

# Here We Go (feat. B-Legit, E-40 & Master P)

## Mystikal

(Intro (E-40))

Uh, uh, hah!

Alright, Mystikal, (BITCH! Hombre!) Mystikal.

Alright nigga, this E four O.

Huh, E four O, E four O, huh.

Finna get it crankin up in this biatch, what.

Finna get it crankin up in this biaiatch.

V-Town (V-town), New Orleans.

Check it out.(E-40)

Thangs fine, in the middle of the street, sirens and violens silence  
Muthafuckas play for keeps, violens and diamonds on my grand piano

Turn the channel, lemme see that, gimme that back

Muthafucka fool what's your problem? (What's your problem?)

Nigro, why you wanna pull all on the side of my column

Column, shot em shot em, got em, stick em, lose em, stock em

Bitch em, dodge em, block em, stock em, rock em, chop em, scheme em

Plottin plot em, 45 special, 45 special, nigga with the four five realize

(B-Legit)

I got this monkey on my back, shit be funky that's a fact

Screamin up in them swamps though, pocket fulla twamps though

To stomp hoe, totin my pis-tal

Up and down them side streets up in my vehi-cal

Calli still, rally's fell, French Quarters at night

Smoke blunts, get the money, and make shit right

We're smokin weed pipe, niggas stuff it and roll

Just some fools bout they paper, way out of control

Now, here we go(Chorus (B-Legit & E-40))

Here we go, time to let these niggas know

Here we go, here we go, uhhhhh

Here we go, here we go, time to let these niggas know

Mystikal, P go get the four door

Here we go, here we go, time to let these niggas know

Here we go, here we go, uhhhhh

Here we go, here we go, time to let these niggas know

Mystikal, Master P go get the four door

(Mystikal)

A-I-N-T-N-O-L-I-M-I-T

Nigga, we B-O-U-T-I-T-B-O-U-T-I-T

Fonzarelli, gimme the mike

Let me get in they ass

And with the Ice Cream Man we kickin ass

Came way from the project in New Orleans

Where the drug dealers slang and the killers they blast  
Pass the grass, gimme the weed, smash the gas, we actin bad  
We lookin for the bitches with the pink cookie  
We already got the plastic bag  
Nah-nah-nah-nah-NAH  
Our money don't stop, it multiply  
Could this fucker be, P lemme in the pool  
lemme show ya I pull my size  
I know some of y'all niggas gon probably  
have a problem with everything we say  
Bitch, G-E-T-O-F-F-M-Y-D-I-C-K  
Always been the shit, so I'ma be the shit  
Fuckin with niggas like E four O and B-Legit  
Y'all niggas got a pay to feed the men, we the men  
Do it fast or slow, we dressed up straight from a fashion show  
Passin hoes, ain't nothing on the wall  
in the hall but platinum and gold  
I put the dick on the track, and break they back  
To the mighty N.O., came fame, when I brought it to the top  
Here we go, in this B-I-T-C-H Chorus (Master P) (Talking with echo)  
Represent, Ughhhhhhhhh!  
Ha ha! That's how we gon bubble.  
No Limit style. Mystikal, nigga.  
E-Feezy, B-Legit, and Master P.  
The kisarme. Yeah baby, yeah.  
Represetin ya heard me. How ya do dat dere.  
707, 504, we gettin y'all ready for that there.  
It's a new beginning, a new millenium.  
No Limit.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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