

I'm Bout It, Bout It

Master P

Yeah ha, I could never turn my back nigga

(Never)

I could never forget where I came from

This for all my muthafuckin' soldiers

(Master P)Native of New Orleans

(Louisiana)

All you Tru soldiers, give it up for Richmond, California

(Puttin 'em on the map)Put em up, represent, where you from?

(Westside, southside)

Check out some of this down south shit though niggaYou bout it, I'm bout' it bout it

If you bout' it bout it, well, say you bout' it, bout it

I represent where them killers hang

Third Ward, Calliope Projects, we got our own nameIt's a small hood, but it's all good

And Mr. Rogers ain't got shit up on my neighborhood

I represent nothin' but G's

(G's)From Richmond, California all the way back to New Orleans

That murder capitol of the world, so fool watch your back

The mighty rise and clip but some tourist don't make it back

And niggas ain't trippin' on yo life G

(Life G)They ready to take your ass out before the count of 1, 2, 3

So give me your gold chain, what 'bout your gold ring

Niggas down south quick to put you in that body slang

I mean that body cast, ha ha, what 'bout that body bagYou ain't thank quick, that's why you on your ass

And niggas stuntin' perpetratin', talkin' shit

You roll through the projects, you might get your wig split

Mr crazy wanna borrow a quarter quarterYou best not fuck with them fools that gone on that water, water

I mean that clicker juice, fermaldahide

(Dang like dat)

Whatever you want, the more they dip in cigarettes to get high

Like some alcohol, niggas don't even give a fuckThey leave you stuck in that muthafuckin' black truck

Break you off like some muthafuckin' Japanese

(Damn)

Ain't no love in this hood, ain't no love for G's

And these niggas killin' bitches tooAnd these bitches settin' up niggas 'cause don't give a fuck about you

You gotta be bout it, bout it, cause I'm bout' it, bout it

Third Ward, Calliope Projects, you know they bout' it, bout it

And that Fourth Ward is bout' it, bout itI mean that Fifth Ward and Tenth Ward

You know they bout' it bout it, Twelfth ward, bout' it, bout it

And that thirteenth, seventeenth uptown, downtown, across the sea

bout' it bout it, 'cause we bout' it, bout it
 My little homie Hot Minus Sign, they bout' it, bout it
 bout' it bout it, I mean we bout' it, bout it
 King George, Tru you know, we bout' it, bout it
 Silkk, you know he bout' it, bout it
 My manager TC, you know he bout' it, bout it
 Big Ed, bout' it bout it
 Sonya C, you know she bout' it, bout it
 C-Murder, bout' it bout it
 Mr. Servon is bout' it bout it, Mo B Dick, you know he bout' it, bout it
 Cally G, K-Lou, bout' it, bout it
 Craig, you know he bout' it, bout it
 And Mia X gonna kick some shit, she rowdy rowdy
 I'm here to show a whole bunch of niggas that I'm bout it
 Comin' from the Crescent, testin' nuts
 And ready to bust some of those who doubt it
 I'm rowdy as the fuck, hoes you best be backin' up
 From this below sea level hoe comin' like a tornado
 Brings drama, either way I have to do this
 So break your selves, niggas here comes a woman to this Tru click
 The bitch you love to hate but yet ain't bold enough to face
 'Cause Mia X will finish first in this grand diva race
 I kick your ear hole's laced with my pimp stress funk
 Punks playa hate because they shit be bump
 But I dunk a niggas head into a toilet full of piss
 'Cause in this drama field, fool we ain't takin' no shit
 Downtown Sixth Ward left feet on guard
 Seven Ward hard heads, niggas out that Saint Bernard
 Ninth Ward pressed for desire and Florida, New Orleans
 So bout it every day, we comin' harder firewater
 Got them niggas gettin' high off my floss, gumbo
 Re greet 'em plus my ate two fate got 'em payin' twenty bones
 So bring it on 'cause I gotta recognize
 No Limit and Mia X, nigga flex if you bout' it, bout it
 You bout' it bout it, yeah, I'm bout' it, bout it
 And rest in peace my girl, Jill 'cause she was bout' it, bout it
 I mean she bout' it, bout it, she was bout' it, bout it
 Them niggas from No Limit Records, you know we bout' it, bout it
 Master P, you know I'm bout' it, bout it
 The whole New Orleans, them motherfuckers are bout' it, bout it
 Baton Rouge, you know they bout' it, bout it
 Jackson, Tennessee, you know they bout' it, bout it, Alabama, even Georgia
 And all you other motherfuckers down in Southside Florida
 You know they bout' it bout it cause we bout' it bout it
 From Richmond, California to Oakland, they bout' it,
 bout it
 Cross the bay to San Fransisco, to the Eastside
 Huh, you know they bout' it, bout it
 Down in Kansas City, you know they bout' it, bout it
 Kentucky, Ohio, Washington, they bout' it, bout it
 Mean Green, you know he bout' it, bout it
 Craig Street, that nigga bout' it, bout it
 Rock Raines, huh, ya know he's bout' it, bout it
 My nigga, Vercy Carter, you know he bout' it, bout it
 Rasheem in the Magnolia, know ya bout' it, bout it
 And all them niggas, uptown fuckin' bout' it, bout it
 All them niggas bootin' up with that gold bout' it, bout it
 (Bout it, bout it)
 Them niggas bout' it, bout it
 (Bout' it, bout it)

My little brother Kevin Miller, rest in peace

(Rest in peace)

Young nigga, he was bout' it, bout it

Bounce bounce bounce fool if ya bout' it, bout it Yeah, if you bout it, say you bout it

Being about it means you down to do whatever

You bout it? I'm bout' it

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