

# I'm Bout It, Bout It

## Master p & Mia X

Ugghh, its time for the national anthem  
Y'all ns bout it (I started this bout it, bout it)  
If you bout it (get em up), I mean you bout it, bout it  
(that mean you bout it, bout it) well say you bout it, bout it I represent, its 1990-skrilla  
It's Master P and they labeled me a drug dealer  
Cause I'm bout it, I mean I'm rowdy  
I hang with these killas that everyone talk about  
We doin' this, we doin' that (we doin' what)  
We in the studio rippin' up dope tracks  
Cause we real, you betta guard your grill  
Cause if we bout it, bout it  
If you ain't bout it, bout it you might get killed  
I represent (T-R-U) where them killas at  
3rd Ward, uptown, Calliope on the map  
Back up off me, ain't no softy  
Betta guard your grill mothafas, we comin' hard G  
I got killas in the projects sellin' water  
I got ns from New Orleans to Florida  
Bout it bout it (bout it, bout it)  
I mean they rowdy, rowdy (mean they rowdy, rowdy)  
You betta watch your s cause ns is bout it bout it  
I mean they snatch you out your car on a kidnap  
Lay you on the floor and tell you  
B you betta break off some snaps or dead  
Put the pistol to your head  
Ain't no love where I'm from, but you ns in the grave  
I mean they dyin', I mean they fryin'  
Gone off that juice (fermalgahide) and leave their mothers cryin'  
Cause their little boy is dead  
Cause that color blue or red  
And wanna do what them other ballas said  
To make some snaps, I mean to make some money  
To break it up on the street, but this game ain't funny  
You want that beat in, ain't no way out  
But death or that mothafin' jailhouse  
If you bout it, say you bout it  
I roll with some ns that are bout it bout it  
I mean we rowdy, rowdy, them ns bout it, bout it  
Bounce, bounce, bounce fool, if you bout it, bout it  
C-Murder is bout it, bout it (show them gold ones, show them gold ones)  
Big Ed you know he's bout it, bout it (bhudda  
N, that n bout it, bout it (get up off hin)

Big Man and the Caleo is bout it, bout it (bounce, bounce, bounce)  
Mercy Caller you know he's bout it bout it  
And Cali-G in California is bout it, bout it  
Mo B. Dick (if you bout it) you know he's bout it bout it  
Nick Pokey you know he's bout it bout it  
KLC of the Parkway is bout it, bout it  
And Mr. Serv-On is bout it bout it  
And Rasheen and the Mack know yas bout it bout it  
Sonya-C you know she bout it bout it  
Silkk the Shocker you know he's bout it bout it  
And Mia X is bout to kick some flava (she's rowdy, rowdy)  
Ns know that I'm bout it already, I can prove it  
So when they hear my voice, they all know I come to do s  
Mia X representin', puttin' it down for the south  
Keep a shank in my sock and bullet in my mouth  
So don't doubt the angel like voice, come across  
Get your cucumber sliced and you messy ho tossed, boss b  
I keep em sick from the way I kick my s  
And KLC got em scared cause he's back whisperin' it, anotha hit  
No Limit ns in the house, plus on niggette  
With that pimpstress clout, now what they talkin' bout  
Beaucoup hustlas, and thugstas, murderers, and dope fiends  
Fel a taste from drame scenes  
Infared beams aimin' at your forehead  
Ain't no fin' country boys  
Soldiers bringin' noise, leave you lyin' in red  
Puddles from a fin'  
Now who will be the next to get they fin' shoes took off  
I really can't call it, cause once the gumbo be grieven  
A n start ballin'  
Strike up the second line band  
And put your black gear on cause we gonna stay bout it, understoodB I been bout it, I mean we  
bout it, bout it  
From Kansas City to St. Louis they bout it, bout it (they rowdy)  
Down in Memphis you know they bout it bout it  
From L.A. to Alabama they bout it bout it  
Washington to Carolina to Georgia (they bout it)  
Cincinnati, Port Arthur, to Florida  
Chattanooga, Ohio, Detroit (do that gangsta walk)  
Lexington Kentucky to Louisville (you bout it) you know they bout it bout itI mean they rowdy  
(break it up)  
From Richmond California to San Francisco, to Oakland they bout it bout it  
Down in Houston they bout it bout it  
The Northside, the south side, you know they bout it bout it  
From Dallas to Waco to Austin (they been bout it)  
To Jackson to Mississippi them ns flossin' (means they 'bout it)  
B and M's on triple-gold and they bout it  
That's how these gangstas roll  
From Lafayette to Lake Charles to Chicago to Florida

To Baton Rouge to Shreveport to New Orleans (they bout it)  
They bout it, (they rowdy) I mean they rowdy  
In Little Rock, Arkansas they bangin' I mean they bout it  
My homie Tre-8, they bout it  
Loony Skull Dugrey you know that fool is bout it  
Ken Frank, Raw Wayne, Jeff B, Mean Green, DJ Roe, Greg Streep  
Levi, may he rest in peace  
And all the other motha-ns that are dead  
Like my little brother Kevin Miller that was bout it bout it  
Out it (bout it bout it)

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>