

# Yappin'

## Master P

[Intro: Master P] Man you need to cut all that woofin out  
Either you from the hood or you ain't from the hood  
But if you ain't from the hood, don't be actin like you from the hood (NEW NO LIMIT)  
Cause niggaz gon expose these fake niggaz  
[Chorus: Halleluyah] Don't make me put my hands on you nigga, I'ma show you what I'm bout  
Keep yappin at the mouth and get knocked the fuck out  
Knocked the fuck out, knocked the fuck out  
Keep yappin at the mouth and get knocked the fuck out  
Don't make me put my hands on you nigga, I'ma show you what I'm bout  
Keep yappin at the mouth and get knocked the fuck out  
Knocked the fuck out, knocked the fuck out  
Keep yappin at the mouth and get knocked the fuck out  
[Master P] Need to stop yappin, quackin soundin like a duck  
Quick to holla whats up when a thug pull up  
I see you fake ass twisted niggaz straight to the side  
and can't even look a real nigga straight in the eye  
Screamin "Bust a nigga head" but real killers don't talk  
You could tell a real gangster how he act and how we act  
See, you and your click don't wanna face me nigga  
I'll detroit indiana fuckin pace ya nigga  
Cause I'm crazy like my dad, a wild coyote  
Show you what Shaq shoulda did to Kobe  
Slap him in his mouth, nigga fuck Jerry Buss  
That fool still talkin, beat his bitch ass up  
You a rookie under me so respect your elders  
Get a country ass whoopin tryin to be rebelous  
The New No Limit, we ain't scared to go to war  
Have you spoof when you leave the house or ridin in your car  
[Chorus][Master P] You can't live in a glasshouse and try and throw stones

I'm a New No Limit soldier, got it tatted on my arm  
See you puh puh poolay, fuck what you say  
We get to stomping like soldiers in Peru Bay  
Real thugs get it crunk in the club  
You don't give a fuck then throw your hood up  
I got a couple screws missing, they say I talk in my sleep  
I'm addicted to money and weed but I love the freaks  
You don't wanna run up on a nigga in the club  
When I'm gone off that hypnotiq, henny and that buzz

See, I'm a fool nigga, break the rules nigga  
I came to party, you wanna get stomped, thats on you nigga  
See, I'm a bEast boy, I'm from the streets boy  
You could knuckle up but Drumma got that heat boy  
I mean the feet boy, I'm Pistol Pete boy  
Stop screamin motherfucker, you ain't me boy  
[Chorus][Young Buck + (Master P)](Where you at Buck?)  
We got the weed spot poppin and the dice game crackin  
Got some hustlers with some birds and some young niggaz jackin  
This the hood baby, white t-shirts and the khakis  
Stomp stompin in my G-Units still Cadillac'n  
P, you know I been waiting to push a line with you dawg  
P, uou know I been waiting to use this nine with you dawg  
I'm on the grey goose, Huey Lewis Black Panther shit  
The whole club pumping they fist but here we go  
It's No Limit up in here, bitch you got damn right (Bitch you got damn right)  
We gonna act like C-Murder just got out of jail tonight  
Oh, we came to start a fight, break 'em off something rough  
Take it back to the streets nigga, make 'em say ughh (Make 'em say ughh)  
So me and Silkk The Shocker in a black Impala  
Burnin rubber in the third ward, ridin wit a chopper  
No matter what I been through, my bank account got it  
Fuck them other niggaz cause we still bout it bout it  
[Chorus]

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