

# Master P, Represent

[Master P \*talking\*]

(oh ooh) don't be scared

haha, ain't no limit soldiers... (oh ooh)

... til I D-I-E

C-P-3 (represent it, ya heard me!) (oh ooh)

[Master P]

Represent yo hood, boy, tell me where you from (oh ooh)

We gon get this bitch crunked and we gon tear the club up

Represent yo hood, boy, tell me where you from (oh ooh)

We got this bitch crunked and we gon tear the club up

say - I don't give f\*\*k nigga, he don't give a f\*\*k nigga

She don't give a f\*\*k, we gon tear the club up

say - I don't give a f\*\*k nigga, they don't give a f\*\*k nigga

We don't give a f\*\*k and we gon tear the club up

[Master P]

I was born to be a hustler, they labeled me a dealer

Say I grew up to be a killer, like my daddy Percy Miller

Me and Cleo smoking weed, say the whole family cursed me

C-Murder innocent, (ughh) but these niggas wanna see him hurt

So f\*\*k y'all Crease, he just wanna be famous

He mad 'cause he dough and we some rich entertainers

So represent yo hood, we back on the grind

We gon get this bitch crunked like it's 1999

So holla at me, whody, he's the one who b's

Trow ya middlefingers up to the ponk police

Than pass me the gumble, (oh ooh) We gon get it to the flo

I ain't Lil Jon but I make them hoes +Get Low+

And make them thugs say f\*\*k y'all, ain't we gon touch y'all

I'm just a predator that straight gon cut y'all

Grab it - than take me to the booth

tell the DJ to play this 'cause he f\*\*king with my lout

[Chorus]

Man - I don't give a f\*\*k (oh ooh)

We don't give a f\*\*k (oh ooh)

They don't give a f\*\*k and we gon tear the club up

Say - I don't give a f\*\*k (oh ooh)

We don't give a f\*\*k (oh ooh)

They don't give a f\*\*k and we gon tear the club up

Fake niggas (buck em up)

Fake hoes (buck em up)

No Limit in this bitch (ughh) and we gone tear the club up

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Fake hoes (buck em up)

No Limit in this bitch (ughh) and we gone tear the club up

[Master P]

So duck down, nigga, y'all ready be ready

Me and Silkk come to this bitch, like Jason and Freddy

Look at what y'all did, I was trying to be good

Y'all made me leave the hills and come back to the woods

I'ma blaze like Derreck Anderson, turn green like a hawk

Wild out in the club and make a nigga pop that crunk

I'm a No Limit Soldier, the party is in the crew

They may take my gold tooth but they can't f\*\*k with my tattoos

I got a good heart, some bad friends, thats why we grap ten

But a nigga ain't scared to die, do life in the pen

Real niggas don't change when they hit the f\*\*king block

Nigga, free C-Murder, come back so I got ya

I'ma ride with my niggas, I'ma die with my niggas  
I ain't roll I light em, so I'ma get high with my niggas  
And my cousin came home from jail, man, that boy say he changed  
He a motherf\*\*king liar, heard he rollin with the Feds

[Chorus]

Man - I don't give a f\*\*k (oh ooh)  
We don't give a f\*\*k (oh ooh)  
They don't give a f\*\*k and we gon tear the club up  
Say - I don't give a f\*\*k (oh ooh)  
We don't give a f\*\*k (oh ooh)  
They don't give a f\*\*k and we gon tear the club up

Fake niggas (buck em up)  
Fake hoes (buck em up)  
No Limit in this bitch (ughh) and we gone tear the club up  
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Fake hoes (buck em up)  
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[Silkk]

Say you, whody, naw nigga I ain't talk on rap  
Bring it to ya crip, let him live let him talk about that  
I'd rather turn my back on em, than get the gat for em  
I got the game all twisted, nigga, lets twist it back for ya  
They label me a gangsta, thats how I was, thats how I will be  
And it's simple, I can't let no bitch nigga kill me  
For real, P - Fo real we  
Live a hell of a life-style but we still creep  
Got a couple niggas go, but we still deep  
Now I got a movie for y'all niggas, who like to act  
I'm great with my hands, I'm like Roy Jones with a gat  
I'm real a - great hussler, I'm a hyke with rap  
(Master P: Nigga, we going triple platinum) Treu, I'ma aight with that  
Been in the east and the west, laid back with the players  
(...) and P.Miller jump off all type of flavours  
You know - yeah, I turn my back to them haters  
I got a lot to say to them fake pigeons, but I get back to em later  
Now I just - gotta be real with it, left the project but I still visit  
F\*\*k rappers that wanna f\*\*k with my cousin, he still can get it  
So don't make me have to touch you - cut your five fingers off  
Four I gotta keep the middle, now tell em "f\*\*k you"  
And scream (oh ooh) if you know you the hardest  
If I ain't the one fighting, I'm just trying to get the fight started

[Chorus]

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