

Master P, Bout That Drama

[Featuring Silkk The Shocker]

Silkk Wassup fool?

Silkk We gonna do this like real muthafuckin' g's.

Silkk Time to take two in your fuckin' back

Master P Young Silkk the shocker in this bitch

Master P Bout that drama

Master P No Limit

[Silkk]

Niggas must wanna fuckin' die bitch

Talkin' that muthafuckin' shit

I run with TRU

I gives a fuck about who you run with

Bitch we run this shit

Nigga it be No Limit for life

Across my stomach

Runnin' is a bitch for the simple fact that I got drug money

Got it for fifteen g's or more

I ain't stretchen out upon the floor

I want that cash in that bag

Then Im'a dash

I want that cash, and that dope

It ain't no luv in this bitch

I got a slug for a trick

It's '95 my nigga, but I be livin' large and rich

Gotta break 'em off the plastic

Have them face down closed casket

You niggas should never start that shit with a semi-automatic

Stuff them niggas, freeze, show em my degrees

I want them keys up in the lexus, bloody trail but police can't catch me

Nigga wassup? (Murder)

Fool

Gettin' high up off that indo

Niggas gettin' high 'n rich and bend low

Cock with a glock

Pop once to them low

Nigga fade me

Think I'm crazy?

Nigga, I do this shit daily

I'm bout that drama

[Master P chorus]

I'm bout that drama, I'm bout that drama

No Limit niggas ready to kill

We bout that drama

We bout that drama bitch

No Limit niggas are bout that drama

That drama

drama

We bout that drama

Givin' niggas one way tickets to the bahamas

[Silkk]

Bitch I been about that drama

Nigga, this shit ain't gon' fuckin' stop

My bullets ain't got no name

and plus my trigga ain't gots no heart

Freeze

You niggas better duck

I'm quick as fuck

Nigga I'm rollin' in this fuckin' cutlass

I gives a fuck bitch

Nigga I falls for that bitch and ducks this

nigga don't need to run though

Cuz I'm knockin' everything up off the front porch

With this gat 1-1-0

Nigga watch straight street sweeper
Watchin' the block
and the glock cock
Nigga, boz with that shot your dome
It be known I'm from the southside
Bitch you thought wrong,
I stick and move with this pistol grip
I see you bleedin' tryna' get to the phone
Call 9-1-1
But to late, you caught up in a 1-8-7
Stretched out on the stretcher
Can't catch me bitch I'm to smooth
Bullets to the dome, and I'm on and cool
How you gon' catch me when the police ain't got no evidence
I represent
I bet you I get dead presidents
Before I die I'm bust more fly
For '97 P and Silkk gon' sell a billion.
Master P chorus and talking