

# Golds In They Mouth

## Master P

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Golds in They Mouth Lyrics

[Chorus 2X: Master P]

Them boys from the south.. got golds in they mouth..

Don't trust them when this sun drought..

cause them boys will take you out

[Master P]

Nigga thuggin' in the hood so I'm still in the game

I'm out that Calliope nigga, bout to let my nuts hang

I'm a No Limit Soldier and we running the streets

Respect my hood screaming CP3!

Big Boz uptown nigga holding it down

My lil cousin Hot Boy the new mayor of the town

C-Murder and Wango got the jets on lock

And me and Silkk, we the new f\*\*king keys to the block

[Chorus 2X: Master P]

[Master P]

You got the dizzoe? Then meet me by the sizzoe

Me and Big Kirk, Uncle Nut, by a fizzoe

D and Hoy posted up by the Nolia (ya heard)

See Jeeko and Mutsi, they soldiers

You come short in my hood, then you get delt with

We take head shots like Preacher Man, you want feel shit

We throw it off like them boys in Texas

Lil Jay and Lil Keith, in a chrome grill Lexus

Me and Green in a Navi

Jump off boys.. jumping off like it's Cali

Roll through the Lou, holla at Nelly

Had two country girls shaking that thang in a Telly

[Chorus 2X: Master P]

[Master P]

Tank tops and bandannas, Low Riders on hammers

Rolls Royce's and Bentley's on twenty inch Sanders

ATL, on my way to the Gentlemen's Club

J.D. and Outkast showed me love

See Trick at the Grammy's, It was wack like the Wammy's

I said, 'Where's the baddest bichth?' He said, 'Miami.' (ha ha)

Cause I run with a gang of niggas

Like: Big Greg, T-Harris, O.G. and Killa

We roll through the beach, a couple of thugs in the hood

That bulls off the leash when we up to no good  
It's a party in the projects every first and fifteenth  
And if you ain't from the hood, then you might get tripled  
teamed

[Chorus 2X: Master P]

[C-Murder]

Down South..

Now I'm one of them boys, gatted up from the south  
Chrome toys, tatted up with them golds in my mouth  
C-Murder (what?) True nigga, thugged out, hustle hard  
From the streets, the CP3, my dogg they'll pull your car  
Runnig from the cops.. we don't do it.. we dissappear  
Is tha bad? We second line yo ass up in my city

I'm from the N-O-L-I-M-I-T!

Don't give a f\*\*k if you don't like me!

Yea, I walk with a lean like I'm on some other shit

I'm on top.. you can tell by my click

I'm from the south lil daddy.. can ya dig?

Now back the f\*\*k up before I split yo sh....

[Chorus 2X: Master P]

Shut 'em up, wet 'em up

Shut 'em up, wet 'em up

Shut 'em up, wet 'em up

Shut 'em up, wet 'em up

Shut 'em up, wet 'em up

Shut 'em up, wet 'em up

Shut 'em up, wet 'em up

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Shut 'em up, wet 'em up

Shut 'em up, wet 'em up

Shut 'em up, wet 'em up

Shut 'em up (ha ha)

This goes out (No Limit!) to the east and the west.

I told y'all! (ha ha) What! What! What! What! What!

We thuggin'. Put 'em up! Thuggin' with them gold teeth.

Where them thug girls with them golds? Where y'all at whodi?

And y'all niggas with that wanna be platinum shit,  
y'all know that's whit gold nigga! (ha ha)

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