211

Novus Dae

Hey p man
Remember that shit last year you was talking bout that
Bloody murder shit
Won't you kick some more of that shit
Verse 1
Jumped out the chev mean mugged at some sucker punks
King flashed the gauge, them hoes didn't want no pub
So they smashed off hella quick
Why them hoes was leaving me and sonja c was plotting some gangster shit
So put this nine up in your bra strap
And when we get inside this liquor store keep your eyes up on them japs
Sonya c:
So get your hands up in the air trick
And break me off some cash cause sonya c's a trigger happy bitch
So don't be talking that fucking japanese
Understand it's a jack give up the cash or you'll be swish cheese
Master p:
Touch the button and i'ma hurt you bitch
Why you had to and make p get his hands dirty trick
And that'll be some fucking more shit
Sonya c grab the tape cause we ain't leaving no fucking evidence
The next day the paper reads no leads
Sonya c:
Just a bunch of dead motherfucking japanese
Master p:
Jumped in the car and backed to the rich
Bonnie and clyde or should I say gangsta shit
(chorus)
A motherfucking 211
We needed cash we robbed the liquor store
Verse 2
I'm getting chronicked out or should I say fucked up
? ? one g and it's three of us

I seen my face on the news and it's time to chill
But I can't cause I got too many fucking bills
Grabbed my glock it only had three bullets trick
But if I run out I ain't tripping I'll choke a bitch
Walked in the corner liquor store with my 44

Played it cool bought a snapple man fuck them hoes
He opened the register I tried to do his ass
I ain't tripping cause the p wasn't wearing a mask
Blew out some chronic, showed no remorse
Told them hoes get they ass on the figgety floor
Snatched the cash and my pistol still smoking
Left them hoes like the raiders left oakland
(chorus)
Verse 3
Cali g had the chronic without no zig zag
Hold on partner I'm gone go get some fucking zags
Now I'm off to the liquor store
And just in case it be some funk, I'm gone bring my 44
Now you know the p don't take no shit
But this arab started following me
Like I was gone steal some shit
He was strapped so I had to think quick
Put my 44 to the head of this bitch
Drop your pistol or she's dead man
Slowly put your hands up in the air
Lets play a little fucking game
Simon say open the register hoe
His bitch looked it good so I told her to suck my 44
He got jealous tried to jump I hit him with the pump
Put more cash in my pockets than donald trump
And I'm off to the freeway real fast
Got damn, forgot cali's zig zags
(chorus)
-alright you inmate double o 652
Get your ass back in that cell boy
-damn, now y'all know crime do pay
But you don't always get away

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/