# C-Murder, Akickdoe!

#### [Master P]

Yo C-Murder Nigga you woke?

Keep your eyes on the rollers nigga.

Pass the weed (ok)

We gon' head up interstate 10

We gon' pick up Pimp C, and Bun B (that's my niggas there)

We gon' get rowdy rowdy and bout it bout it

We gon' handle our business

We gon' smoke

We gon' make it back to the N.O.

'cause u know whut?

Us South niggaz don't playa hate

We got love from the South, East, West, to the Nizorth

But it's your time baby

We gon' handle our business

And we gonna do this shit like g'z

We gonna represent the gizame

Ya heard me?

# [Pimp C]

This game f\*\*ked up I ain't got no friends

I done spend my last 70,000 dollars on a drop-top bienz

Ugh, and I'm a real nigga

Down to put a forty-five to his hilfiger

Lay it down muthaf\*\*ka because I'm bustin' for mine

Take them out everytime and I ain't try to dine

Niggaz dyin' port authur (huh nigga what?)

Thank that I'm playin? (huh nigga what?)

Bust 17 times and let 'em feel what I'm sayin'

**UGK** and C-Murder

Cadillac and a Tank (Master P)

Bout to fade the platinum

Smoke some dank and some drank

But bitch luv me when I come to your city

Serve my dick out her pussy

and bust my nuts on her tittles

Ugh, it's just a matter of time before I'm up in your house

With my mask on my face and my thang in your mouth

Now get your mind right nigga (mind right)

and make a pimp bitch

and never put trust in a trick ass bitch

[chorus x4]

I'm fingida pull akickdoe! (ugggggggghhhhhh!)

Lay down on the flo' (flo')

Want the cheese and the money or everybody gotta go (gotta go)

#### [Bun B]

They try to run up in the manger (run up)

Now hold oon Bun B

I see me P and C in danger (danger) Just like the ATF, HPD, and Texas Rangers

F\*\*kin' with me and my middle fanga.

But to this shit nigga we ain't strangers

But I Gotta bust my magnums

Gotta gage these pistols

Hand grenades, and land mines

chopper smoke bombs and missiles

Some of them bitches whistle

Some of them bitches silent
But all them bitches handle business
All of them violent
Bout it bout it and dangerous
soldiers that wanna gang with us
Bang with us, hang with us
get that No Limit slang with us

I came to bust every ass in my way till it's over so get the chip off your shoulder fix your lip I done told yah we own 5 on your bitch in your bumpin' conflicts Nigga I can see that you got plicked Sit down and take a time trip this ain't nothin' ta sneeze at the fear in your eyes I see bitch where's the key's & amp; amp; g'z at?

# [chorus x2]

## [C-Murder]

Lay it down muthaf\*\*ka
Everybody gotta go
Give me the loot is what I tell 'em
When I kick in the doe'
Nigga I'm mad at the world
for my lack of havin' papers
F\*\*k the law and the cops
'cause I'm down for a caper

#### [Master P]

Some say we dangerous
Especially when we broke
I'm mo daily than a dope fiend fiendin' for dope
I just live for confetti
You see I'm deadly like Freddy
I run through your house and leave it messy like messy

#### [C-Murder]

I got to much stress in my head
I wanna take my own life
My last chance is a 211
But it got me thankin' twicee
It's a drought right now
So these drugs ain't happenin'
And if it wasn't for No Limit
there would be no money or rapping.

## [Master P]

You see my boy had a bumper full of keyz and g'z The word on the street is his homie told his baby momma to freeze! You see you can't trust nobody in this dope game keep your eyez on your enemies Stack some chips and get out man.

## [C-Murder]

Give me a ski-mask, a 9 I'll be a down ass nigga And watch me pull a flee-flicker
And make my cheese get bigger
If I get caught it's 25, but that don't mean shit
'cause if I go to jail it's gotta be better than living like this
Nigga 2 shots in the air
'cause I ain't bout bein' broke
And if you bout i make a move
nigga, everybody gotta go
Just some bout it niggaz from New Orleans
With tapes hooked up
C-Murder, Master P, and UGK
Now Nigga what?

[chorus till fade]