

## I Don't

Master P

Yo, this for all them niggas and bitches  
that thought it was over for No Limit  
And now y'all wan' holla  
cause y'all know it's back on and poppin'  
This what I got to tell y'all (UUUNNNGGHHH!)

I, don't, fuck witchu, bitch, ass, uh, niggas  
I, don't, fuck witchu, bitch, ass, uh, niggas  
I (for my real thugs!) don't fuck witchu (for my real thugs!)  
bitch, ass (for my real thugs!) uh, niggas (my No Limit real thugs!)

I (for my real thugs!) don't fuck witchu (for my real thugs!)  
bitch, ass (for my real thugs!) uh, niggas

The New No Limit so how you love that?  
The girls be jockin us wodie we all that  
The Ghetto Bill Gates so you know I got dollas  
I'm flippin CDs from tape, to 'cane we got power  
Hit the block big Bentley, rollin with the top ball  
Niggas jumped cap so wodie they fell off  
Now wodie can't hustle, and wodie can't eat  
I had paper before I met you boy you can't beat me  
Now wodie cryin like a broad that mean wodie fake  
The only reason wodie wanna sue cause wodie got replaced  
I mean, wodie be sayin all that, wodie raps wasn't all that  
And wodie trippin, ?? the house and the car at

I got my Gameface on, my name plate on  
If it don't say The New No Limit then be gone, huh  
I'm a couple o' years ahead of you cats  
I mean the big wolf is back and I'm eatin the pack  
How you trippin on me, but my papers too long  
While you focusin on me, your girl is gettin boned  
Why you worried about me? Is it catch 22?  
And that word love, it only come with loop  
I know you wasn't real from the first time I met you  
I was waitin for you to step out of line so I could wet you  
And if you play with fire then you might get burned  
But if you a real Soldier you can make your own turn

[Chorus]