

Master P, Lets Get Em

[Featuring C Murder Magic]

[Master P/C Murder]

Chorus

Where them niggas at

Where them niggas at

There them niggas go

[Master P]

Uhhhhh

F**k it let's get em x4

[C Murder]

I'm a motherf**king soldier

Bitch I thought I told ya I smoke your ass like doja

Niggas mad cause my tapes selling like crack

Sold a million records not one disc came back

You know I gotta repre f**kin sent

My ghetto niggas got me getting paid like the president

But TRU niggas don't yap about it (yap about it)

But when I do some gangsta shit, you know I gotta rap about it

I left the dope on the motherf**king table

The feds mad cause we the number one rap label

No Limit records made history in this bitch

And it's a myth on how ghetto niggas getting rich

The whole world say they bout it bout it

I drop this ghetto shit, and get my thug niggas rowdy

My tank dogs coming through, where them niggas at

Ready to hit em, P, pass me them thangs, let me get em

Chorus x4

[Magic]

P man, pass me them thangs and let me get em

I be damned if I don't kill a nigga

they shouldn't be f**kin with ya

They don't respect a f**king soldier

They gonna roll or get rolled over, or get f**ked over

Now I may be the first to go with, but you best believe

Thirty niggas came out here to get us, thirty niggas gonna bleed

I'm here to protect and serve my tank dogs

and any nigga that f**k with us

Colonel, get ready to go to war, I'm hitting hard

A made nigga, that's why they call me mister Magic

Busting that niggas that try it, Magic and laugh

I'm military minding, I don't second guess

Click clack blast, erasing niggas, it's all bad

Chorus x4

[Master P]

Nigga I ride for scrilla, hang with dealers

Daddy wasnt home so I rode with them killers

And thug niggas high off henneseey and weed

Tatoos and oz's, invested in CD's

Now the feds wanna see me dead

Independent, black owned and teaching other niggas how to get paid

Ran with some gangs, bank for some change

Third ward niggas don't play no f**king games

Me and Silkk, C-Murder, we killers

Plus Magic together, a world of TRU niggas

Taking over this rap game

It's No Limit for life, lights out I'm the trigger man

(bang, bang, bang, bang)

OK, I'm reloading. Ha ha.

I told yall, No Limit niggas, we mercenary soldiers.

We don't talk, we don't rap about niggas.

We all about getting our motherf**king paper.

A coward dies a million deaths, but a soldier only dies once nigga.

Real niggas, they play the motherf**king game they don't talk nigga.
Ha ha, yall fake ass niggas, yall think about it.
Rapping for the motherf**king white folks.
We independent black owned nigga.
Ghetto niggas, ha.
Real niggas and bitches unite. Ha ha.
F**k fifteen percent nigga, I want the whole motherf**king wallet.
Talk to the niggas I feed nigga if you got problems