

Mase, If You Want To Party

[Intro]

What the fuck?

'99, get your name back nigga

(Get your name back nigga)

Double Up Motherfucker (99)

Double Up Motherfucker

Don't believe it, Double Up, Uh

Yea yea yea yea What what what what Uh Uh

Yo who got the right to flip, twice the whips

Time to get paid, get twice the chips

See law ain't no good unless two dice hit

Hate me even if I didn't ice my shit

Fuck niggas, make that money and lots of it

Sold four million and somebody got to love it

They want Mase for video, ain't in the budget

I can't take a piss without a bitch tryin' to rub it

How could you know like this

When it's because of me a nigga know what nice is

I was 60 I have flow-itis

I like my weed green and my hoe's dyke-ish

You know you like this

Young kid'll live by goldie advice's

Pimp hoe's that come across so righteous

Fuck though, promote on the Rolley ices

Yo, that's why my jewelery looks snow white-ish

Come on

[1] - If you wanna party come and shake your body

If you wanna party put 'em in the air

Over there, over there

If you wanna party come and shake your body

If you wanna party put 'em in the air

Over there, over there

Yo I'm tryin' to live my life the largest, Vipers in garages

'Nuff money to go court and fight the charges

Everybody stare at Myse the hardest

That's why I'm in them all night menages

Besides B.I.G., the criticly acclaimed

I vow, they never bring the city to shame

I pulled up the prettiest things, the prettiest range

The prettiest cars, and the prettiest stars

By far the prettiest Misses

I pull up in the prettiest sixes

So by the time you get the six bitch, I have the seven

By the time you get the seven, I switch to the eight

When it time I get this cake, a bitch could wait

They know I could sell five so they ship me eight

Come on

[Repeat 1 while:]

All Out, motherfucker

To the death, motherfucker

Bad Boy forever

Bad Boy forever

All Out, motherfucker (Uh uh)

H World, motherfucker (Uh uh)

To the death, motherfucker (uh yo)

Yo why I'mma envy the lives or envy the guys

Who be frontin' in the Six that's really a Five

You could see I still got it by the look in my eyes

I'mma blue collar criminal, crook in disguise
It don't matter if it rain, I got a pool inside
And a stretch range so at least 20 could ride
And I could tell fake platinum from a mile away
When I rap, yo' 150 thou' get paid
So until then nigga, I style away
Four point six swit' to the Cal' away
I'm gettin' honey, I ain't with the beefin' going on
I look at nigga's cars, alot a leasin' goin' on
My heat get raised up, streets gets blazed up
Until a nigga find my dough and pays up
I lays up fuck, 'till my days up
Doggy style, so bitch don't fuck my ways up
Come on

[Repeat 1]