

Master P, Playaz From The South

[U.G.k]

Ya, hahaha...Well I been direct, break yo
kneck to get a peep of a TRU 11 goddamn fool. I came to sweep
you off your goddamn feet, now pass that sweet & get back, lookin'
for action, retaliation, that's where that shit at. Click clack
goes that pistol, bullets couldn't win, make a fucked up ass
whistle, you know it's yo dismissal. Now this will nip it in
tha bud, for my brothaz in tha pen, I gots ta bust 2 nuts, nigga
whut? I put it down, keep puttin it down, so I advice hoes to
not fuck around, it's that underground. Bitch you couldn't cut
tha sound, would blow up, hold up, wrong move, but it's time
to call tha first family to handle these niggaz. Cuz we all
tha work, you bitch niggaz made your eyez burn, I'm fo sure that
these G'z goin' fo', fo' fo, & blow fo' blow. It's Silkk,
Master P, & U.G.K front door, front row, slow it down hoe, you know?

[Chorus:]

Playaz from tha south stack gee'z, flippin' tight
on that white with that candy on them gold D'z [x4]

[Master P]

Foolz hate tha P cuz I'm bout it {bout it}
got them black soldierz owned & I'm rowdy. Ready to bust on tha
nigga that talkin' shit, I'm bad like J'Sun, but compare me with
them other niggaz, cuz I aaint shrive placin'. Y'all niggaz
gone off that fried black. I had fucked mo' niggaz in tha game
then a quarter bag. I got them thinkin, killin them keyz, I'm
fuckin them devil done deeds, I'm trippin them keyz, tryna' make
this dope into quarter keyz. Ask me where I'm from, New Orleans
{New Orleans} Where them niggaz in tha projects be ballin'
slangin' that Iceberg & Plirens, runnin' from tha sirens{sirens}
Don't know how to completely work, tha fuck how to triple beam.
Eliminate niggaz like Kelgon{Kelgon} if there was a muthafuckin'
band I'd be a Baraton{Baraton}. C tha P is from that muthafuckin'
Calliope{Calliope} where them niggaz who bootin' up & have gold teeth
don't give a fuck bout a hoe{hoe}, & niggaz cuttin' on that wata
wata{wata wata}. We bout it bout it, don't give a fuck bout seeing
no muthafuckin' tomorrow, & won't stop, send me to tha pen, I won't
stop till them muthafuckin' saints go marchin' in.

[Chorus]

[Silkk]

1-2-3, you know Silkk a G (a G) all about
that muthafuckin' mayo (mayo). Gold on my ride, front back
side 2 side, you know a nigga all about tha sells. I'm in front
of tha nigga that front, nigga ask yo bitch ass to come. I'm
from that 3rd Ward (uptown) in other words I run this shit iight,
chill. For them niggaz that boast, I'll be like Blast 'em (blast em)
WATch tha ground, before it gets full of smoke, & watch how it goes
like faster. Shit aint gonna fuckin' change nigga, I think not,
cuz I be on tha same block, same house, same spot, same glock, but
more rock. Fuck whut ya heard, recognize whut I be sayin', but y'all
I aint never gonna die, so when U.G.K, Master P, & I be Down South
Hustlin', I wasn't surprised. Cuz I be tha man ta stand, I'm
bound ta make a mil. Whoomp there it is, y'all haven't heard, but
y'all bitches will. Believe me, I got 2 for 3, 4 for 5, hollah
at ya boy if ya need, & bitch I'm out (fading)

[chorus]

[Pimp C]

Now do you blame me? A sweet for every
bitch that I fuck, you have to bring 4 18 wheelers, fill em from

back to front. I'm Pimp C bitch, ain't no mistakin', niggaz
tryin' to get tha cheeze, but bitch I be gettin' bacon. Would
it candy just an every day thang rubb'n butt, because you like
tha way that my 5 wheel & my wheel look. Cuz I be comin' down,
cuz my heart be TRU, I'm fuckin' ya boo, gettin' a screw, nigga
whut up wit choo? I lived & wept fo ya nigga he had it comin'.
I represent my shit, cuz nigga I can't be no harder, & just
because we do popo, bitches be thankin' we don't have a fuckin'
pocket full of stones. A drug deala with killaz, sip syrup
with murderaz, put food in my mouth incase you bitches ain't
heard of us. Nigga, I live for tha bush, I live for tha crush,
I'm down with rich & royal muthafuckin' flush, whut?? Ya,
tha muthafuckin' organize noise boy, wassup?

[chorus]

[Pimp C in background talkin]