

# Mase, Will They Die For You

Yeah, how many niggaz that'll die for you  
How many get the keys like to ride wit you  
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 motherfucker wanna play me sweet  
So I keep 'em on his toes, that way he never sleeps  
Bigger 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 heed of this

Chorus

Verse Two: Mase

Yo, if you down to act, we down 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 guess who I'm goin' 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, need coke, raid the fort  
I'm knocked by the cops, come blaze the court  
And though niggaz .....?  
Disrespect.....?  
Like a man below your belt  
Me, I always have, so I never go for self  
Had thousand dollar bills with Teddy Roosevelt  
Better slow down, tellin' you now, put the doe down  
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

Motherfuckin' right I'ma roll with my motherfuckin' dogs  
Bitches ain't around when it's time to go to war  
This shit here, nothing to fuck 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. Hutton, when I talk, niggaz listen  
So don't y'all be mad at me, cause I'm the Q to the B

To the motherfuckin' E-E  
Copped my CD, now all y'all wanna be me  
See me on the TV, bezel dip in 3D  
Peep the CD, chromed out and phoned out  
My shit is paid for, your shit is loaned out  
I gets 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 doe  
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