

Total, Stay Out Of My Way

(Intro)

Hey yo, dogs, for real?

I'm yo' man but you got the address up

Cuz now you got chicks talk' "What the fuck"
"What the fuck", "what the fuck"

(Mase)

You know somebody swung on me & amp; cut me?

(Come on come on come on)

You know somebody pulled a gun on me or robbed me?

(Come on come on come on)

Is they stoppin' my money? (Hell no)

(Come on come on come on)

Then it ain't no problem here

(Come on come on come on)

C'mon I ain't wit that man

(Yeah, what, what)

Just throw my B back on

Yo, yo, yo

You know my mission ain't complete

'Till I hit the city with a 600 Jeep

Hardest nigga from All Out you wanna meet

Hash in the dash with heat under the seat

Chased Kate 52 states straight

But still ain't nothin' sweet

I took a year off to let the young nigga's eat

Everybody wit' me want bucks

Walk around platinum linked up

With money like Brink trucks

Shit get too hot? Puff, put the minks up

Come back in the summertime like fuck it, it's summertime

All Out tattoo's over wife beaters

Get mail Branson, never buy reefer

Bentley five seater, it's all for real

First rapper to close down a mall with a mil'

The clothes, the hoes, the cars that flaunt

Plus the money so I'm on nigga one

Talk to me

(1 - Total)

If you don't fuck with me

Like I don't fuck with you

It ain't much for us to talk about

Cuz you don't fuck with me (Yo, yo, yo, yo)

And you know I don't fuck with you

So all I can say (uh uh)

Is stay out my way

(Mase)

Don't take much to wake up, taped up

Fuck the district, I live in Jacob

Hit a nigga, bitch nigga, kiss and made up

See me without Puff, try to get your weight up, uh

Ain't nuttin' between you and me

And on the real, nuttin' you could do wit me

I got cash that'll fund your leave

You'll pull that hoodie over your head

And put five in your Ceasar

Doubt me now and die a believer

Run and catch bullets like a wide receiver

When the war's on, put your gloves and your Gore's on

Teflon hard hat nigga, put it all on

Beef no more that's what other nigga's for
I got a fam' that love to go to war
Love to get locked up, love pickin' the odds up
Love not comin' home, love to be boxed up
I'm from a town where kids could pop up
Little punks in garbage bags, body all chopped up
I'll come and run your block, knowin' you got popped up
Arms are rocked up, Bentley wit' the top up
Uh, you don't stop, come on

(Repeat 1 while:)

What, what, what
Yeah yeah yeah what what what
You don't like me nigga? (What the fuck?)
You wanna fight me nigga? (Huh? huh?)
Stop frontin' nigga (You frontin' nigga)
Uh

(Mase)

Yo, one, two, three, four
Everybody on the floor
You see grams, I'mma see craters
By the time you see land I'mma see acres
Drop another CD just to see paper
And before you see me you'll see the maker
All I see is more chances, more advances
More houses, no spouses, more beaches
Wild thugs around me and no leechin'
When they gun's out playa, there'll be no reachin'
Ballin' in Dirty South wit' no creases
And all I see is more F-in' iced out Jesus pieces
The rock over Sean John fleeces
You never love the money like we love it
Pay the chick sucka, and let her teeth touch it

All Out
Bad Boy forever
The Movement
What

(Repeat 1)

(Repeat 1)