

Bout Dat

Master P

Niggas hear this
I want niggas to mug niggas
Like, what you lookin at?

Bounce wit me, bounce wit me, bounce
When my real niggas come; flip a ounce wit me, ounce wit me
Bounce wit me, bounce wit me.. c'mon bounce
When my real niggas come; flip a ounce wit me, ounce wit me

Bentleys and Hummers; lil daddy, we bout dat (VROOM, VROOM)
Whodi, ice on our mouth and wrist, we bout dat (Bling! Bling!)
Block parties in the projects; souljas, we bout dat
Only guns and pretty bitches my niggas we bout dat

Drop platinum on the street, Ghetto D and Ghetto Postage
Homey don't touch the weed, lil whodi, and don't smoke it
Jack one of my souljas lil daddy; I doubt dat!
Get paid on the 1st & 15th, we bout dat!
A thousand fuckin grams, lil whodi, I got dat
Goin for sixteen five, you want it then holla back!
We in the project livin nigga, rollin with my boyz
Hustlin on them rocks, but we strapped wit dem toyz
You come up fakin and frontin
You get your wig split nigga
Live by the knife
Whodi die by the trigga
We be runnin dem blocks
Duckin Dodgin dem cops
Slangin tape till they pop
And we gon' ball till we drop (Ya Heard!)

All they can say is, when they see us be like, that's them bastards!
Silkk and P equals dope, come on that's simple mathematics
Niggas wanna be more, famous then rich
Now I might hang wit a chick or just, hang in the bricks
Nuttin polite, opposite of nice, gangsta shit
You ain't never seen 2 or more niggas, gangsta then dis
See we right where da block at
Right where da spot at
Right where it's hot I mean
Right where the cops at
Ball 'till we fall, never gon' stop dat
Do what we done, come on, never gon' top dat (Ha)

Fool kid nappin papers nigga, we bout dat
No Limit stuntin 'n frontin lil daddy, I doubt dat

Ride me out Silkk

Vvvrrrrrrm! Vvvrrrrrrm!
Vvvrrrrrrm! Vvvrrrrrrm! Eeeerrrrr!