

Street Army

TRU

Master P:

I are you!!! Silkk You In Here, No Limit For Life, I Got This Seedy, I Got This,
I Got The Hood On My Back Nigga, Walk Wit Me!

(Chorus) x3

Throw Yo Ragz in the air we back my nigga,
I can smell a championship like shaq my nigga
You bitches tried to stop me you hoes you can harm me
The new no limit is every street nigga army

Master P:

My pops told me fall off yo bike then you get back up
Represent yo hood nigga throw yo shit up.
You dotn snitch you go to jail dats the codes of the street
Nigga got a gun to yo head want you to talk man? put me to sleep!
Before I tell war stories or snitch on my homies
Testify in the court room man these niggas are phony.
What happened to old days when niggas died for honor,
I know some niggas in my hood a fucking tell on they mama.
I only roll with a chosen few a chosen crew,
Like bize, hotboy, drama, afficial, D's, and Hollelu.
You gotta respect the niggas that stayed solid.
Like corey, aljum v them niggas on records island.
Them niggas they ain't gone that represent no limit,
Like long head paul hall me marlo and jimmy.
See murder doing it big and didn't do the crime,
Ya see my niggas don't snitch if they life on the line
(Chorus) x2

Afficial:

I never like the navy so I joined the army,
Been rockin my solder rags since they made atari.
Don't speak to bitch niggas I don't like to get drawn
I got a eye problem can't see me fucking with yall.
I know I said it once dawg but now I'm saying it clearly,
If you wanna see a snitch bitch look in the mirror.
No limit is the army we some soldiers til we die,
Pistol pete gimem the word you know I'm gone ride goodbye!

Pistol Pete:

I Enrolled In The Army I ain't looked back since,
I was on the block long like tank shawn prince.
Use to hustle off the porch we ain't have no fence,
Mask on no gloves they ain't have no prints. Nigga!
I turn a slice of bread into a loaf,
We live death before dishonor ima stick to the oath
Its a fact the fiends want needles of smack,
Ima hustle until I got more diesel than shaq.
(Chorus x2)

Apollo:

everybody listening so I put somethin in they ear,
They think p miller just somethin that I wear
Yeah see the connection we got,
Is real enough to come out the booth and make the best of the block.
So I stop when we got everything moving along,
You hear me speak more than once its usually a song.
And even tho we in the playing field

They say Apollo And Carl won't kill you but a hater will.
My meal ticket just startin to cash in
Breathin key movin when I bail on my last win.
Everybody start from the bottom,
Til you find yaself chasin everything til you run into problems

Hallelu:

I got street credibility every hood they feeling me,
Heavy good deliveries while you tearing up christmas trees.
My hand religiously beat down my enemies,
Peep how I injure these weak lames listen.
I speak flames and lyrically heat brains,
I'm physically untamed you need a lil more help maine
Cause this 45 unlocked and aim my gun cock and bang
This shit is bad for your health maine.

(Chorus) x2

Master P:

I know y'all street niggas out there can appreciate a nigga coming from the mother fucking hood and do somethin else, but y'all young niggas that's taking the game and fucking it up, nigga I was hustlin before most of you mutha fuckas was in school, kids under me children (Chiren) glorifying getting shot, real niggas dodge bullets, banging on whacks, man niggas dying in the hood man been hiding money, mutha fucking the rap game fucking it up and the snitches fucking the dope game up maine we gone
Brang this shit back to reality tho ya heard me, don't make me take my belt off and whoop one of dez lil bitches!