

Make 'Em Say Uhh (2005 Remaster)

Master P

No Limit Studios, whassup? Who dis is? Who dis is?
Nigga, this rappin' 4-Tay, who is this? Oh dis P
P? Yeah dis P, P? Yeah, well if this P, lemme hear ya say uhh!
[Unverified]
This ain't no motherfuckin' P! Man, hang the phone upUhh! Na, nah na nah
Make 'em say, uhh
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah
(Na, nah, na, nah)Nigga, I'm the colonel of the motherfuckin' tank
Y'all after big thangs, we after big bank
3rd Ward hustlas, soldiers in combats
Convicts and dealers, and killers with tru tatsNever gave a fuck 'bout no hoes on our riches
And niggaz come short, I'm diggin' ditches
M.P. pullin' stripes, commander-in-chief
And fools run up wrong, nigga I'm knockin' out some teethI'm down here slangin', rollin' with these hustlers
Tryin' to get rid of all you haters and you bustas
Steppin' on cold, break a niggaz nose
In the projects niggaz anything goes
Breakin' fools off 'cause I'm a No Limit soldier at ease
Now salute, this pass me the dojaMake 'em say, uhh
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah
(Na, nah, na, nah)Make 'em say, uhh
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah
(Na, nah, na, nah)Make 'em say, uhh
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah
(Na, nah, na, nah)Fiend exercisin' this right, of exorcism bustin' out the expedition
Bullets choppin' haters business to about the size of prisms our mission
They heard we scary, No Limit mercenary
No tellin' how bad it get, because the worst'll varyI heard you make 'em worry, that this for the loot
They intimidated by the rounds that the tank shoot
Tank Dogs salute! Every robbery in store
'Cause they know everything Fiend knowMean mo' money mo' little Fiend still want the greens
The cornbread and the cabbage in your hood
Remindin' you bitches of who the baddest
Definitely the maddest, so the crime gon' stick 'em up
My uhh went twice

(Uhh, uhh)
And ended with nine, get 'em Make 'em say, uhh
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah
(Na, nah, na, nah) Make 'em say, uhh
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah
(Na, nah, na, nah) P gon' make ya say uhh, I'ma make you say ow
I'm not Eric B but guaranteed to move this motherfuckin' crowd
I stay on like light switches, money, 'cause I like riches
Hittin' nothin' but tight bitches, call me, I might hit ya Nigga make 'em say nah-nah-nah, don't trip
After I bust yo' shit, then after that say na, nah, nah, nah
I hang with niggaz, I do my thang with niggaz
(Uhh!) They wanna know if I gangbang
'Cause I hang with a whole gang of niggaz
So when, we connect bitch better respect this, I step quick
'Cause I got a vicious right hand but ya know what? My left is quick! Silkk, you the type of nigga that promotes
violence?
You might be right 'cause I'll step in the club and say somethin'
To get that motherfucker start to fightin'
(Bout it!) Bad as vogues, I'm cold, extra see through
[Unverified] PG [unverified] never fuckin' knockin' niggaz
'Cause I make 'em all see 3-D
And P-D's the game that I spit, No Limit Soldiers got my back I run this motherfucker, TRU niggaz
And I, betcha y'all niggaz ya say, "Bet!" Make 'em say, uhh
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah
(Na, nah, na, nah) Make 'em say, uhh
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah
(Na, nah, na, nah) We capitalize and monopolize on everything
We see keep pistols drawn and cocked
We got the industry locked, we can't be stopped, too hot
Check the spots that we got on Billboard This Tank can set up roadblocks, we fadin' all you hoes
Want some mo? Then let's go, stretch you out like elastic
Zip that ass up in plastic, have ya folks pickin' caskets
We drastic, our tactics is homegrown in the ghetto So feel the wrath of this sista, it's like you fightin' 10 niggaz
Forget the baby boys, it's the biggest mamma Mia
The Unlady Like diva, lyrical man eater
Believe her or see her, and get that ass embarrassed If you're a decision maker, guaranteed you'll get carried
away
So stay in yo' place, when ya hear mamma speakin'
Cannon spray, clear the way, when ya see The Tank creepin' Make 'em say, uhh
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah

(Na, nah, na, nah)Make 'em say, uhh
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah
(Na, nah, na, nah)Hi, I'm that nigga that rap and stick-up Joe
When they won't know how to do it
You could be the little bitty skinny motherfucker
With the braids in his hair usin' limos and choppers tooI done paid my dues, but still played the blues
Nigga play me like you was scared to lose
I'm still a fool, you ain't heard the news
I was a No Limit nigga, makin' major movesI won't stop now, bitch, I can't stop
You can't stop me, so bitch don't try
We, we tru soldiers, we don't die
We keep rollin', na, nah, nah, nah, nahAll aboard, bitch it's like a choir inside
The group goin' hallelujah
Niggaz goin' to war, got to fightin' and shootin' inside rumors
Bitches be sayin' he there, we there, beware!C there, Silkk there, Fiend there, Mamma there, P there
Ain't no salary cap, on top of my dollars
I roll with nothin', but them No Limit riders
I gets down nigga, I hold my tank up high
Watch how many bitches get wild, na, nah, na, nahMake 'em say, uhh!
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah
(Na, nah, na, nah)Make 'em say, uhh!
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah
(Na, nah, na, nah)Make 'em say, uhh!
(Uhh!)
Na, nah, na, nah
(Na, nah, na, nah)

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Songwriters

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