

# Master P, Say Brah

(feat. Mac)

[Master P talking:]

Say Brah,  
I got to say wassup to all the soldiers and soldierettes  
and to this district system free Soulja Slim  
cause they jocking our style ya heard me?

[Chorus: Mac (Master P)]

Say Brah (No Limit)  
Say Brah (No Limit)  
Will you please get up out they way brah? (No Limit)

Say Brah (No Limit)  
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Say Brah (No Limit)  
Say Brah (No Limit)  
Will you please get up out they way brah? (No Limit)

What you bout? I'm bout war  
What you bout? I'm bout war

[Verse 1: (Mac)]

Say Brah  
You fake thugs best to get out the way brah  
You wanna stop the tank you better pray brah  
I'm a tiger, my flow be deadly just like a kabra  
get to bustin', old folks be hustlin', talking bout hey  
Don't you fuck with him wodie he ain't afraid to spray brah  
His little partners come through with choppers in broad day brah  
Niggas like 50 Dollars and Fiend,  
niggas like Magic Wiz, Woo, Ween, and my auntie B  
Tell them fakers we back and there ain't no stoppin my niggas  
bezzled up a few haters and Feds watching my niggas  
and we on the grind, in '99 we let you all shine  
now that army is back so I'm back taking what's mine  
I'm representing these gold tanks with the ice in it  
hated the likes and shit, these niggas nice with it  
Thugged out, Tru 2 Da Game, livin' up to my name  
so when you the that soldier shit on my frame you holla

[Chorus Mac (Master P):]

Say Brah (No Limit)  
Say Brah (No Limit)  
Will you please get up out they way brah? (No Limit)

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Say Brah (No Limit)  
Say Brah (No Limit)  
Will you please get up out they way brah? (No Limit)

We bout war  
What you bout? I'm bout war  
What you bout? I'm bout war

[Verse 2: Master P]

Hoody Hoo!  
Hey brah I'm cold with it,  
if you don't know me just roll with it  
Ask them hoes about the P  
and where I'm from?, say brah, I'm out that CP3  
Nigga my boys we don't play no games  
cause I roll with head busters and we'll throw them thangs  
now say brah, I really got a Bubble I Hummer  
but say brah, I ain't no motherfucking stunter  
I'm out the streets and I like to shine, say brah  
Ya'll better respect my mind, say brah  
I'm the realest motherfucker you know  
plus I brought a couple of homies wearing golden do-do's  
Say brah, Is you really a soldier?  
Say brah, won't you pass the doulja  
Say brah, do you really want beef?  
and put a million motherfuckers on your street?

[Chrous : Mac (Master P)]

Say Brah (No Limit)  
Say Brah (No Limit)  
Will you please get up out they way brah? (No Limit)

Say Brah (No Limit)  
Say Brah (No Limit)  
Will you please get up out they way brah? (No Limit)

Say Brah (No Limit)  
Say Brah (No Limit)  
Will you please get up out they way brah? (No Limit)

I'm bout war  
What you bout? I'm bout war  
What you bout? I'm bout war