Master P, Act A Fool

[Intro]
Yeah nega I'm going rep this motherfucking No Limit to I D.I.E
Check this out nigga
I could gave a FUCK what a nigga gotta say about me
I could gave a FUCK what the media gotta say about me
Nigga I ain't got no motherfucking english
I'm from the hood
And you know what?
If a motherfucker come at me they better come right (you heeeard me?)

[Chorus x 16]

Don't make me act a fool (what!)

[Verse 1]
Still posted on the block
Still slangin that coke
Still runnin from the cops
Still lettin those bitches know
Still fuckin with your made
Beause blowin that ganja
Uptown New Orleans is where them thugs gonna find me
Rolling with those head bustas
My niggaz spliting wigs
A couple fucking g's nigga it can get did
Straight from the hood
And I represent the street
Send money to the pen
Still fucking with C (okay!)
R.I.P. to the niggaz in the motherfucking dirt
When I look into their momma's eyes I still see the hurt
What a nigga supposed to do when his boy get shot?
Put the bullets in the can and let that motherfucker pop

[Chorus x 16]

[Verse 3]
Thug girls, I put my name on them
Me and Jon's like the Lakers
Going for three rings in the game on them
We ain't done til it's a dun-dadda
And I got my own lable so fuck Gucci and Prada nigga
I'm underated like Sam Cassell
But when the playoffs come nigga I'm gunna be there
Can't fall off because a nigga ain't average
Fuck the I.R.S. a nigga still got cabbage
Know how to play the game because the nigga is a baller
Lil Jon with the beat (jeah!) and now them hoes wanna call ya
I ain't Michael Jackson the P won't quit
I'd rather be judged by 12 than carried by 6

[Chorus x 16]

[Verse 4]
I still walk through the hood by motherfucking myself
And if I have some beef nigga I don't need know help
A nega ain't Puffy and a nigga ain't Ma$e
So give me 50-feet before I catch a fuckin case, nigga
We ain't going to the Grammys
Find us on the block posted up slangin motherfucking wammies
Still thuged out with the white tees fuck-a-nigga who don't like me
I got nine biscuits for the dog that try to bite me
I'm still rowdy
Nigga I'm still bouty

Still got them bouncing in the clubs
And the hoes still talk about me
Ten years later nigga I'm still in the game
Y'all thought after 400$ mill a nigga would change?

[Chorus x 16]