

Master P, Hoody Hoo

(Master P)

Don't make me call the dogs (use my ghetto code)

Oh, we got beef? (Hoody Hoo)

I represent the dirty south

For all my thugs and thugettes out there

To the world

Get rowdy rowdy, bout it bout it (Where they at?)

Where the tru thugs at?

4 or 5 hummers, Burban, Jag for the summer

SS sittin 20's but I ain't no muthafuckin stunter

Grab the gat, where they at, rat-tat-tat-tat

I represent the 3rd ward

You a rookie, I'm a vet, you the captain, I'm the crunch

You got that dinner, I got the lunch, hit the weed, pass the blunts

Your eyes red, you got the munchies

How you like me now, gold teeth when I smile

Try to take me out the ghetto but I'm still buckwild

(Chorus)

So buckle up nigga, knuckle up nigga

(Hoody Hoo!) That's the code for them killas

(Hoody Hoo!) Buckle up, knuckle up (What you wanna do?)

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(Hoody Hoo!) Buckle up, knuckle up (What you wanna do?)

(Silkk the Shocker)

One for the money, two for the show

Three for my niggaz, four to go

When I hear hoody hoo it's time to ride

Let nothin slide, let nothin go

If you bout your paper then scream (Hoody Hoo!)

If you don't fuck with them haters scream (Hoody Hoo!)

If you about big thangs then scream (Hoody Hoo!)

If about havin thangs the scream (Hoody Hoo!)

(Master P)

Whoa, hold on lil daddy, watch my feet

I know you gettin rowdy and everything

KL, bring that beat back

(Silkk the Shocker)

Drop the hot shit

So I can cop the new shit, the blue six

Niggaz hatin these days

So guess what, I bulletproofed it

N-O-L-I-M-I to the T nigga

TRU is who we be nigga

Then scream if you with me nigga

(Chorus)

(C-Murder)

Straight from the South, got them golds in my mouth

Converse on my feet

Thug girls bounce dat ass to the beat

We be No Limit niggaz, and we rowdy

We come to the club and get the motherfucker wildin

Fuck, I been to the streets

Rest in peace to my peeps

Stay at home if you weak, gotta hustle just to eat

And the pound put it down, all them girls can't tell

TRU niggaz make mail, all them haters go to hell
Throw 'em up Uptown, all the way to Downtown
You might get clowned, so you better pack a round
TRU niggaz want it all, we gon' ball till we fall
Put my tank on the wall, Hoody Hoo be call, nigga

(Chorus to fade)