

Say Brah

Master P

Master p talking: Say brah,
I got to say wassup to all the soldiers and soldierettes
And to this district system free soulja slim
Cause they jocking our style ya heard me? Chorus: mac (master p) Say brah (no limit)
Say brah (no limit)
Will you please get up out they way brah? (no limit) Say brah (no limit)
Say brah (no limit)
Will you please get up out they way brah? (no limit) Say brah (no limit)
Say brah (no limit)
Will you please get up out they way brah? (no limit) What you bout? I'm bout war
What you bout? I'm bout war Verse 1: (mac) Say brah
You fake thugs best to get out the way brah
You wanna stop the tank you better pray brah
I'm a tiger, my flow be deadly just like a kabra
Get to bustin', old folks be hustlin', talking bout hey
Don't you fuck with him wodie he ain't afraid to spray brah
His little partners come through with choppers in broad day brah
Niggas like 50 dollars and fiend,
Niggas like magic wiz, woo, ween, and my auntie b
Tell them fakers we back and there ain't no stoppin my niggas
Bezzled up a few haters and feds watching my niggas
And we on the grind, in '99 we let you all shine
Now that army is back so I'm back taking what's mine
I'm representing these gold tanks with the ice in it
Hated the likes and shit, these niggas nice with it
Thugged out, tru 2 da game, livin' up to my name
So when you the that soldier shit on my frame you holla Chorus mac (master p): Say brah (no limit)
Say brah (no limit)
Will you please get up out they way brah? (no limit) Say brah (no limit)
Say brah (no limit)
Will you please get up out they way brah? (no limit) Say brah (no limit)
Say brah (no limit)
Will you please get up out they way brah? (no limit) We bout war
What you bout? I'm bout war
What you bout? I'm bout war Verse 2: master p Hoody hoo!
Hey brah I'm cold with it,
If you don't know me just roll with it
Ask them hoes about the p
And where I'm from? , say brah, I'm out that cp3

Nigga my boys we don't play no games
Cause I roll with head busters and we'll throw them thangs
Now say brah, I really got a bubble I hummer
But say brah, I ain't no motherfucking stunter
I'm out the streets and I like to shine, say brah
Ya'll better respect my mind, say brah
I'm the realest motherfucker you know
Plus I brought a couple of homies wearing golden do-do's
Say brah, is you really a soldier?
Say brah, won't you pass the doulja
Say brah, do you really want beef?
And put a million motherfuckers on your street? Chrous : mac (master p) Say brah (no limit)
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Will you please get up out they way brah? (no limit) I'm bout war
What you bout? I'm bout war
What you bout? I'm bout war

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