

# How Ya' Do Dat' Again

## Young Bleed feat. Tech N9ne, Brotha Lynch Hung

Master P]

Unnghhh, How you do that there (remix), how you do that there

New Orleans, Baton Rouge How you do that there

Lafeyette, Lake Charles How you do that there

Shreveport, Mississippi How you do that there

Alabama, Atlanta How you do that there

Florida, Arkansas How you do that there[Young Bleed]

Nigga say who that, heard they want do that

Run up if you will get yo ass whipped blue black

My nigga my nerve, fresh out the curb

Jelly jam and preserve, nothin but balls and my word

And a mossburg pistol grip pump on my lap at all times

Whateva my nigga cause young niggaz still dyin

Hollin bout huh, nigga what, huh, give a fuck nigga what

Full of that weed, planted like a poppy seed

A slanted and enchanted nigga named Young Bleed party on

in the jungle, where the murder million mumble for months and days

Trippin off these blunts we blaze, hell of a high

And tellin em why, I'ma neva say die, see it my eyes

And niggaz say I fly like a eagle, see no evil

And ain't no sequel to this here, this year I'm bailin in the dough

Supernatural, wit ends, y'all niggaz don't here me though

But see how they runnin everything on the cool

But they know I'm fittin to act a fool in this motherfuckerChorus: Young Bleed, Master P(Young Bleed) Niggaz

holla how you do that there

Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care

(Master P) From Texas to Atlanta, nigga we don't care

(Young Bleed) Niggaz holla how you do that there

Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care

(Master P) Missouri, Ohio, nigga we don't care

(Young Bleed) I hear they holla, how you do that there

Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care

(Master P) D.C. to tha Valley, nigga we don't care

(Young Bleed) And niggaz holla how you do that there

Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care

(Master P) California to Virginia nigga, we don't care[Master P]

See in these streets, anything goes

My cousin in tha pen hittin that iron gettin swoll

Sent me a letter said P get yo paper don't trust these hoes

These niggaz they'll take you, hustlin is a habit

Young bread cabbage, popcorn and grits nigga tryin to get a rabbit  
What about a nice stallion to slide in, twenty inch Vogues and some candy  
painted to ride in, niggaz flip change in the game cause we soldiers

Eyes ever red cause a nigga blowin doja

Tie the black shoe strangs, tight on the Reeboks

Grab yo ski mask, DKNY, I mean a plastic glock

Hoes bounce that ass, niggaz get dealt wit

Keep yo' enemy tight, nigga never thank quick

Pour out some liquor to tha homies I owe

R.I.P. to every fuckin rapper, that is gone

Nigga if you Bout It, scream and you shout it

It ain't where you from, every nigga get rowdy

Game get real, nigga guard yo' grill

Cause in the fuckin ghetto you could lose yo' life foe a dollar bill

Chorus: Young Bleed, Master P(Young Bleed)

Niggaz holla how you do that there

Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care

(Master P) Kentucky, Tennessee, nigga we don't care

(Young Bleed) I hear they holla how you do that there

Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care

(Master P) North Carolina, South Carolina, nigga we don't care

(Young Bleed) Give a fuck niggaz holla how you do that there

Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care

(Master P) R.U., Utah nigga we don't care

(Young Bleed) I hear they holla how you do that there

Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care

(Master P) Arizona, New Mexico, nigga we don't care

[C-Loc] It's wicked, when I kick it, you don't hear me though

When I hit tha do', best hit it tha flo', time to go

Pay tha cost, to be tha boss, in this rap shit, about as wicked

It's gon' get, in tha industry, I be, bringin' tha action

In this musical fashion, if you don't know fool you betta ask em

Cause fools that wanna get wit I get wit em

When I put my gloves on, I'm bout to get gone, so long

Please mama may I, go out and be a playa, sippin' on Hennessey

A million bitches want me, my nigga passed tha herb, I took a token

I'm stayin' true, cuz what eva' he down wit I'm down wit it too

So don't get full of that alcohol in tha club and thank you bad

Cuz if ya'll niggas start fuckin' up somebody gon' kick yo ass

Now who's that makin' that funky noise, it's tha locster comin' through

Wit all his boyz, fucked up and let a nigga get tha right place in time

So now foolz I'm goin' fo' mine, motherfuckers ungh

Chorus: Young Bleed, Master P(Young Bleed)

Niggaz holla how you do that there

Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care

(Master P) From New York to Oklahoma nigga we don't care

(Young Bleed) I hear they holla how you do that there  
    Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) Minnesota to Michigan nigga we don't care  
(Young Bleed) Give a fuck niggaz holla how you do that there  
    Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) Illinois to Indiana nigga we don't care  
(Young Bleed) I hear they holla how you do that there  
    Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care  
(Master P) Cause TRU niggaz is bout it and we don't care  
    How we do that there, how we do that there  
        how we do that there  
    Cause No Limit niggaz bout it and we don't care

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