

# Mase, You Wanna Hurt Mase?

1 - Do you really wanna hurt Mase?  
Or do you really wanna make me cry?  
Or is it really that you envy Mase?  
Or you don't really wanna see me fly?

Do you really wanna hurt Mase?  
Or do you really wanna make me cry?  
Or is it really that you envy Mase?  
Or you don't really wanna see me fly?

Now you don't wanna see me angry  
Ain't enough cops or cuffs to chain me  
Days to arraign me, KKK's to hang me, insane me  
Ya need ice picks to bang me  
Need more than a straight jacket to restrain me  
Or more guns with my prints for you to frame me and name me  
Nigga, look at you and look at us  
My duns don't fuss, Harlem win you with a thrush  
Nigga you better hush, I can mess out the cave  
Niggas still get touched  
And them little ones you bust ain't enough for us  
Listen here, Mase'll make you disappear  
And yo' mouth'll be the reason that you missed this year  
Man who needs ya? You don't need me, I don't need you neither  
That's why my next Lex gon' be a two seater  
And the things I do to you won't leave you beautiful  
And though yo' feelin' f\*\*k me, I'm feelin' mutual

Repeat 1

From the M to the A nigga dollar sign E  
Come around money if you ever tryin' to find me  
I was murder for six years, seen no clean from it  
Drop murder off, Mase woke up at Teen Summit  
My niggas joke, niggas broke, kill a laugh

I got power, make a call, get a mil' in cash  
Like my money and ya ain't 'cause they don't tax me  
Actually, anything you got to ask me, fax me  
I'm no Beamer dreamer, I'm a Bentley man  
Car totally smashed threw out 50 grand  
How ya figure ya bigger when Mase that nigga  
And every style I deliver come with much charisma  
Knock it off, now will ya , I'm the one that bitches live for  
Don't get me wrong you niggas make it hot I make it sizzler  
And I don't know you cats, so don't you get familiar  
And if you violate me and mine I guarentee I peel ya

Repeat 1

If I ever whisper on a remix, I got C-chips  
Time is money, when you talk gotta be quick  
I don't see how ya'll hang or even be wit  
Niggas ridin' in the Benz with only one V-6  
But I know how it is when ya go into the bar  
Got girls overreact, they thowin' you a star  
Got niggas player hatin' don't even know who you are  
And go as far as leavin' bullet holes in yo' car  
When you're from Harlem World niggas never see yo' views  
They wait for you to flop or be on BET News  
All they see the G's and jewels, V's that ya cruise  
Being the underdogs, they can't wait to see us lose  
Don't hate me, thank me

I don't get mad when nigga's bitches prank me  
Make you cranky to see me places that you can't be  
I'm too pretty to let you niggas shank me  
And frankly, know you probably hate me cause you ain't me

Repeat 1