

Mase, Gettin' It

(feat. Funkmaster Flex)

[Mase]

How 'my complain, na?
When I'm as pretty as my father?
And he got 60 hoes (60 hoes?)
That know each other (yeah)

Yo, I'm the problem nigga's got, but scared to step to it
If a nigga really want it with me? Let's do it
See cats in the club, it's just music
Thieves and killers'll tell ya, I just proved it
I set the tone, ya nigga's adjust to it
Spit bars, nigga's do sets and rep's to it
I'm the type that get 30 years and rep through it
Want it wit' us? Come put your best to it
Come clean now, I'll send these tests to it
I should get a Nike contract the way I "Just Do It";
You know I hide B's on it
Come on B.S. and leave on it
Get 50 grand and breathe on it
Red dot, squeeze on it, drop keys on it
Might hit a chicken and then put Cease on it
Cats get greed in war with the heat of they jaw
Somebody move wrong, I put they teeth on the floor
If they don't show you where the coke at, beat 'em some more
Make 'em see how it feel to have to eat through a straw
While I'm sittin' in the car, chick goin' to get my jar
So I greet them like the chicken they are
Said Shorty, if you ever follow me and spit a clip in my car
Tell ya now, that's like lynchin' the law
Ain't no gettin' up if I hit you
So all them cowards wanna ride with you
They either die with you, or lie cripple
Mess with me, now why would you?
Nigga's die dealin' with dough that's quadruple
Double Up

[1 - Mase & Flex]

Where all my down super star's at? (Gettin' it)
Where the cats at the barn at? (Gettin' it)
Where the 90 girls that? (Gettin' it)
Where the girls around the world at? (Gettin' it)

Real hair, real furs (Gettin' it)
Got a house that's hers (Gettin' it)
For my niggas outta town at (Gettin' it)
Can't forget my niggas locked down at
(Gettin' it, uh huh)

[Mase]

Yo, it's like some be real, sold me three and squeal
Some hold they head, some see appeal
Some come home wild in the week to kill
Then show old cats young cats be real
Deep throat be how I greet my chick
Any hoe suck a dick, got at least a six
Any man call me fam', got at least a brick
Shut the whole morgue down just for Easter kicks
When I'm down and out and I need the chips
Vietnam will be how I leave your script
And it take dough just to reach the rich
So can't no senator impeach my ssshhhhh
And don't rush to be somethin' that you're not

Reworn up lies, keep guns cocked
And any cat mess with us get one shot
To do what he gotta do and get somethin' hot
Blaque, back up, what what
Blaque, back up, All Out
(Where you at? Where you at?)

[Repeat 1]

[Mase]

Yo, please don't make Murda live out the name
I'm only here to get enough, then I'm out the game
A nigga didn't want drama, why he came?
It's like tryin' to win, know you cross the grain
Messin' with my niggas, ya'll will both get the same
Cut 'cross the face, now you both look the same
Still wanted for the bricks, took up in Maine
Run up for ya chain, fifth cop aim
Please don't be stupid, come out the chain
Don't be a hero, this clip will bang
A nigga like Mase probably got everything
X-30 G's, then why buy a plane?
No skinny Benz's, wide-bodied things
Four dot, six dot, chick dot Range
Uh, All Out (c'mon)
Bad Boy, Double Up
(Where you at? Where you at? Where you at?)
It's not a game

[Repeat 1]

[Repeat 1]

Come on, Come on