Act A Fool

Master P

Yeah nigga, I'm going rep this motherfucking
No Limit to I D.I.E, check this out nigga
I could gave a fuck what a nigga gotta say about me

(What)

(What)

I could gave a fuck what the media gotta say about me (Fuck off)

Nigga I ain't got no motherfucking English I'm from the hood and you know what?

(Fuck off)

If a motherfucker come at me they better come right (Fuck off)

Don't make me act a fool

(What)

(What)

Don't make me act a fool

(What)

Don't make me act a fool

(What)

Still posted on the block, still slangin' that coke
Still runnin from the cops, still lettin' 'em bitches know
Still fuckin' with your made, beause blowin' that ganja
Uptown New Orleans is where them thugs gonna find me
Rolling with 'em head bustas, my niggaz splitting wigs

A couple fucking G's nigga it can get did Straight from the hood and I represent the street Send money to the pen, still fucking with C (Okay!)

R.I.P. to the niggaz in the motherfucking dirt When I look into their momma's eyes I still see the hurt What a nigga supposed to do when his boy get shot? Put the bullets in the can and let that motherfucker pop

Don't make me act a fool

(What)

(What)

Don't make me act a fool

(What)

Don't make me act a fool

(What)

Thug girls, I put my name on them

Me and Jon's like the Lakers

Going for three rings in the game on them

We ain't done till it's a dun-dadda

And I got my own clothing and so fuck Gucci and Prada nigga

I'm underrated like Sam Cassell

But when the playoffs come nigga I'ma be there

Can't fall off because a nigga ain't average

Fuck the I.R.S. a nigga still got cabbage

Know how to play the game because the nigga is a baller

Lil Jon with the beat and now them hoes wanna call ya

I ain't Michael Jackson the P won't quit

I'd rather be judged by 12 than carried by 6

Don't make me act a fool

(What)

(What)

Don't make me act a fool

(What)

Don't make me act a fool

(What)

I still walk through the hood by motherfucking myself

And if I have some beef nigga I don't need know help

Nigga ain't Puffy and a nigga ain't Maize

So give me 50-feet before I catch a fuckin' case, nigga

We ain't going to the Grammys

Find us on the block posted up slangin' motherfucking wammies Still thuged out with the white tees fuck-a-nigga who don't like me

I got nine biscuits for the dog that try to bite me

I'm still rowdy, nigga I'm still bouty

Still got them bouncing in the clubs

And 'em hoes still talk about me

Ten years later nigga I'm still in the game

Y'all thought after 400\$ mill a nigga would change?

Don't make me act a fool

(What)

(What)
Don't make me act a fool
(What)
Don't make me act a fool
(What)
You have what
Have mercy to start the car man
Man let's do it

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