

# 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  
Made niggaz from the South to the West  
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 Hennessy 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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