Mase, Do You Remember

(feat. Cardan)

[Ma$e]
Oooohhh...yeah yeah
Hands in the sky
And put 'em up hiiigh. [2X]

Gimme reason why
C'mon!

If it's your thing that ain't workin then you improvise
Why...it's me...you hate...that's genocide
Everytime I'm in a vibe it's me that they criticize
But everytime they in a ride it's my song they memorize
The richer get richer the poorer get poorer
See I'm here to save the city like Sodom and Gomorrah
Got a order I'm awaitin from a 404, my aura's not the Torah
Plus I'm jazzy like Norah
See my codi call me wodi, and don't even know me
I been around the world man without a roadie
See I'm classic like a Audi
Save the game like a goalie
Got my Rollie, olie, so you can call me holy rollie
You don't know what you're in for, don't do no endo
I'm not tintin' my windows
I'm not duckin' no bimbos
I'm saying 'N-O' to the nymphos
You got something to say, then send your memo

[Chorus 2X]
Do you remember how it used to be
Back in '96 when I made ya move ya feet
The feelin's back so get up out your seat
Let's do it again and again and again

[Cardan]
Yea yea yea yea
Now it was this bounce, that opened up a Swiss account
If you get this, you guaranteed for this amount
Now can we pause for a minute, under the authentic
See I ain't said a word and you're already in it
See money is my linen, I get it as long as they print it
I tell ya that far, invest in Nascar
I leave the streets smokin' like brand new black tar
Girls...put stickeys everywhere my ass are
Silver horsey on the back, is this a fast car?
Yellow ice on Sunday, pink on a Monday
White ice, Six Flags, family on a fun day
Know much about a Hyundai, if you wanna come stay
We kick it, beat ticket, make on a one-way
Now what they gon' say? I don't need it?
They don't really tell the truth, man they life was defeated
They quite conceited
They rockin' all that ice that's treated
I wrote a book about it, like to read it, huh, huh, huh, huh?

[Chorus 2X]

(Say ohhhh...yeah yeah
Hands in the sky, and put 'em high.) [2X]

[Ma$e]
Uh uh
Engine in the back, no roof-top

Feet on gas, with no need for cash, oo oo oooh
Trunk in the front, I make a million in a month like pumps in the bumps
You know Mason be that very fellow that bring canary yellow
Hand, so heavy, that it's hard to say hello
I'm somethin' you got to have like strawberry Jell-o
Same jewellery in the hood cause I ain't scared of the ghetto
You know it

[Chrorus 2X]

(Say ohhhh...yeah yeah
Hands in the sky, and put 'em high.) [2X]