

# No Limit Soldiers II

Master P

Oh yea  
It's Christmas time nigga  
Well muthafuckin Merry Christmas and New Years nigga (ha,ha)  
Yall didn't think we was gonna do it again  
Hah nigga what

MP be my name  
From the ghetto to fame  
Got them MAKE 'EM SAY UGHHH (UGHHH)  
Got the world screaming my name  
From every soldier to soldierette  
From every killer to cadet  
Playa hatas get wet  
TRU niggas march playas step

We No Limit Soldiers  
I thought I told ya  
We No Limit Soldiers  
I thought I told ya  
No,No Limit Soldiers  
I thought I told ya  
We No Limit Soldiers

I'm a muthafucking No Limit Soldier  
It's a mystery (what)  
How us young black thugs made history  
We be some TRU niggas on the rise  
And we gonna ball till we fall  
Two shots to my dead niggas on the wall  
Captain of a bunch a ghetto millionaires on the rise  
And much respect like them muthafucking wise guys  
TRU tattooed on my back and arm hoe  
And represent the south 3rd Ward Calliope

I dropped on the streets  
Like cocked 9's or spray painted stop signs  
Niggas gettin knock down  
Needles in white lines  
Second lines pity crimes  
Down to a gun call all from a phone call  
I done been through it all  
Well you forgot my name Fiend  
And I don't fuck around  
And soldiers show that there bowdy rowdy  
When I come around  
I'm Mr. Womp Womp  
The one tighter than some new J's  
Bout getting some to plays  
That get me funky for few days

We No,No Limit Soldiers  
I thought I told ya  
We No Limit Soldiers

Yall remember me I'm the one they call Mr. Magic  
Voted least to succeed but I'm back to let cha have it  
Now I'm moving on yall can't stop the tank I'm wit

If you fuck wit me be guaranteed bitch that your head gonna split  
AHHHHH shit  
Who make yall scream the loudest  
Who dough it  
That Master P boys get rowdy rowdy and bout it bout it  
Respect the tank or get your ass rolled over  
By this 200 & 20 lb. 9th Ward bulldozer

You bet its me the only one to spell everything out  
The nigga to snatch your muthafucking neck  
If you ain't got no muthafucking respect  
The soldier that been holding back for years  
Cause niggas scared of my motherfucking bite  
P done let loosened up the straps, believe me nigga  
you ain't leaving this motherfucker til everybody fight  
Even if you don't want to  
I'ma hit you punch you kick you  
I'm the rowdiest motherfucker up in this bitch  
And I'll love to get witcha  
Fuck you I'm wearing these leather support across my chest  
So lower you tens if you don't respect  
You know I'm from the 3rd bitch  
You gone be a casualty  
bitch, I'ma soldier

Roundin up my soldiers, scoopin up my warriors  
Mobbin with these No Limit TRU shotcallers, street brawlers  
All the nigga don't fuck around  
We ain't gonna tear your club up  
But we gonna shut the bitch down  
Lyrically I drown soldier hatas  
I'm the lady alligator  
Take you shake you and bake you  
Split your decision maker  
Wake up fire starters coming harder  
Than your father's fist  
Like he caught your mamma's lips around the neighbors dick  
It's the same bitch  
Y'all know how Mama Drama Mia X ho's  
You don't want no problems we soldiers

We No Limit Soldiers  
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I hit you wit the - left, right , left  
Then a roundhouse kick  
Nigga make some room back up back up  
Bout to get right up in this bitch  
Big Ed the (Assassin) watch me get my (Blast On)  
Then I (Smash On) with my (Mask On)  
Full grown wit the brains blown  
From my infamous spit  
Then I fuck the shit out your old lady with my infamous dick  
Get 'em up hit 'em up  
My entourage in camouflage  
When you hear (Ooh Ooh Oh) get the fuck out of dodge

Mista!! N-O-L-I-M-I to the T  
Second in command  
When I get my demands  
The only person that can stop it is P

No tattle tails so many bitches I had to kill  
Grabbed my steal soldiers from the heart  
No killa boy luck killa in my heart  
On the battlefield fuck yall what  
Coming through spitting  
Coming through hitting  
Yall niggas hit the gates  
Come through flipping  
Picture a nigga  
So now I'm coming to get you next  
Nigga trained for combat  
Bomb on contact we can play fair  
Yall been warned sorry ones yall can stay there  
You can tell we some soldiers (right, right, right)  
You can tell we some soldiers (when I say ahhh)  
Everybody starts to fight! Soldiers

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Left right left right  
Muthafucker I been tight  
Running from the breath fire coming from my windpipe  
Bullet wounds pistol play muthafucking fist fight  
Hiding in the tent with a motherfuckin chim light  
There go the tank there come the round  
Throwing grenade get on the ground  
You might just get up without your head  
You looking for trouble and that's what you found  
Take a long time look around tryin to find  
These niggas ain't trying to respect our minds  
Shoot us, and stab us, and kick us, and cut us  
but can't fuck with us when we combine  
Get you everytime put your foot on the mine  
Flyin metal when it highly explode don't matter how you put it  
When you are telling a nigga bout me  
Let it be known I'm a motherfucking soldier!

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No No Limit Soldiers  
I thought I told ya  
We No Limit Soldiers  
I thought I told ya  
(Bitch get your mind right)  
No No Limit Soldiers  
I thought I told ya  
(Bitch get your mind right)  
We No Limit Soldiers  
I thought I told ya