Pure Uncut

Master P

[Featuring Master P Mystikal Psycho Drama Silkk The Shocker]

Verse 1 (Silkk)

AHHHHHH! I kicks it off nigga what rhyme wit no fuckin problem

down wit them drama boys an also Eightball

understand I gotta plan to get me some green

I stay in cruise like control but bustaz fold like a bad poker hand

now watch me shake this bitch up like the dice games

see I'm always schemin tryin to get over niggaz like left an right

lanes,

different day same shit, I ain't playin bitch,

niggaz still got a rusty four-five wit the same clip, an see,

you can get wit this, or you can get wit that,

you probably won't get wit this click, 'cause um, this where the gangstaz

at,

it's a real deal bitch, the real shit, there's no gimmiks,

Suave House, an the 504 Boyz courtesy of No Limit, hit em up.

Verse 2-(Buk)

Get down, feel the ground, shake 'em up, you down to die,

'cause we too much for the industry to handle, we buck aside,

run it nigga nut wit yo five,

I like to lease shit it's gettin leathal an I,

you know the drama boys, down fo life the Suave an I, to the dirt,

drama boys, wit Ball got drama that will work,

make 'em feel it, every land we hit it from sugar to shy,

adrenaline pumpin, ready to ride, gotta get my guys,

can't waste no time, it's first of my life an money,

now watch drama get bloody bloody, in ???,

gotta let you know that it's a cuttin up,

an if you don't hundred guys, hundred girls gonna make you wish you

hadn't stuttered.

Verse 3-(Mystikal)

Slow down, they see me an say, THAT'S HIM,

that's that bastard,

an as soon as you start runnin up like it's hurtin ya,

it's when I fuck ya fasta,

don't really want to be like that, but I tell this bitch I be if I have

to,

shut this mutha fucka down, bend it backwards,

y'all already know where we at this is Suave House, it's like my

house,

an if you ain't down wit tha an No Limit, then ride out,

y'all hypin died down, its baskin an dried out,

sparks poppin from the ground it's commin out my mouth,

bitch don't get mad, go get yo bags an roll wit it,

or stay the fuck away from niggaz you got no business,

we don't give a fuck about nothin, we untouched,

one-hundred percent pure shit, uncut.

(Chorus x2)

Suave House, No Limit soldiers (x8)

(Eightball)

Real playaz,

wit nothin but this uncut,

(Master P)

Down south fake hataz get tossed up.

(Eightball)

Ain't No Limit to the Suaveness, we bust,

world wide wit this pure uncut. UGHH!

Verse 4-(Pysde)

Here goes this potioness vocaless,

wit the motion of locus,

an leavin 'em, open an dope, wit there noses drove when I focus,

the de-infected brain cells, lay by the thousands,

the music them hittin shown to be known to livin in project housin,

towels that ring-out, givin up on y'all boy,

y'all don't need to be fuckin wit moi boy,

No Limit an Suave boy or I boy,

you suckaz hear til you make you feel me deeper than you,

some of these bitchez as cold as a Chicago at christmas an this is,

a test to make 'em scroll from a brain of the ???,

ignorant mutha fuckaz that will get high an talk from ???,

inflict the sickness yeah for the paper, guess who after me,

the Don limited an the fat mack gonna cut it after me.

Verse 5-(Master P)

UGHHH! Chasin houses ride wit me,

real niggaz an bitches get high wit me,

I live the life of a No Limit soldier,

I run wit pimps an dealaz, I thought I told ya,

but we all about our piz-aper,

that's why I jumped in the double O an hooked up wit Tony Draper,

so handle bizze at the biz-house,

it's all about No Limit an that.... Suave House,

gettin paid for the diz-ounds,

worth millions 'cause we all about our piz-ounds,

so how ya do dat there, make 'em say UGH!,

get rowdy, get bout it.

Verse 6-(Eightball)

Who is it? Big Ball payin a visit,

don't miss my exhibit, nigga I'm about to rip it, apart,

startin wit yo heart, we ain't hard shit,

dirty ass street nigga, stained an the scarin shit,

an foreign shit, most hoes would kill to get wit,

the Suave House, an them soldiers at No Limit,

niggaz fear it 'cause we strong an we black on,

green or brown, we be smokin til the sack gone,

tornados flows, blow away my foes,

hurracaine came, stormin on these hoes,

Master P, Silkk, Mystikal an Psycho Drama,

in the kitchen wit me cookin up this uncut.

(Chorus Eightball an Master P's x2)

(Suave House, No Limit soldiers x16)

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