

# Master P, Playaz From The South

[U.G.k]

Ya, hahaha...Well I been direct, break yo  
knee 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]