

# Akickdoe!

## C-Murder

[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! (uggggggggghhhhh!)  
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 plucked  
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]

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