

Master P, Who Them Boyz

(Intro)

(Muther fucking King of Crunk and the don of rowdy music nigga) YYYEEEEAAHHHH
Hey(Hey) Lil Jon(Lil Jon) Master P(Master P)

New no limit bme click (Whatx7) Me and my muther fucking boyz in the club tonight. We dont give

(/Intro)

(Chorus)

Who them boyz? (Fuck them boyz)
You know them boyz? (Fuck them boyz)
Who them boyz? (Fuck them boyz)
Yeah I know them boyz. (Fuck them boyz)
Who them boyz? (Fuck them boyz)
You know them boyz? (Fuck them boyz)
Who them boyz? (Fuck them boyz)
Yeah I know them boyz. (Fuck them boyz)

(/Chorus)

(Verse 1)

Im from uptown New Orleans. Straight out the hood.
I jumped off the spinners saying I wish you would.
Nigga walked up on me mean-mugging talking shit. (What!)
I dont know this muther fucker I probably done fucked his bitch.
Eyes hella red I just smoked me a nickel.
I aint feelin this shit I put my hand on my pickel.
The nigga started steamin but Im cool as a fan.
He wanna throw em up but I got a gat in my pants.
Im throwed off nigga, missing a few screws.
And I dont give a fuck about putting yo ass on the news.
And if you aint from my hood you know you could get it.
We roll hella deep niggas screamin NO LIMIT
Im a thug nigga I lean when I walk
My favorite drink is that Incredible Hulk (Huuughhhh)
Im a soldia and Im ready to ride
We got beef we could take it outside

(/Verse 1)

Chorus

(Verse 2)

We ridin dirty smokin windows tinted
Run up on the lac' this aint a movie but this the endin
I gotta nigga rollin with me name Oozy
We stop on the block and this boy aint choosy
The first one we see better break me off
And if yo shoes too big, Take the muther fuckers off
[Straight gutter, straight rugged rugged raw, wicked like you never saw, lets go to war] (UGGHH!)
[If talkin hell is hot my change is 50/50, If I die Im takin you with me So come and get me, In my ch
(WHAT!) [Touchin Talneshee nigga thats whats up]
We demand respect, Cuz yall niggas rookies
Dont make us act like cookie monster 'n take a niggas cookies
(UNGH!) No limit boyz rowdy and we dont give a fuck
C-Murder in dis bitch thro yo fuckin hoods up

(/Verse 2)

Chorus

(Verse 3)

(What!) Yo, tell Liberty theres some girl out here for her

Who them girlz? (Fuck them girlz)
You know them girlz? (Fuck them girlz)
Who them girlz? (Fuck them girlz)
Yeah I know them girlz. (Fuck them boyz)
Who them girlz? (Fuck them girlz)
You know them girlz? (Fuck them girlz)
Who them girlz? (Fuck them girlz)
Yeah I know them girlz. (Fuck them girlz)

Im ready willing and able to ride at any cause
Down to spark feelin Im Pedo and Im from boat
Chokin bitches with their weaves Im all up in their throat
I suggest you think about it cuz you dont really know (What!)
I can care less about yo rep up in the streets
I got peeps in the streets that'll automatic sweep
No limit mommies only fooled by the baby face
Im not diggin yo man Im just thuggin for benjamins
So stop the hatin increase the radio cake
Im not familiar with you why you tryin to debate
Im in a light green laid back mirror glass tinted
You better keep yo day job youll never be in it

Who them girlz? (Fuck them girlz)
You know them girlz? (Fuck them girlz)
Who them girlz? (Fuck them girlz)
Yeah I know them girlz (Fuck them girlz)

Who them boyz? (Fuck them boyz)
You know them boyz? (Fuck them boyz)
Who them boyz? (Fuck them boyz)
Yeah I know them boyz. (Fuck them boyz..boyz..boyz)