

# No Limit Soldiers

TRU

[master p]  
Whazzup with all y'all tru niggaz  
Uuhhh, at ease!  
And truettes  
Rest of my soldiers out there, kevin miller  
This ya motherfuckin colonel  
Rest in peace tupac  
Of the motherfuckin team  
And all y'all up there soldiers  
Whazzup big boz, nigga!  
Master p  
I got see-murder with me  
T-scot  
L.d.  
Silkk the shocker  
Big mo  
Gangsta t  
And you know what?  
Big man  
We no limit soldiers -- I thought I told ya (repeat 6x)  
Mr. serv on  
Mia x  
Klc  
Mo b. dick  
Craig be  
Hope nigga!  
So bitch get ya mind right -- I thought I told ya (repeat 2x)  
Kane and abel  
Skull duggery  
We no limit soldiers -- I thought I told ya (repeat 2x)  
T-are-you  
All y'all motherfuckin tru soldiers  
Verse one: master p  
Nigga, I'm bustin me locs, but I'm hittin em down with jokes  
Y'all niggaz on the rope, got your hoe on da scope  
Bitches watching me, jockin me, nigga blockin me, cockin me  
Cause I'm the hardest motherfucker, out here rockin  
I got the game in shades, got the niggaz in blades  
I got them hoes on a raid, because the nigga gettin paid  
I've got, niggaz from coast, slangin my dope  
Got niggaz and g's, and rollin keys keys to record sto's  
Get paid wit fatals, niggaz harder than cato  
Nigga turnin the tables, but niggaz livin like potatoes  
Get chopped up in game, niggaz runnin my name  
Master p up in chain, is he dead he's a man  
But I be bustin, hustlin, niggaz ain't trustin  
I'm a soldier, that's why niggaz ain't trustin  
No bitch or no nigga, hoe or no sucka  
Fiend or no clucker, but ready to hustle  
With boulders, bigga than yo' shoulders  
Runnin from the rollers, gone on that doja  
Cause cowards despise, soldiers we ride  
Killers with attitudes, but ready to die  
Cause chickens get plucked, hoes get fucked  
Turkeys get stuck, and niggaz get cuffed  
Ready for combat, my gat with my hard hat  
Strapped with my crew and my niggaz and all that

Down for whatever, niggaz straight rowdy  
Ask any motherfucker in america they'll tell ya, we bout it  
Soldiers out there tech, bustin don't think  
Lose ya life if you blink  
Fuckin with them soldiers on the tank, cause  
Chorus: master p  
We no limit soldiers -- I thought I told ya (repeat 8x)  
Verse two: silkk the shocker  
Let's get ready to rumble, them niggaz stumble  
Hit em with left blows  
Fuck it got death blows  
Ready to got to war? let's go!  
We killas and realas, drug dealers and killers, fuck it  
No limit soldiers, close your eyes  
Now picture me foldin dollar bills  
I stay fuckin tru, nigga fuck it, nigga do ya  
Nigga I come to life and I scare all y'all bustas like freddy kruger  
Gangstafied nigga, true to the game nigga  
Stay fuckin pullin triggas, fuck up all y'all niggaz  
Cause I'm so fuckin t-are-you, representin I thought you knew  
Cause killas killas killas  
That's all I be around, nigga fuckin fool  
About face, this no limit soldier  
One to the two to the three (hah hah)  
Nigga I tried to told ya  
Everybody quiet.... while I load up this rifle (attention!)  
Now all my soldiers start fightin  
It's time -- to go deep cover  
Get to whoopin like danny glover, smother like jelly  
Really, go deep like jim kelly  
Fuck it, all y'all bustas open up y'all belly  
Think we playin bitch, well we ain't  
I heard we had drama motherfucker  
Put up the benz and now we drive the tank  
Cause all I want to be was a soldier  
All I want to be was a soldier, soldier  
Chorus 1/2  
Verse three: see-murder  
I'm a no limit motherfuckin soldier till I die  
We run this place, and I say the same shit, with a gun up in my face  
I ain't scared to die, bitch like I said before, hoe  
3rd ward, I'm from that motherfuckin calliope  
Projects supported worldwide by drug dealers  
Transformin wimpy ass niggaz into killers  
Taking over, worldwide, doin shows oversea  
Bringing bitches to the telly, put them hoes upon they knees  
Gangstafied, like my motherfuckin homies kane and abel  
No limit, the world's number one fuckin rap label (worldwide)  
Competition get smoked like we smokin blunts  
I take a playa hata and knock out his fuckin fronts  
Dope slanga, now I'm slangin cd's  
A million records (platinum), it used to be some quarter keys  
Tru tattooed on my back bitch that's my click  
Ready to hop into some motherfuckin gangsta shit  
I say no limit loud, cause we ain't scared of nobody  
Organized by p or should I say, john gotti  
Real niggaz, put ya guns up if ya feel me  
But if ya talk shit, bitch ya betta kill me  
Like skull I'm a hoodlum 4 life, I told ya  
We be some motherfuckin no limit tru soldiers  
Chorus 1/2  
Verse four: mia x  
Hard times got my mind on cock, and massive thoughts be the plot

Top priorities the family dope and royalty  
My loyalty, fiends with a gang of true niggaz  
No colors, just a bunch of ignorant motherfuckers  
Trust my pen is an infa-red  
Hollow-tips be my lyrics dipped in venom when I send em  
They split ya head (pssssh) wide open  
My rhymes on fire blood, but you can't smoke ne'er a one  
Don't try to come, don't even touch the mic  
My shit so tight, it's more correct than right, when I recite  
Absolutely, you booty-ass hoes and niggaz  
Perpetratin behind water gun triggers  
Hurry up and figure out that studio gotti's catch hotties to the mouth  
Who got that clout, don't act surprised cause it's that bitch from the south  
Mia x hoes, you don't want no problems  
Get so much respect, even yo' niggaz call me momma, the biggest one  
To come stompin out the n.o., the crescent  
Testin, chin-checkin, wreckin when I'm flexin on your whole crew  
Who wants to go to war with this lyrical arsenist  
Ya talkin shit, I'll having ya runnin for the thesaurus, cause I'm walkin wi  
t  
The big dogs without hesitation, unlady like as ever  
Full of, verbal annihilation  
Escaping, po-po's chasin, want ta catch me but they cain't  
I made em think, and now they too scared to run up on the tank  
No limit, you can start it, but we niggaz is the hardest  
To deal wit, keeps the steel, and the plastics to peel wit  
In reach, so we can touch yo' ass  
And leave a bout it scarf on ya face, we soldiers  
Chorus 3/4  
I thought I told ya  
Tru niggaz wave ya guns, show ya tattoos  
Soldiers foe life nigga  
Jumpin off the tank  
Stay true to the gizame