

# Soulja Boo

Master P

Eeny-Meeny-Miny-Moe  
The soulja boy never let you go  
You gotta man he ain't got to know  
And tell your friends keep it on the low (ya heard!)

(2x)  
hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 What!  
hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 Huh!  
The way - you - make - me - feel  
Make me wanna run wit you  
Such a boy can I roll wit you  
I'm always lovin' you  
Check it out  
You and ya girls come follow me  
I'm the ghetto Bill Gates, they call me Master P  
I learnt in the 3rd don't trust your fo'z  
I gotta couple diamonds with a mouth fulla gold  
Platinum on the wrist, Bentley in the dri-i-i-ve  
I learnt in the bricks how to slang and survi-i-i-ve  
We No Limit Soldiers till the day that we die  
And all my souljas rest, raise ya hands up high

How do you do my senorita  
Finally say "I'm glad to meet ya"  
Take you out the ghetto and then I'll treat ya  
I won't let you cry and I'll never beat ya  
Ya got a man, I hope he can keep ya  
Hit me on the cell or on the beepa  
Roll a 600 Benz to the spot I'ma freak ya  
Then pick a hotel that me and you can creep too

Hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 What!  
Hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 Huh!  
Hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 What!  
Hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 Huh!

I'll be your soulja girl  
Ain't nothin' like my soulja boy  
I'll be your soulja girl

I need a soulja boy ready to go to war  
A fire boy with 20'z on his car  
When I need some love he won't be far  
I need a ride or die thug that can work dat {?} (that's me)  
Talk that talk, but keep it real  
And never stop but plays the bills  
And I love the way he makes me feel  
Thats why this soulja girls gonna keep it real

Hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 Ha!  
Hut 1, hut 1, hut 2 What!

Hut 1, Hut 1, Hut 2

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah! No Limit Soldiers can't be stop

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!

Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!

[Chorus:2x (without Master P in the background)]