause I'm a psycho  
Out that 3rd ward, Calliope killin' murder  
Lunatic, haven't you heard of a nigga not playin' with a full deck  
Break ya neck, hustle on ya check  
Get cho' get cho' neck broke  
Fuckin' field cats and chat  
No Limit nigga, real nigga, who  
Don't give a fuck when you dead and gone  
Motherfucker you feel my bucks from my chrome

(Hook)  
UGH! back up off me, feel me ugh  
Feel it, back up off me, my trademark  
Ugh, feel it back up off me, ugh

(Master P)  
Gon' pack me with a nigga with no bread  
Nappy head, put chu' in a grave  
Don't give a fuck about chu' niggas, piss on ya forehead  
I'm from that Southside, we kill with that cut rock  
But niggas they slangin' that hoo rock  
But niggas they wanna boo dock, that buddha  
Nigga a quarter, of water  
But y'all niggas late cause I done took over New Orleans  
In the Southside to the Westside to the Eastside to the Northside  
Motherfuckers never realize the young gon' die on the streets  
I'm killin' murder, the lunatic  
Never givin' a fuck, I'm tryin' to make bucks  
Before I leave this truck  
Got these killers watchin' me  
Niggas not pockin' me  
V got that tech nine and Man got that uzi  
Big Boz come with rah rah, niggas with sah sah  
KR hooked up the track so what the fuck y'all didn't realize  
We back to takin' the battle, scattle not rattle  
Get my tic tac and make ya motherfuckin' head rattle  
Like an ostrich, nigga you want some sausage  
Meet me in the French Quarter

I'm kickin' it with them 3rd ward hustlers  
And they bout it, niggas we rowdy  
Never givin' a fuck, we started this bout it, bout it  
Now why y'all sayin' y'all bout it bout it  
Y'all scared of me, yeah y'all scared of me  
Bitch talkin' shit, you and ya bitch I ain't afraid of ya  
I'm hustlin' got them ballers, niggas we smokin' them quarters  
Fiends be dippin' that water but we hustlin' like it ain't no tomorrow

(Hook)

(Master P)

Niggas comin' wicked, fools I'm gon' kick it  
Be whippin' niggas ass like I'm cookin' greasy chicken  
I'll pop off batter but niggas they wanna scatter  
Niggas they talkin' shit, I be runnin' with them 17 round automatics  
Up the trees, watch them niggas freeze  
Don't give a fuck, take off my shirt nigga  
No Limit on my back, back  
But niggas they pullin' that sack, sack  
TRU against my stomach motherfucker how y'all gonna fade that  
The real fuckin' click, ain't no love for y'all dubs  
Niggas think we slangin' dubs  
Nigga we slangin' tapes to you niggas across the world  
Niggas that squirrel, I got that girl  
My lil' partner got boy, got the whirl  
But I don't give a fuck cause I be sick like Suzy  
Take these 32 round clips from my automatic uzi  
Run and duck nigga you fried  
Ain't no love where I'm from, from the outside to the inside  
The projects from uptown to downtown  
To across the river  
Niggas slangin' that dope motherfucker get cho' head twisted  
In the river, you gone, ain't no love meet the chrome  
I be in the project ballin' like the black Al Capone  
And if you come sick you stupid  
Cause my click don't give a fuck cause they ready to shoot shit  
Up but nigga you better duck nigga  
Before you find your body floatin' up the Mississippi River

(Hook repeated to end with various ad-libs)