

Master P, Shut It Down

(feat. Slim Thug)

[MP] Slim Thug you ready?

[ST] Geyeah!

[MP] I'm on my way from New Orleans, and I'm comin to Texas

[MP] And we gon' handle this, ya heard?

[ST] Slim Thugga

[MP] Ghetto Bill!

[Chorus 4X: Master P]

Lay it down, lay it down

Tear this motherfucker UP, shut it down

[Master P]

Security couldn't stop us, go see the doctor

Nigga wanna fight I got a motherfuckin chopper

I'm in the back gettin blunted with thugs

Whole city walk through, they give me kisses and hugs

I'm a real motherfucker, I ain't takin no shit

I got golds in my mouth, and ice on my wrist

Homies see me in the club and they tryin to hate

I'm poppin bottles in the club cause I'm hard as a 8

Suckers try to mean mug but they ain't bustin a grape

Get my money from the block flippin quarters and eighths

I'm a No Limit Soldier, motherfucker you heard me

Uptown, Calliope, projects to dirty

65 for birdies, call me you thirsty

I'm a legend in the hood like the boy James Worthy

You ain't a soldier motherfucker keep steppin

Turn a, 211 to a 187 - yeah

[Chorus]

[Slim Thug]

Slim Thuggahhhh

Boys gotta lay it down when the boss come around

Or the glock fo' pound gon' knock 'em on the ground

Geyeah - you can vouch in my town I'm a motherfuckin G

And I got a lotta soldiers on my team like P

I get word that them haters tryna catch a nigga slippin - what?

Run your ass up and you gon' catch a ass-whippin

I'm flippin through my hood on Vogues, still tippin

Glock cocked with the clip in, hell naw I ain't trippin

I'm a Boss Hogg Outlaw, chasin my bread

Snitch niggaz out here tellin got me shakin the feds

I'm in the club pullin hoes, fuck datin instead

I got a supermodel at the crib waitin in bed

Got the blocks on lock, you gotta come see the boss

If you wanna get the work for the dirt cheap cost

Me and Master P represent the bottom of the South

And if nigga hate that, he'll lose the bottom of his mouth, geyeah

[Chorus]

[Master P]

BLACK SOPRANOS!!