

Poppin' Them Collars

Master P

Hey yo (Ghetto Postage)
Give me something that makes a nigga wanna pop his motherfuckin' collar
(With a lil' West Coast twist on it)
(Master P and Snoop, ha ha, tah dow, poppin' collars)

Pop those collars
Pop those collars
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That's the just the way we do it
Pop those collars
We changed the game

Slid up in the door, get up in ya ho
Sippin' on some Mo with Big D from the mad ass 6-0
Stretched out on the couch with some Mary Jane
Doghouse nigga, we all in the same game
An every nigga in my click got the platinum chain
Blang, blang Doggy's Angel's same thang
Eastsidaz same thang, rip riders ask my nephew Kokane

Cause game recognize game and we got it
No Limit and Dogg Pound, we rowdy, get em' up
We bang bang

On this music that we make ho
In the cars, the clubs, or when we smoke dope
We drop that shit for you kin folk
And poor folks no joke, loc loc
Blaze a sack loc, bust a back stroke
And pop ya motherfuckin' collar till ya break ya back loc

Ah dog we off the heezy
Snoop and P together for cheesy
Poppin' collars from the South to the Wizest
We off, see the tank around our nizeck
We O.G. show me love
And the Baker Boys started the buzz
Now we California livin' like Dre and Pac
And them No Limit boys, see we can't be stopped
Me and E-Feezy go way on the bizack
Remember Baby D, TRU it and Prizack
My essay homie, chop chop got the dizope
While me and Xzibit was ballin' by cizoast
I'm the black Slim Shady so don't try to play me
Turn a six into a Bentley and drive em' crazy
Roll up to Eastside back to the West
Represent Richmond, California to the South, respect

I'll bless you before I diss you
Y'all miss me, shit I miss you
So sweet, so sure but so low
So just let it all go, serious we sick of this
Dog homie, ask ya kids they put chu' up on it
On the corners they poppin' they collars
While back in the days, shit niggas used to stack they dollars
Make a nigga wanna holler
Playas, pimp, p-poppers, impersonators

Real rip riders, Eastsidaz and regulators
Haters come in all shapes, sizes and colors
But we on top of thangs so they can't get above us
Hate us or love us, we rollin' with the heat huggers
Thuggers, house party niggas fuck clubbers
With anine in my pockets, poppin' my collar pushin' and shovin'

[Hook with Master P & Snoop ad-libs to fade]