

Make Em Say Uhh #2

Master P

"No Limit Studios"
"Yo nigga, whatcha'll workin' on?"
"Nigga, who the fuck is this?"
"This P, nigga, what's happenin'?"
"This ain't no mutha fuckkin' P
"Nigga, you ain't got shit betta to
Do than play on the muthafuckin' phone?" "Man, take me off muthafuckin' speaker phone an' pick the phone up
This P nigga, stop fuckin' playin'"
"Nigga, if this fuckin' P, nigga, say 'uhh', nigga, fuck"
"Nigga, I ain't bout to say no muthafuckin' 'uhh' pick the phone up nigga"
"Nigga, what?"
"I'm on my muthafuckin' way right now"
"Come on then, come on then nigga" "Da Last Don, the remix
Make 'em say, "Uhh", "Uhh"
Na na na na, na na na na
Make 'em say, "Uhh", "Uhh"
Uhh, uhh, uhh
Uhh, uhh, uhh
Uhh, uhh, uhh I told ya I'm the colonel of this muthafuckin' tank
Don't make me get rowdy and start pullin' rank
My comrads with tanks with diamonds and Tru tats
We make 'em say "Uhh" an' "How ya do that?" "Third ward hustlaz on these streets chasin' riches
Penetentury chances 'cuz this a risky buissiness
A No Limit Souldier, Commanderin' Chief
An' Michael Jackson can't rock a muthafuckin' party like me I'm bumpin' for the real niggaz, playaz and hustlaz
Qualified killaz, certified head bustaz
Got love for the North, South, East, to the West
Soldierz throw ya rag, killaz how ya' vest
Flashin' red lights, runnin' from the rollerz
If life was a movie, 'Cut', pass me the dojah Say, "Uhh, "Uhh"
Na na na na, na na na na
Make 'em say, "Uhh", "Uhh"
Na na na na, na na na na
Make 'em say, "Uhh", "Uhh"
Na na na na, na na na na Well, if ya knew somethin' still tryin' to do somethin'
Tru smokaz don't gotta blow, we done already blew sumpthin'
I still want the green, cornbread and the cabbage
No Limit savage, one known as the baddest When I was bustin' out expeditions you wasn't ready
Bangin' like soft black cannon, bangin' out the 4, 7

[Incomprehensible] a machete
I dig da dirt and bury, Fiend, the excited private on any mercenary I hurt an' make you worry, like this were you
Can't get get a tank dog salute, P's already suit
I represent the boot an' the world is rowdy, rowdy
Makin' you say, "Uhh" with the Colonel, Mr. Bout it Make 'em say, "Uhh", "Uhh"
Na na na na, na na na na
Make 'em say, "Uhh", "Uhh"
Na na na na, na na na na P gon' make ya say, "Uhh", I'm gon' make ya say, "Ahh"
But this time I'm gon' get rowdy by sayin', "Na, na, na, na, na"
I'm a cash deala', a No Limit ass kicka'
I'm a bad nigga, fast nigga, ain't the last nigga Keep my mind on my money because I like riches
House full of tight bitches
An' call me, I might hitcha
Now make 'em say, "Na, na, na" Tryin ta act hard core, betta for the flow, na, na, na, na, na, na
Now get the ball loose, kick the boot an drop the verse, 64, 5
I'm tryin' to clock the scrilla but it's hard not to hurt
Now I'm a No Limit soldier, do I get my strength through my duties
Bout to make em scream 'Mister', like the movie, na, na, na, na, na Make 'em say, "Uhh", "Uhh"
Na na na na, na na na na
Make 'em say, "Uhh", "Uhh"
Na na na na, na na na na You know we showed you once before the tank couldn't be stopped
Playa hataz jack a lot 'cuz they just jockin' they spot off the top
Think not, run up on me cock 9 milla mamma Mia asshole eata
Head still wouldn't wanna be ya, see ya at the top of billboards
Yeah, we lookin' down wavin at you muthfuckaz, how you like me now?
'Cuz dis country, way back laugh at bout it, bout it Now everybody screams they want to be rowdy, rowdy
TRU is what we claim represent dat dirty south
4 star major general Mamma work and come out about
I ride wit No Limit soldiers, yes we checkin' wit' the Colonel Master P
He be the Ghetto Dad Paper chasaz what they labled us, Heaven knows
If that ass tried to play wit us, gotta go
So we know what we do, it's never gon' die
World wide in yo' hood, P gon' make ya say, "Woo" Make 'em say, "Uhh", "Uhh"
Na na na na, na na na na
Make 'em say, "Uhh", "Uhh"
Na na na na, na na na na Man, I'm smokin' on some chop, chop from SGV
No Limit family wit' the DPG
Last Don, Big Dogg, what's up? What's happenin'?
Nigga run up, we gon' tear da club up Top rank, best dank, mo' bank in dis game
Who could it be? Ya'll know my muthafuckin' name
I ain't neva met a gangsta who ain't loved to bang
Especially one who can't represent this game
See, when a No Limit soldier walks in the house
Nigga get 'em up, we gon' turn this bitch out

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>