How Ya Do Dat Again

Young Bleed

Master P]
Unngghh, How you do that there (remix), how you do that there
New Orleans, Baton Rouge How you do that there
Lafeyette, Lake Charles How you do that there
Shreveport, Mississippi How you do that there
Alabama, Atlanta How you do that there
Florida, Arkansas How you do that there[Young Bleed]
Nigga say who that, heard they want do that
Run up if you will get yo ass whipped blue black
My nigga my nerve, fresh out the curb
Jelly jam and preserve, nothin but balls and my word
And a mossburg pistol grip pump on my lap at all times
Whateva my nigga cause young niggaz still dyin
Hollin bout huh, nigga what, huh, give a fuck nigga what
Full of that weed, planted like a poppy seed
A slanted and enchanted nigga named Young Bleed party on
in the jungle, where the murder million mumble for months and days
Trippin off these blunts we blaze, hell of a high
And tellin em why, I'ma neva say die, see it my eyes
And niggaz say I fly like a eagle, see no evil
And ain't no sequel to this here, this year I'm bailin in the dough
Supernatural, wit ends, y'all niggaz don't here me though
But see how they runnin everything on the cool
But they know I'm fittin to act a fool in this motherfuckerChorus: Young Bleed, Master P(Young Bleed) Niggaz holla how you do that there
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care
(Master P) From Texas to Atlanta, nigga we don't care
(Young Bleed) Niggaz holla how you do that there
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care
(Master P) Missouri, Ohio, nigga we don't care
(Young Bleed) I hear they holla, how you do that there
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care
(Master P) D.C. to tha Valley, nigga we don't care
(Young Bleed) And niggaz holla how you do that there
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care
(Master P) California to Virginia nigga, we don't care[Master P]
See in these streets, anything goes
My cousin in tha pen hittin that iron gettin swoll
Sent me a letter said P get yo paper don't trust these hoes

These niggaz they'll take you, hustlin is a habit
Young bread cabbage, popcorn and grits nigga tryin to get a rabbit
What about a nice stallion to slide in, twenty inch Vogues and some candy
painted to ride in, niggaz flip change in the game cause we soldiers
Eyes ever red cause a nigga blowin doja
Tie the black shoe strangs, tight on the Reeboks
Grab yo ski mask, DKNY, I mean a plastic glock
Hoes bounce that ass, niggaz get dealt wit
Keep yo' enemy tight, nigga never thank quick
Pour out some liquor to tha homies I owe
R.I.P. to every fuckin rapper, that is gone
Nigga if you Bout It, scream and you shout it
It ain't where you from, every nigga get rowdy
Game get real, nigga guard yo' grill
Cause in the fuckin ghetto you could lose yo' life foe a dollar billChorus: Young Bleed, Master P(Young Bleed)
Niggaz holla how you do that there
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care
(Master P) Kentucky, Tennessee, nigga we don't care
(Young Bleed) I hear they holla how you do that there
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care
(Master P) North Carolina, South Carolina, nigga we don't care
(Young Bleed) Give a fuck niggaz holla how you do that there
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care
(Master P) R.U., Utah nigga we don't care
(Young Bleed) I hear they holla how you do that there
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care
(Master P) Arizona, New Mexico, nigga we don't care[C-Loc]
It's wicked, when I kick it, you don't hear me though
When I hit tha do', best hit it tha flo', time to go
Pay tha cost, to be tha boss, in this rap shit, about as wicked
It's gon' get, in tha industry, I be, bringin' tha action
In this musical fashion, if you don't know fool you betta ask em
Cause fools that wanna get wit I get wit em
When I put my gloves on, I'm bout to get gone, so long
Please mama may I, go out and be a playa, sippin' on Hennessey
A million bitches want me, my nigga passed tha herb, I took a token
I'm stayin' true, cuz what eva' he down wit I'm down wit it too
So don't get full of that alcohol in tha club and thank you bad
Cuz if ya'll niggas start fuckin' up somebody gon' kick yo ass
Now who's that makin' that funky noise, it's tha locster comin' through
Wit all his boyz, fucked up and let a nigga get tha right place in time
So now foolz I'm goin' fo' mine, motherfuckers unghChorus: Young Bleed, Master P(Young Bleed) Niggaz holla how you do that there
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care
(Master P) From New York to Oklahoma nigga we don't care

(Young Bleed) I hear they holla how you do that there
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care
(Master P) Minnesota to Michigan nigga we don't care
(Young Bleed) Give a fuck niggaz holla how you do that there
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care
(Master P) Illinois to Indiana nigga we don't care
(Young Bleed) I hear they holla how you do that there
Roll it up, blow it up, nigga we don't care
(Master P) Cause TRU niggaz is bout it and we don't care
How we do that there, how we do that there
how we do that there
Cause No Limit niggaz bout it and we don't care

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