Shoot 'Em Up

Joe Vitale

[Master P]A 211 in progress
Cause i'm the type of nigga that the police can't arrest
I'm going crazy, kickin' down doors
Breakin' in homes, and with my nine, i'm robbin' fuckin' liquor stores
I'm droppin' things on you punk ass bitches
From the streets and I keep 'em all listenin'
Suckas tried to play the P in nine-one
I came with fuckin' rhymes like a shotgun
I'm breakin' 'em like bouldas
A million plus fans and mother fuckas I told ya
That the P would come through like a bullet
Cock the mic like a gauge, grab the handle and then pull it
Don't give a fuck about the radio nigga
Gangsta lyrics that make my mother fuckin' partners bigger
I roll around town four niggas deep
Bumpin' shit like fuck the police
See I can never fuckin' sell out
I was born in the ghetto, so the ghettos what I talk about
One wrong move in the game and your fucked
And if I think your going do me, i'm gonna shoot your ass up

Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up
Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up
Shoot
Shoot the mother fuckas up

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Shoot
Shoot the mothe fuckas up

Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up
Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up
Shoot the mother fuckas
Shoot the mother fuckas up

[Master P]Alot of labels try to play in nine-two
They didn't really think the P would come through
And niggas just dissin'
Now I went big time, I got 'em all ass kissin'

I roll in the Benzo, sittin' on Lorenzos
Now the same record company's at my window
I guess they wanna talk, talk about what
Heh, makin' me a star
Well you gotta pay me
Cause to the Underground alone I done sold hella tapes
Thanks to my hookup, my concerts are booked up
The same companies mad they over-looked us
Thick ass contracts to get a nigga stuck
And then my lawyer say you ain't legit, I gotta shoot you up

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[Master P]So I refuse to get paid like them other dummies
Sellin' hella tapes and ain't makin' no money
You see I gotta fuck 'em up
I started my own company, that's how a nigga fuckin' came up
Lookin' for district bitches
But like my homie SKI it ain't nothin' but prostitution
So I refuse to get fucked like a hoe
That's why a nigga make shit for the god damn streets bro
Now the underground I rule
Success came fast but I done paid hella dues
Alot of rappers try ????, like sayin' they in jail, to make they tapes sell
Or poppin' that nasty shit
Show some pussy on the cover, and talk about eatin' a bitch
But I can never just stunt
I make that hard-core shit that niggas wanna pump
I'm puttin' hits on niggas in the rap game
I'm takin' 'em out just like the fuckin' dope game

You run up on P pump your pressin' your luck
I pack a nine cause I just might shoot a nigga up

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Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up
Shoot 'em up, shoot 'em up
Yo P, what
Shoot them mother fuckas up

[Master P]Yeah niggas you better break your mother fuckin' selves
You know what i'm sayin'
Cause Master P is comin' straight gangsta hard-core
With this Underground shit for the nine-two
You know what i'm sayin', we shootin' niggas up this year
I got my partner Calli G close to me
Silkk, C-Murder, Fonzo, Sonya C, SKI, and CMT in the mother fuckin' house
With this laid-back ass dope track
Check this out, we straight killin' mother fuckas this year
So you can take it how you want to you know what i'm sayin'
You better run bitch!

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