

Master P, Intro (Ghetto Postage)

(Erica Fox singing to the tune of "star-spangled banner")

Oh, say to the
crooked cops that searchin'
Sees me and my homies(uuuggghhh)
And there's No Limit till we free (ya heard?)
Cause you haters can't stop me

Master P (talking): Can't never! Can't NEVER!
Nigga, I'm delivering the mail! Platinum! (Deliverin' the mail!)
Ghetto postage. To every soldier and soldierette in the ghetto, Cee-lo beats, soldier productions! (H
And all the fakers, we done got rid of em! (They gone)
If it don't say No Limit on the back of their records...(don't f**k with em)
They ain't with us, ya heard? (Don't ask no shit bout it)
All the real niggas, y'all know how it's goin' down. (I ain't f**king wit ya)
We hustlas for life, baby. Hustlas for life. (If they ain't with No Limit...)
I might not get 5 mics... (...then they the enemy. Remember that!)
...but I'm the hottest shit on the streets. (Ain't no coming back, either, Whodie.)
Haha!
(Haha!)
Play them beats and let's ride. NO LIMIT NIGGA!

(And I'mma tell y'all all these old fake-ass niggas out there with these number jobs - or should I say
THIS ONLY FOR THE REAL NIGGAS!)

(Explosion)