

# There They Go

Master P

(2x)

Where them thugs at - there they go  
Where them thug girls at - there they go  
Where them ballers at - there they go  
If you came to get buck then throw yo' hood up

I pull up at the club, drinkin and I'm gettin loose  
I'm V.I.P. I ain't thinkin how I'm gettin through  
I'm chillin with P and I'm actin the fool  
When your girl see the Tank then I'm snatchin your boo  
I'm in the 'llac, Halleluyah in the Coupe  
My dawgs in the back with the gats and the food  
Yeah - it's young Drumma, straight from the slums of  
where niggaz shine to stay on the come up  
Niggaz jealous from the ice on my neck  
Don't be alarmed nigga cause I'm nice with the tec  
Shorty lookin right in her dress  
When I took her home, skipped talk, right into sex  
Yep! I'm the truth, you the other man  
You think you're hot but I'll prove you're like an oven fan  
I got them broads sayin dude so wicked  
Straight from the South man, New No Limit, yeah

You can find us on the block with that rock boy  
I'm a New No Limit Soldier, not a hot boy  
Put my name on the ward, I'm a legend like Hook  
Posted up on the block with the killers and crooks  
Ghetto Bill could never be no stunna nigga  
What I got, cars for the winter and summer nigga  
You don't know me keep my name out your motherfuckin mouth  
'fore I send some fuckin killers to yo' house  
And the game get real, so niggaz pack steel  
When some shit pop off you better get it how you live  
From the city, where we don't give a fuck about snitches  
We in the club V.I.P. finger fuckin some bitches  
So where them ballers at, shot callers at  
I'm like Warren G shorty, gimme alla dat  
Before I leave baby girl, you could slip me the digits  
And later on you could play with the lizard, you heard me?

[Chorus]