

I'm Bout It, Bout It (feat. Master P & Mia X)

TRU

Master p (talking)
Yeah ha, I could never turn my back nigga. (never.)
I could never forget where I came from.
This for all my muthafuckin' soldiers. (master p.)
Native of new orleans. (louisiana)
All you tru soldiers.
Give it up for richmond, california. (puttin 'em on the map.)
Put em up, represent, where you from? (westside, southside.)
Check out some of this down south shit though nigga.
You bout it, I'm bout it bout it
If you bout it bout it, well say you bout it bout it
I represent where them killers hang
Third ward, calliope projects, we got are own name
It's a small hood, but it's all good
And mr. rogers ain't got shit up on my neighborhood
I represent nothin' but g's (g's)
>from richmond, california all the way back to new orleans
That murder capitol of the world so fool watch your back
The mighty rise and clip but some tourist don't make it back
And niggas ain't trippin' on yo life g (life g)
They ready to take your ass out before the count of 1, 2, 3
So give me your gold chain, what bout your gold ring
Niggas down south quick to put you in that body slang
I mean that body cast (ha ha), what bout that body bag
You ain't thank quick, that's why you on your ass
And niggas stuntin', perpetratin, talkin shit
You roll through the projects you might get your wig split
Mr. crazy wanna borrow a quarter quarter
You best not fuck with them fools that gone on that water water
I mean that clicker juice (dang), fermaldahide (like dat)
Whatever you want, the more they dip in cigarettes to get high
Like some alcohol, niggas don't even give a fuck
They leave you stuck in that muthafuckin' black truck
Break you off like some muthafuckin' japanese (damn)
Aint no love in this hood, ain't no love for g's
And these niggas killin' bitches too
And these bitches settin up niggas cause don't give a fuck about you
You gotta be bout it, bout it, cause I'm bout it bout it
Third ward, calliope projects, you know they bout it bout it
And that fourth ward is bout it bout it
I mean that fifth ward, and tenth ward, you know they bout it bout it
Twelfth ward, bout it bout it

And that thirteenth, seventeenth uptown, downtown, across the sea
Bout it bout it, cause we bout it bout it
My little homie hot minus sign, they bout it bout it
Bout it bout it, I mean we bout it bout it
King george, tru you know we bout it bout it
Silkk, you know he bout it bout it
My manager tc, you know he bout it bout it
Big ed, bout it bout it
Sonya c, you know she bout it bout it
C-murder, bout it bout it
Mr serv-on is bout it bout it
Mo b dick, you know he bout it bout it
Cally g, k-lou, bout it bout it
Craig, you know he bout it bout it
And mia x gonna kick some shit she rowdy rowdy
Mia x
I'm here to show a whole bunch of niggas that I'm bout it
Comin from the crescent, testin nuts
And eady to bust some of those who doubt it
I'm rowdy as the fuck, hoes you best be backin' up
>from this below sea level hoe comin' like a tornado
Brings drama, either way I have to do this
So break your selves, niggas here comes a woman to this tru click
The bitch you love to hate but yet ain't bold enough to face
Cause mia x will finish first in this grand diva race
I kick your earholes laced with my pimpstress funk
Punks playa hate beacuse they shit be bump
But I dunk a niggas head into a toilet full of piss
Cause in this drama field, fool we ain't takin' no shit
Downtown sixth ward left feet on guard
Seven ward hard heads, niggas out that saint bernard
Ninth ward pressed for desire and florida, new orleans
So bout it every day we comin harder firewater
Got them niggas gettin' high off my floss, gumbo
Regreet em plus my ate two fate got em payin twenty bones
So bring it on cause I gotta recognize
No limit and mia x, nigga flex if you bout it bout it
You bout it bout it, yeah I'm bout it bout it
And rest in peace my girl jill cause she was bout it bout itMaster p
I mean she bout it bout it, she was bout it bout it
Them niggas from no limit records, you know we bout it bout it
Master p, you know I'm bout it bout it
The whole new orleans, them motherfuckers are bout it bout it
Baton rouge, you know they bout it bout it
Jackson, tennesse, you know they bout it bout it
Alabama, even georgia
And all you other motherfuckers down in southside florida
You know they bout it bout it cause we bout it bout it
>from richmond, california to oakland, they bout it bout it

Cross the bay to san fransisco, to the eastside
Huh, you know they bout it bout it
Down in kansas city, you know they bout it bout it
Kentucky, ohio, washington, they bout it bout it
Mean green, you know he bout it bout it
Craig street, that nigga bout it bout it
Rock raines, huh, ya know he's bout it bout it
My nigga vercy carter, you know he bout it bout it
Rasheem in the magnolia, know ya bout it bout it
And all them niggas uptown fuckin' bout it bout it
All them niggas bootin' up with that gold
Bout it bout it (bout it bout it)
Them niggas bout it bout it (bout it bout it)
My little brother kevin miller, rest in peace (rest in peace)
Young nigga, he was bout it bout it
Bounce bounce bounce fool if ya bout it bout it Yeah, f you bout it, say you bout it.
Being about it means you down to do whatever.
You bout it?
I'm bout it.

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