

Here We Go

Master P

Chorus: Master P (repeat 2X)

Here we go Here we go Here we go (BE BOUT YO BUSINESS)

From the south to the west to the mid to the east coast

Verse One: Master P

I got heroin and cocaine

some call me the dope man a young nigga havin thangs

A thug like Tupac

went from cheddar to cheese from powder to cooked rocks

From the ghetto to the lakes

(to the lakes 3rd ward, Caliope)

Slangin' thangs in the hood to move my records to 54 states

Got more work than the mayor do (mayor do)

it stick to niggas that talk shit

like a baller they bitch hair blue

Got more corns than fritos

Got more hoe's than Macys sell muthafuckin Girbauds

Keep the muthafuckin party jumpin (uhh, bout it, bout it)

For puttin the south on the map like Eazy-E did Compton

Hoo-ride with these gangbangers (gangbangers)

No Limit Soldiers, mercenary killas keep one up in the chamber

Got it Made like Special Ed

Got more _Vapors_ than BizMarkie ever had

After _Dead Presidents_ like Eric B.

Hypnotize the rap industry like Biggie

Going _Federal_ like E-40

Shock the world like Silkk, put my pockets on tilt

Puttin fools _On Hold_ like En Vogue

Used to slang white ice cream, now its platinum and golds

Chorus 2X

Verse Two: Mystikal

Without no business

its over for you before you get out the door

what the fuck they gon tell you for if you don't already know

huh nigga thats all on you to be on top of yearn

But by the time they finish fuckin you, bitch you gon learn

Ain't no fuckin favors, ain't no fuckin friends

That shit don't mix, this business

Be bout yo paper, yo royalties or them bitches will take ya

Make sure yo contract is escilatin' otherwise them bitches will rape ya

makin big promises on how it's gonna be all good just and be patient

yo album done came and gone and you stupid ass still waitin
stackin paper off my work

Them no good son of a bitches got me livin for concerts
I done headlined every hole in the wall in and out the city
Humble cause I'm gonna believe it was meant for me
I'ma get it, makin moves but still somethin missin
Fuck how good you rap it ain't shit without yo business

No business

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: Fiend

I could end the world with one line
but I chose to make these hoes suffer
Fill the voice with no muffler, I's a bad motherfucker
Uncover, unleash the beast, dangerous from head to feet
Can't control my rhymes, because them bitches seep through
My teeth, so cold I heats, rising like some yeast, bake some beats
Meltin needers off of technique and thats just when I speak
Seek and you should find that my mind is beyond
and yall niggas lines behind the times of my first lines
Shit I'm in my prime, I want it with the mic or the nine
For mine it protects crimes to the blind (he ain't lying)
And I ain't dying line goes the paper the chase
P done gave me the break for me to make some cake
still dope I cook in sake, got pretty ass hoes to bake
Thats definitely a dumb nigga lure, you wanna smoke
Cause this business makin me a weed conniseur
Meet the have-been, one of the last men on this note
Who wanna get served by the nigga, the nerve at the throat
You think you bad but bitch you never had
A nigga to give more heart attacks than Fred Sanford had

Chorus till fade

(Master P talking)

To the motherfuckin south (the south)
to the west (to the west)
To the mid (to the mid)
to the motherfuckin east (to the east)
To the world (to the motherfuckin world)
No Limit, here I come whenever we want to
September 2nd, get the fuckin world high
bout my motherfuckin business, ha ha,
Master P, Young Fiend and Mystikal
Uungh!, bout it bout it

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>