

Bout That Drama

Master P

Silkk-Wassup fool?
Silkk-We gonna do this like real muthafuckin' g's.
Silkk-Time to take two in your fuckin' back
Master P-Young Silkk the shocker in this bitch
Master P-Bout that drama
Master P-No Limit

Niggas must wanna fuckin' die bitch
Talkin' that muthafuckin' shit
I run with TRU
I gives a fuck about who you run with
Bitch, we run this shit
Nigga it be No Limit for life
Across my stomach
Runnin' is a bitch for the simple fact that I got drug money
Got it for fifteen g's or more
I ain't stretchen out upon the floor
I want that cash in that bag
Then Im'a dash
I want that cash, and that dope
It ain't no luv in this bitch
I got a slug for a trick
It's '95 my nigga, but I be livin' large and rich
Gotta break 'em off the plastic
Have them face down closed casket
You niggas should never start that shit with a semi-automatic
Stuff them niggas, freeze, show em my degrees
I want them keys up in the lexus, bloody trail but police can't catch me
Nigga wassup? (Murder)
Fool
Gettin' high up off that indo
Niggas gettin' high 'n rich and bend low
Cock with a glock
Pop once to them low
Nigga fade me
Think I'm crazy?
Nigga, I do this shit daily
I'm bout that drama

I'm bout that drama, I'm bout that drama
No Limit niggas ready to kill
We bout that drama
We bout that drama bitch
No Limit niggas are bout that drama
That drama
drama
We bout that drama
Givin' niggas one way tickets to the bahamas

Bitch I been about that drama
Nigga, this shit ain't gon' fuckin' stop
My bullets ain't got no name
and plus my trigga ain't gots no heart
Freeze
You niggas better duck
I'm quick as fuck
Nigga I'm rollin' in this fuckin' cutlass

I gives a fuck bitch
Nigga I falls for that bitch and ducks this
nigga don't need to run though
Cuz I'm knockin' everything up off the front porch
With this gat 1-1-0
Nigga watch straight street sweeper
Watchin' the block
and the glock cock
Nigga, boz with that shot your dome
It be known I'm from the southside
Bitch you thought wrong,
I stick and move with this pistol grip
I see you bleedin' tryna' get to the phone
Call 9-1-1
But to late, you caught up in a 1-8-7
Stretched out on the stretcher
Can't catch me bitch I'm to smooth
Bullets to the dome, and I'm on and cool
How you gon' catch me when the police ain't got no evidence
I represent
I bet you I get dead presidents
Before I die I'm bust more fly
For '97 P and Silkk gon' sell a billion.

[Master P chorus and talking]