

Uhh nigga
Uhm, yeah
Yo, yo, yo
See I hold my head, hoes wanna 'spite me
Mad, I got the Jag' but they the wifey
Icey, is what my merchandise be
Know I'ma star, so they over-price me
Charli B'More be twice you bitch
Tell you got no style by the Ice you pick
Step into my cold area, polar bear wear
White minking, white Lincoln, now what you thinking
What? Too much Ice got you blinking?
Meanwhile, Mickey sinking, what you drinking
West Philly, bad bitch, dress really
Ain't met a nigga with enough dough to sex really
Seen everything, from king's to heavy haters
Cherry gators, Tahoe in every flavor
Rhymes I wrote (9's I tote 'em)
And times I hold 'em
I even put 9's in niggas quotas

What
Yeah
What
Yeah
What what
Yea what what
Turn me up, though
Turn me up

Yo, yo, now if you don't stop
Then we won't stop
If you want the bottom, then I'll be on top
I ain't never met a bitch that ain't ever suck a cock
So if you gotta proof, I gotta have a drop, bi-atch!

If you know B'More, then you know this song
I'ma rip any shit, niggas throw me on
While I'm reachin' mine, I ain't known you that long
Fuck around, nigga, wiggle more then your rollie gone
Ring too
Get that nigga cream too
Hit him bout once or twice, dream come true

I'll give you more then a six, mansion on the beach
Chanel flip flop's, satin all on ya feet
Liguini for brunch, or spice and your heat
So a bitch like you, can't check me from the street

I'm not a girl who'll dream about living with Mase
All I wanna do is get his cake, and sit on his face

What what what
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah

Yeah, what what what, what the fuck, ughh, yo
What they think, cause be Mase young, Mase be dumb
They get Mase strung, there'll be no prenum
But ever since Blood die, my life change
Out the blue, I'm they boo, that's quite strange
Now ya nice thangs, way out the price range
Half these girls, don't even know my right name
Though I got Rollie, mink made of coyote
Love a ghetto hoe, I know she die for me
You got me confused, see Cam the freak
Mase never the cat, bring sand to the beach
Show some that the average show-hand couldn't reach
Living expenses, 50 grand a week
You know me, I V-O-T, low key
Platinum rollie, smoke a O-Z
Baby face nigga, without no goatee
2 point 8, about to blow 3
Huh

What the fuck
What the fuck
Yeah yeah yeah
What what what
Yeah yeah yeah
What what what
Yeah yeah yeah
What what what
Uh
What the fuck
Don't stop
What the fuck
We won't stop
Harlem-Philly's
Still bless ya forever
Mase blessed forever