

Mase, You Ain't Smart

[Intro]

What, what

What, what, what

(H-World)

What, what, what

(All Out)

What, what, what, what, what

(Take it back to the streets, mutha fucka)

What, what, what, what, what

Yo, this for my niggas in the streets

(What what what what)

Foreign cars and the jeeps

(What what what what)

Make about a fuckin' million in a week

(What what what what)

When I can't forget that we all still street

Yo, yo

You know a nigga that's sniffin', that's always in the kitchen

Bagin' shit up, there's always something missin'

A nigga that's speeding, bound to have a collision

Bound to be in prison, or bound to pop a mission

So if you got dogs, nigga, let 'em go

If a mob fuckin' truck right, let 'em know

We got the same guns that you got, but better though

And next time we in some shit nigga, you will know

See I'm pushed to the point that I put something down

And I stand over your head, like look at you now

And the kids in the parks start lookin' around

Like, "Mommy come here, look, look, look what we found"

Wit' me it's more intense, nigga

So if you ain't goin' hard, stay on the bench, nigga

And you know when I come, I leave no prints nigga

And when you die, it won't be at my expense nigga

Nigga, nigga

[1] - Yo, you ain't as smart as you think

And I know you ain't as smart as you think

(Take it back to the streets)

You talk crazy on the phone, bring niggas to your home

Hey yo, you ain't as smart as you think

(Take it back to the streets)

Hey yo, you ain't as smart as you think

And I know you ain't as smart as you think

(Take it back to the streets)

You leave a thug wit' a hoe and you think you on the low

Hey yo, you ain't as smart as you think

Yo, yo

Not only do I know the rights, I know the wrongs

Mo' money, mo' bitches, yeah, you know the song

And if you claim you a nigga that know me long

And you should know I'mma die with my Rolley on

I ain't no punk, I ain't no chump, I ain't no whimp

Ain't got no cane, ain't got no ming, ain't got no limp

Money exempt, instead you niggas are blimp

And every bitch in every state know Mase is the pimp

See I'm unlike the ones who fail you, when I know where you

Live, I'mma send my kid to take care of you

I'll bring it to my man if he try to spare you

I'd tie something up if I wanted to scare you

Make it where your own shadow won't stand near you

And they send the trauma unit to come repair you

Now there you are nigga, in the fuckin' reservoir
With your Bentley, we don't give a fuck about your car
Who you are

[Repeat 1]

Yo, yo
You can't never love a man so much you can't doubt him
Let him know certain shit you gotta do without him
And if ya got guns, don't leave home without it
You gon' kill a man, there's ways to go about it
See I never kill a man, and I do it vainly
I won't ever let a mutha fucka know I'm angry
Cuz when I get caught and they come arraign me
It be a surprise witness that come to hang me
I figure, if I'mma do it, I'mma do it my way
Set 'em on Sunday, have 'em by Friday
Then Sunday, I'mma meet 'em on the highway
See where his exit is and keep it movin'
Monday I'm off the exit
All I wanna find out is where the complex is
And by Tuesday I'm sittin' in the complexes
All I wanna find out is where the address is
And by Wednesday, it just so happen you get shot in the knee
A nigga tried to run away and dropped the key
Now you in the hospital, not critical
Frontin', makin' a scene, bring the whole block wit' you
Friday hit and you ain't got no clique wit' you
Need somebody help you with your leg, got your bitch wit' chu
Soon as you get home and put the key in the door
Click, clack, now get on the floor, I told you nigga

[Repeat 1 until fade]