Akickdoe! (feat. Pimp, Bun B & Master P)

C-Murder, Pimp C, Master P & Bun B

[Master P]Yo C-Murder
Nigga you woke?
Keep your eyes on the rollers nigga.
Pass the weed (ok)
We gon' head up interstate 10
We gon' pick up Pimp C, and Bun B (that's my niggas there)
We gon' get rowdy rowdy and bout it bout it
We gon' handle our business
We gon' smoke
We gon' make it back to the N.O.
Cuz u know whut?
Us South niggaz don't playa hate
We got love from the South, East, West, to the Nizorth
But it's your time baby
We gon' handle our business
And we gonna do this shit like g'z
We gonna represent the gizame
Ya heard me?
[Pimp C]This game fucked up
I ain't got no friends
I done spend my last 70, 000 dollars on a drop-top bienz
Ugh, and I'm a real nigga
Down to put a forty-five to his head nigga
Lay it down muthafucka because I'm bustin' for mine
Take that ine everytime and I ain't try to dine
Niggaz dyin' podarthur (huh nigga what?)
Thank that I'm playin? (huh nigga what?)
Bust 17 times and let 'em feel what I'm sayin'
UGK and C-Murder
Cadillac and a Tank (Master P)
Bout to fade the platinum
Smoke some dank and some drank
But bitch luv me when I come to your city
Serve my dick out her pussy
and bust my nuts on her titties
Ugh, it's just a matter of time before I'm up in your house
With my mask on my face and my thang in your mouth
Now get your mind right nigga (mind right)
and make a pimp bitch
and never put trust in a trick ass bitch (trick ass bitch)
[chorus x4]I'm bout ta pull akickdoe! (ugggggggghhhhhh!)
Lay down on the flo' (flo')

Want the cheese and the money or everybody gotta go (gotta go)[Bun B]They try to run up in the manger (run up)
Now hold oon Bun B
I see me P and C in danger (danger)
Just like the ATF, PD, and Texas Rangers
Fuckin' with me and my middle fanga.
But to this shit nigga we ain't strangers
But I Gotta bust my magnums
Gotta gage these pistols
Hand grenades, and land mines
chopper smoke bombs and missiles
Some of them bitches whistle
Some of them bitches silent
But all them bitches handle business
All of them violent
Bout it bout it and dangerous
soldiers that wanna gang with us
Bang with us, hang with us
get that No Limit slang with us
I came to bust every ass in my way till it's over
so get the chip off your shoulder
feature this
I done told yah
we own 5 on your bitch in your bumpin' conflicts
Nigga I can see that you got plicked
Sit down and take a time trip
this ain't nothin' ta sneeze at
the fear in your eyes I see
bitch where's the key's & g'z at?[chorus x2][C-Murder]Lay it down muthafucka
Everybody gotta go
Give me the loot is what I tell 'em
When I kick in the doe'
Nigga I'm mad at the world
for my lack of havin' papers
Fuck the law and the cops
Cuz I'm down for a caper[Master P]Some say we dangerous
Especially when we broke
I'm mo daily than a dope fiend fiendin' for dope
I just live for confetti
You see I'm daily like Freddy
You see I run through your house and leave it messy like messy[C-Murder]I got to much choice in my head
I wanna take my own life
My last chance is a 211
But it got me thankin' twicee
It's a drought right now
So these drugs ain't happenin'
And if it wasn't for No Limit
there would be no money or rapping.[Master P]You see my boy had an apartment full of keyz

and g'z
The word on the street is his homie told his baby momma to freeze!
You see you can't trust nobody in this dope game
keep your eyez on your enemies
Stack some chips and get out man.[C-Murder]Give me a ski-mask, a 9
I'll be a down ass nigga
And watch me pull a flee-flicker
And make my cheese get bigger
If I get caught it's 25, but that don't mean shit
Cuz if I go to jail it's gotta be better than living like this
Nigga 2 shots in the air
Cuz I ain't bout bein' broke
And if you bout i make a move
nigga, everybody gotta go
Just some bout it niggaz from New Orleans
With tapes hooked up
C-Murder, Master P, and UGK
Now Nigga what?[chorus till fade]

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