

Akickdoe!

C-Murder

[Master P]Yo C-Murder
Nigga you woke?
Keep your eyes on the rollers nigga.
Pass the weed (ok)
We gon' head up interstate 10
We gon' pick up Pimp C, and Bun B (that's my niggas there)
We gon' get rowdy rowdy and bout it bout it
We gon' handle our business
We gon' smoke
We gon' make it back to the N.O.
'cause u know whut?
Us South niggaz don't playa hate
We got love from the South, East, West, to the Nizorth
But it's your time baby
We gon' handle our business
And we gonna do this shit like g'z
We gonna represent the gizame
Ya heard me?[Pimp C]This game fucked up
I ain't got no friends
I done spend my last 70,000 dollars on a drop-top bienz
Ugh, and I'm a real nigga
Down to put a forty-five to his hilfiger
Lay it down muthafucka because I'm bustin' for mine
Take them out everytime and I ain't try to dine
Niggaz dyin' port authur (huh nigga what?)
Thank that I'm playin? (huh nigga what?)
Bust 17 times and let 'em feel what I'm sayin'
UGK and C-Murder
Cadillac and a Tank (Master P)
Bout to fade the platinum
Smoke some dank and some drank
But bitch luv me when I come to your city
Serve my dick out her pussy
and bust my nuts on her titties
Ugh, it's just a matter of time before I'm up in your house
With my mask on my face and my thang in your mouth
Now get your mind right nigga (mind right)
and make a pimp bitch
and never put trust in a trick ass bitch

[chorus x4]I'm fingida pull akickdoe! (ugggggggghhhhh!)

Lay down on the flo' (flo')

Want the cheese and the money or everybody gotta go (gotta go)[Bun B]They try to run up in the manger (run up)

Now hold oon Bun B

I see me P and C in danger (danger)

Just like the ATF, HPD, and Texas Rangers

Fuckin' with me and my middle fanga.

But to this shit nigga we ain't strangers

But I Gotta bust my magnums

Gotta gage these pistols

Hand grenades, and land mines

chopper smoke bombs and missiles

Some of them bitches whistle

Some of them bitches silent

But all them bitches handle business

All of them violent

Bout it bout it and dangerous

soldiers that wanna gang with us

Bang with us, hang with us

get that No Limit slang with us

I came to bust every ass in my way till it's over

so get the chip off your shoulder

fix your lip

I done told yah

we own 5 on your bitch in your bumpin' conflicts

Nigga I can see that you got plicked

Sit down and take a time trip

this ain't nothin' ta sneeze at

the fear in your eyes I see

bitch where's the key's & g'z at?[chorus x2][C-Murder]Lay it down muthafucka

Everybody gotta go

Give me the loot is what I tell 'em

When I kick in the doe'

Nigga I'm mad at the world

for my lack of havin' papers

Fuck the law and the cops

'cause I'm down for a caper[Master P]Some say we dangerous

Especially when we broke

I'm mo daily than a dope fiend fiendin' for dope

I just live for confetti

You see I'm deadly like Freddy

I run through your house and leave it messy like messy[C-Murder]I got too much stress in my head

I wanna take my own life

My last chance is a 211

But it got me thankin' twicee
It's a drought right now
So these drugs ain't happenin'
And if it wasn't for No Limit
there would be no money or rapping.[Master P]You see my boy had a bumper full of keyz and g'z
The word on the street is his homie told his baby momma to freeze!
You see you can't trust nobody in this dope game
keep your eyez on your enemies
Stack some chips and get out man.[C-Murder]Give me a ski-mask, a 9
I'll be a down ass nigga
And watch me pull a flee-flicker
And make my cheese get bigger
If I get caught it's 25, but that don't mean shit
'cause if I go to jail it's gotta be better than living like this
Nigga 2 shots in the air
'cause I ain't bout bein' broke
And if you bout i make a move
nigga, everybody gotta go
Just some bout it niggaz from New Orleans
With tapes hooked up
C-Murder, Master P, and UGK
Now Nigga what?[chorus till fade]

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