

The Mask

Fugees

Have you ever worn the mask one-two one-two,
(M) to the (A) to the (S) to the (K)
Put the mask upon the face just to make the next day,
Feds be hawkin me
Jokers be stalking me,
I walk the streets and camouflage my identity,
My posse in the Brooklyn wear the mask.
My crew in the Jersey wear the mask.
Stick up kids doing boogie woogie wear the mask.
Yeah everybody wear da mask but how long will it last.

I used to work at Burger King. A king taking orders.
Punching my clock. Now I'm wanted by the manager.
Soupin me up sayin "You're a nice worker,"
"How would you like a quarter raise, move up the register"
"Large in charge, but cha gotta be my spy,
Come back and tell me who's baggin my fries,
Getting high on company time."
Hell no sirree, wrong M.C.
Why should I be a spy, when you spying me,
And you see whatcha thought ya saw but never seen.
Ya missed ya last move, Checkmate! Crown me King,
Hold my 22 pistol whipped him in his face.
Hired now I'm fired, sold bud now I'm wired,
Eyes pitch red but da beat bop my head
Hit the streets for relief, I bumped into the Feds,
I got kidnapped they took me to D.C.,
Have me working underground building missiles for World War III.

(M) to the (A) to the (S) to the (K),
put the mask up on the face just to make the next day.
Brothers be gaming, Ladies be claiming.
I walk the streets and camouflage my identity.
My posse Uptown wear the mask.
My crew in the Queens wear the mask.
Stick up kids with the Tommy Hil wear the mask.
Yeah everbody wear the mask but how long will it last.

I thought he was the wonder, and I was stunned by his lips,
Taking sips sipping Amaretto sour with a twist,
Shook my hips to the bass line, this joker grabbed my waistline,
Putting pressure on my spine trying to get L-Boog to wind,
I backed up off him then caught him with five finger to his face,
I had to put him in his place,
This kids invading my space,
But then I recognized the smile, but I couldn't place the style,
So many fronts in his mouth, I thought he was the Golden Child,
Then it hit me that's Tariq from off the street around Grams.
I haven't seen him since fifteen, when he got booked for doing scams.
I tried to walk away but he wouldn't let me leave,
He ran up quick behind me asking, "Yo what happened to my nigga Steve?"
Steve was like this kid I went with back in Grammar School.
I chuckled knucklehead I seen him yesterday he's cool,
He's busted, "so who you checking for now?"
Probably some intellectual.
I kept the conversation straight and he kept trying to make it sexual.
Then his old lady tried to play me waved her hands up in my face,

Yo I told her check your man cause b**** you acting out of place.

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3a.m. in th morning on the Boulevard,
I'm still at large engaged with my entourage,
me and Godfather and a 67 Dodge.
I stepped out the note to post up my guard
searching for my car that was stolen from Scotland Yard.
My first instinct was to check the chop shop garage.
As I rung the bell someone tapped me on my back,
I turned around to look it was a rookie in a mask.
He said, "I got a itchin' on my trigger,
Don't move nigga I'm taking you for murder."
See cops got two faces like two laces on my Reeboks.
My knees knock as I step back for a claeer shot,
Well did you shoot him? Naw kid I didn't have the balls,
That's when I realized I'm pumpin'too much Biggie Smalls.

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