

Bout It, Bout It II

Master P

[Master P]

Uggggghhhhhh, its time for the national anthem
Y'all niggas bout it (I started this bout it, bout it)
If you bout it (get em up), I mean you bout it, bout it
(that mean you bout it, bout it) well say you bout it, bout it I represent, its 1990-skrilla
It's Master P and they labeled me a drug dealer
Cause I'm bout it, I mean I'm rowdy
I hang with these killas that everyone talk about
We doin' this, we doin' that (we doin' what)
We in the studio rippin' up dope tracks
Cause we real, you betta guard your grill
Cause if we bout it, bout it
If you ain't bout it, bout it you might get killed
I represent (T-are-U) where them killas at
3rd Ward, uptown, Calliope on the map
Back up off me, ain't no softy
Betta guard your grill mothafuckas, we comin' hard G
I got killas in the projects sellin' water
I got niggas from New Orleans to Florida
Bout it bout it (bout it, bout it)
I mean they rowdy, rowdy (mean they rowdy, rowdy)
You betta watch your shit cause niggas is bout it bout it
I mean they snatch you out your car on a kidnap
Lay you on the floor and tell you
Bitch you betta break off some snaps or dead
Put the pistol to your head
Ain't no love where I'm from, but you niggas in the grave
I mean they dyin', I mean they fryin'
Gone off that juice (fermalgahide) and leave their mothers cryin'
Cause their little boy is dead
Cause that color blue or red
And wanta do what them other ballas said
To make some snaps, I mean to make some money
To break it up on the street, but this game ain't funny
You want that beat in, ain't no way out
But death or that mothafuckin' jailhouse
If you bout it, say you bout it
I roll with some niggas that are bout it bout it
I mean we rowdy, rowdy, them niggas bout it, bout it

Bounce, bounce, bounce fool, if you bout it, bout it
See-Murder is bout it, bout it (show them gold ones, show
them gold ones)

Big Ed you know he's bout it, bout it (bhudda
Nigga ???? , that nigga bout it, bout it (get up off hin)
Big Man and the Caleo is bout it, bout it (bounce, bounce, bounce)

Mercy Caller you know he's bout it bout it
And Cali-G in California is bout it, bout it
Mo B. Dick (if you bout it) you know he's bout it bout it
Nick Pokey you know he's bout it bout it
KLC of the Parkway is bout it, bout it
And Mr. Serv-On is bout it bout it

And Rasheen and the Mack know yas bout it bout it
Sonya-see you know she bout it bout it
Silkk the Shocker you know he's bout it bout it
And Mia X is bout to kick some flava (she's rowdy, rowdy)[Mia X]

Niggas know that I'm bout it already, I can prove it
So when they hear my voice, they all know I come to do shit
Mia X representin', puttin' it down for the south
Keep a shank in my sock and bullet in my mouth
So don't doubt the angel like voice, come across

Get your cucumber sliced and you messy hoe tossed, boss bitch
I keep em sick from the way I kick my shit
And KLC got em scared cause he's back whisperin' it, anotha hit

No Limit niggas in the house, plus on niggette
With that pimpstress clout, now what they talkin' bout
Beaucoup hustlas, and thugstas, murderers, and dope fiends

Fel a taste from drame scenes
Infared beams aimin' at your forehead
Ain't no fuckin' country boys
Soldiers bringin' noise, leave you lyin' in red
Puddles froma fuckin' ????

Now who will be the next to get they fuckin' shoes took off
I really can't call it, cause once the gumbo be grieven
A nigga start ballin'

Strike up the second line band
And put your black gear on cause we gonna stay bout it, understood[Master P]

Bitch I been bout it, I mean we bout it, bout it
From Kansas City to St. Louis they bout it, bout it (they rowdy)

Down in Memphis you know they bout it bout it
From L.A. to Alabama they bout it bout it
Washington to Carolina to Georgia (they bout it)
Cincinnati, Port Arthur, to Florida

Chattanooga, Ohio, Detroit (do that gangsta walk)
Lexington Kentucky to Louisville (you bout it) you know they bout it bout it I mean they rowdy (break it up)
From Richmond California to San Francisco, to Oakland they bout it bout it

Down in Houston they bout it bout it
The Northside, the Southside, you know they bout it bout it
From Dallas to Waco to Austin (they been bout it)
To Jackson to Mississippi them niggas flossin' (means they bout it)
Beand M's on triple-gold and they bout it
That's how these gangstas roll
From Lafayette to Lake Charles to Chicago to Florida
To Baton Rouge to Shreveport to New Orleans (they bout it)
They bout it, (they rowdy) I mean they rowdy
In Little Rock, Arkansas they bangin' I mean they bout it
My homie Tre-8, they bout it
Loony Skull Dugrey you know that fool is bout it
Ken Frank, Raw Wayne, Jeff be, Mean Green, DJ Roe, Greg Streeep
Levi, may he rest in peace
And all the other motha-niggas that are dead
Like my little brother Kevin Miller that was bout it bout it
BOUT IT (bout it bout it)

Songwriters

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