Made Niggaz

Mack 10

Third ward, New Orleans, to Inglewood
To the motherfuckin' world, nigga
Mack Dime, Mystikal, and Master P
They know, P, they know, they know, nope, what's up P
Made niggaz from the South to the West
Made niggaz from the South to the West
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Made niggaz from the South to the West
Made niggaz from the South to the West
Give me a chance to ball, put my name on the wall
How many killas done called, No Limit niggaz stand tall
'Cuz we, mercenary soldiers
Gone off a Hennesy and that doja
Runnin' from the, motherfuckin' rollers
Slangin', tapes like cola
Nigga, hangin' with the big niggaz
Penitentiary chances just to make six figures
No we fuckin', gold and platinum
Nigga, we made niggaz and we rappin'
Nigga, Mack Dime, Mystikal and P
Every rowdy 'bout it, nigga won't you follow me?
Made niggaz from the South to the West
Made niggaz from the South to the West
Made niggaz from the South to the West
Made niggaz from the South to the West
Watch me, I'm throwed off, I ain't right
Bitch I'll do you somethin', I ain't wrapped tight
I roll with bullets like [Incomprehensible] and killas like Versey
Managed by TC and paid by big Percy
Whole lotta niggaz with me
You think I'm lying, but I'm not
You know who we are
We ready for war

You ready to die fuckin' with the wide Tchoupitoulas
Say your prayers, them niggaz shottin', Hallelujah
Gotta stop these niggaz from runnin' they dick lickers
We self made big niggaz, killin' these bitch niggaz

We paper chasin', goin' platinum, in the gangstafied fashion
Made niggaz from the south to the west done hooked up with Mack 10
Gotta get real with this shit that's the only way shit gon' happen
We made now, we was gangstas back then
Made niggaz from the South to the West
Made niggaz from the South to the West
Made niggaz from the South to the West
Made niggaz from the South to the West
From Inglewood to the NO, Mystikal, Mack and P
No Limit soldiers, Hoo Bangin' see we got the Recipe
I stay ready nigga, with a vest strapped and all
Hit the rizzo and ball from LA to the Mardi Gras
No discrimination, hittin' blacks to amigos
Slangin' compact discs like they kilos
A real hustler, recognize another nigga with scrilla
Game recognize game, and killas recognize killas
Never aim to loose, always wanna be a winner
Transactions in New Orleans over Jambalaya dinner
'Cuz what you say you want, that's it, that's what you get you can't switch
'Cuz Silkk'll shock you nigga, and make Mia shoot your bitch
We tatted up, bauggeted up, the jewels glare
Make the haters stop and stay, "How we do that there?"
See Mack and Master P, been up to seven figures
Hoo Bangin' and No Limit, two sets of made niggaz
Made niggaz from the South to the West
Made niggaz from the South to the West
Made niggaz from the South to the West
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