

Mase, Will They Die 4 You? - Lil' Kim

Yeah, how many niggaz that'll die for you
How many get the keys like to ***
I ain't talkin' 'bout those that get high with you
Niggaz know, infrareds on ya head and they ride with you

Verse One: Puff Daddy

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
While I'ma ride for you, would you ride for me?
While I'ma die for you, would you die for me?
Obviously, we all know you type of cats
Let them man get struck, never strike back
Stay in the streets, seven days a week
Shit get hot, you never glaze your heat
Stupid motherf**ker wanna play me sweet
So I keep 'em on his toes, that way he never sleeps
*** than the king and the Pope, sling no dope
Call me anything but broke
When it's on, I guarantee my team don't choke
Wanna war, you niggaz better bring yo 4
And when I say we won't quit, believe this shit
When I talk about a Benz, let you see the 6
And when I'm talkin' to a hoe, let you meet my bitch
When Puff talk, you niggaz take *** of this

Chorus

Verse Two: Mase

Yo, if you down to act, we can to scrap
We beef '89, still watch your back
A nigga smack me, I'ma smack 'em back
If it lead to the guns, then that be that
And lately, niggaz that snake me, just make me
Wanna send 'em heat without AC
Thinks I'm sweet, taste me
How much you really want it?
Enough to put a mil on it or your deal on it?
This year Cancoon gets on gone with
My own niggaz, see I pay my own trip
Make my own chips, I copped my own 6
I knock my own shit, like I'm on my own dick
My day be short, ***, raid the fort
I'm knocked by the cops, come blaze the court
And though niggaz ***

Disrespect ***

Like a ***

Me, I always have, so I never go for self
Had thousand dollar bills with Teddy Roosevelt
Better slow down, tellin' you now, ***
Kick your door down, surround the block
Where you go now?
Fifty shots spit at you and that is not a whole round
Way I leave the furniture, think it was cold found
Here's the low-down, messin' with Mase gotta go down
What more could I say but hey, guess you niggaz know now

Chorus

Verse Three: Lil' Kim

Motherf**kin' right I'ma roll with my motherf**kin' dogs

Cause bitches ain't around when it's time to go to war
This shit here, nothing to f**k with
I'm the same bitch all y'all wanna try y'all luck with
Little Kim spread like syphilis
You think I'm pussy?
I dare you to stick your dick in this
Chrome 44, inconspicuous in the 6-0-0, shit's ridiculous
Speak when you're spoken to and only with permission
Like E.F. Hudden, when I talk, niggaz listen
So don't y'all be mad at me, cause I'm the Q to the B
To the motherf**kin' E-E
Popped my CD, now all y'all wanna be me
See me on the TV, ***
Peep the steady, chromed out and phoned out
My shit is paid for, your shit is loaned out
I keeps it on, money keep growin'
Ice fully glowin', plus I'm bad to the bone
In the danger zone, I hold my own when the pain is gone
Like a splinter ya enter
So why should I throw my blows and ***
Do a bid upstate and take the weight for your troubles
My nigga BIG, I'ma ride for
But it ain't to many niggaz that I'd die for

Chorus