

You Ain't Sayin' Nothin'

TRU

[Master P]
Them TRU Boys Up In Here
Gonzilla Ain't Got Nothing On Me

[Chorus: Master P]
You Ain't Sayin Nothing, Nigga, You Ain't Sayin Nothing (8x)

[Master P]
I'm the truth motherfucker I ball with Mike Bibby
I'm in the Calliope project you want me, then come get me
When niggaz will jack you, them hoes got gats too
These kids walk around with golds and tattoos
J Prince, The King of The South, I just kept that bitch going
Niggaz disrespect me and I make you stop growing
Boz he right here, Hot Boy he right here
The New No Limit, nigga this is our year
We about money, cars, bitches, hoes
Kicking out windows and knocking down doors
I'm a hustler motherfucker, I can't work for the man
Put them birds in the van, and holla catch me if he can
They feeling me, my enemies mean-mug
Still walk up in the club and buy the bars up
Like What The What What, Get Beat the Fuck Up
No Limit In This Bitch, You better shut the fuck up

[Chorus]

[Mr. Str8]
They don't wanna play with me, they scared, ain't said nothing
We too deep up in the club, we waiting to start stunting
Jumping like you crazy, like nigga you can't fade me
Tipsy on that remy, I'm ready to start blazing
Like holding the club down, dipping out with cha lady
Sprees on my Chevy, they spinning like changed faces

Movin through the hood, Choppin like I am racing
Boy say "He gone" but show me you can't hate me
Yeah this the year, so niggaz just disappear
Niggaz gonna expect it from me, I'm right chea
You drive, I'm right chea, My niggaz, we right chea
Riding, Might Drop Em, don't wanna play round here
We about money, cars, broads, hoes
Kicking out windows and knocking down doors
A cup full of remy and a bottle of Mo
I light that dro when it's time to smoke

[Chorus]

[Desperado]
South West Philly P's
Them sawed off stickers, snatch out ya weave
You can't see me through the tips on the range
It ain't about the money, bitch we got change

[Yukon]
Gets ya hypnotic, Afficial, we bout it
Real niggaz up in the club, we ain't smiling
[Desperado]

Respect on our shirt, my shoes are P Miller
Find us on the block with thugs and drug dealers
The cuts on our diamonds is sharp as grease
It looks like the lights on our masterpieces
[Yukon]
My team strong so we ready for whatever
Bad chicks wit us like we came here together
Later on, I might lace something
We in the club, hella deep, but your ass wouldn't say something
[Mr. Str8]
Put your hood in the air, represent your city
Free C-Murder and wild out with me

[Chorus x2]