Make 'Em Say Ugh

Master P

(phone dialing phone ringing)
No Limit Studios. What's up?
Who dis is? Who dis is?
Nigga this Rappin 4 tay. Who is this?
Uh dis P!
P?
Yeah this P!
P?
Yeah!
Well P lemme hear ya say "Ungh!"
(voice cracking) Ungh!
Nigga this ain't no muthafuckin P!
Man hang the phone up.
Chorus: Make em say "Ungh!" (Ungh!)
N nah n nah! (n nah n nah!)
[Master P]
Nigga, I'm the colonel of the muthafuckin tank
Ya'll after big thangs, we after big banks
3rd Ward hustlas, soldiers in combats
My comrades is dealas and killas with TRU tats
Never gave a fuck bout no hoes or no riches
And niggas come short, I'm diggin ditches
M.P. pullin stripes, commander-in-chief
And fools run up wrong
Nigga, I'm knockin out some teeth
I'm down here slangin, rollin with these hustlers
Tryin to get rid of all you hatas and you bustas
Steppin on toes, brakin niggas nose
In the projects, nigga, anything goes
Breakin fools off cause I'm a No Limit soldier
At ease, and salute this pass me the dolja
Chorus (3X)
[Fiend]
Fiend exercising his right of exorcism
Bustin out the expedition, fully choppin hatas
Business til about the size of prisons, our mission
They heard we scary, No Limit mercenary
No tellin how bad it get, because the worse will vary
I heard you make em worry, that this for the loot

They intimidated by the rounds that the tank shoot
Tank dawgs salute!
Every robbery we score, cause they know
Everything Fiend know, mean 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
My ungh went twice (ungh, ungh)
And ended with nine, get em
Chorus (2X)
P gon make ya say Uuunnnggghhh!
I'm a make ya say Ahhh!
I'm not Eric B., but garauanteed 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-n-nah, don't trip
After I bust yo shit, then after that say na-n-n-nah
I hang with niggas, I do my thang with niggas
They want to know if I gangbang
Cause I hang with a whole gang of niggas
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 muthafucka to start fightin
Bitch, bad as vogues, I'm cold as you see me
Be Gs knockin niggas out ??? off 3-D
Peep D, the game that I spit
No Limit soldier cross my back
I run this muthafucka, TRU niggas
I betcha I'll make ya stay back
Chorus (2X)
[Mia X]
We capitolize and monopolize on everything we see
Keep pistols drawed and cocked
We got the industry locked, we can't be stopped, too hot
Check the spots that we got on billboards
The 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 niggas
Forget the baby boys, it's the biggest mama 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
Cannons spray, clear the way, when ya see the tank creepin
Chorus (2X)
[Mystikal]
Hi i'm that nigga that rappers look up to
If they want to know how to do it
It could be the little bitty skinny muthafucka
With the braids in his hair
Used to live on Tchopitoulus
I done paid my dues, but still playin the blues
Nigga play me like you was scared to lose
I'm still a fool, you ain't heard the news
I wasn't a No Limit nigga, but I made the move
I won't stop now, bitch, I can't stop
You can't stop me, so, bitch, don't try
We TRU soldiers, and we don't die
We keep rollin, n-n-nah-nah-nah
All aboard, it's like a band inside
The group going hallelujah
Niggas goin to war, got to fightin and shootin inside rumors
Little bitch sayin he there, we there, be where?
see 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, n-nah-n-nah
Chorus and fade

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