

# Niggaz Wanna Act

Mase

Yo, check this out right  
Harlem on da rise  
And you don't want no problem with us guys, uh  
M-A-dollar sign-E  
And if you ever out tryin' to find me  
I think I should warn you  
I get hard when I want to  
Angelettie, Bad Boy, niggas ain't ready

Yo, you the type of cat in the building holdin' the cracks  
Playin' some the niggas on the corner holdin' the gatts  
Nigga come through, a nigga kill, never blow back  
You the nigga never did but send in all the facts  
Yo, I know niggas like you cuz I meet 'em all the time  
And I greet 'em with the 9 if they ever keep what's mine  
If I lose I get loc, put a fool in the yoke  
Two to his throat, take his jewels and his coat  
More than likely, you ain't got to like me  
And this might be the last time I take you nicely  
For my legion, fill up the season and start squeezin'  
Niggas talkin' shit, be behind the cars weavin'  
There's no breathin', ain't nobody in here leavin'  
You kill my man, I kill your bitch, now we even  
I'm from a cold world, where it's bleeding 20 degrees in  
Fahrenheit, niggas get sniped for no reason  
Do a lot of work, got plenty funds and many guns  
Many sons, niggas do anything to anyone  
And on the streets I don't doubt nuttin'  
So when you talk to Mase better watch yo mouth son

Yo, if niggas wanna act we can act  
You niggas wanna scrap, we could scrap  
You niggas got gatts, we got gatts  
You niggas wanna style, we style  
If you get foul, we get foul  
You get wild, we get wild

If niggas wanna act we can act  
If niggas wanna scrap, we could scrap  
You niggas got gatts, we got gats  
You niggas wanna style, we style  
If you get foul, we get foul  
You get wild, we get wild

Yo, started with a blue whip, got a silver new whip  
Cuz feds watch when I do shit, keep poppin' up new shit  
Think the whole Harlem World on some clue shit  
We crisp bub sippers, strip club niggas  
Peace to the street team, ya'll get love niggas  
Six years ago I was the have-not nigga  
Hot nigga, represent for all my block niggas  
Now I'm 6 drop niggaz, baggette rock niggas  
10 G's a show and I ain't even drop niggas  
Shock niggas who thought I was a pop nigga  
You go against Mase you get your wig rocked nigga!  
Players like me'll leave your whole block bitter  
Roll hard like when I see the bank stop nigga

Hustle is a hustle, so I never knock a nigga  
Don't really fuck with Dame, but still I cop Jigga

Yo, if niggas wanna act we can act  
You niggas wanna scrap, we could scrap  
You niggas got gatts, we got gatts  
You niggas wanna style, we style  
If you get foul, we get foul  
You get wild, we get wild

If niggas wanna act we can act  
If niggas wanna scrap, we could scrap  
You niggas got gatts, we got gats  
You niggas wanna style, we style  
If you get foul, we get foul  
You get wild, we get wild

Yo, I do this everyday, why brag about the glory?  
Tell you the whole truth, never half the story  
You wasn't no hater, you'd probably be happy for me  
Billboard first slot in every category  
Niggas say they love me, they don't love me  
I know deep down they wanna slug me  
I feel the vibe when they hug me  
Luckily I rock jewels that be chuckie  
Over Iceberg Rhugby, pushin' a Benz buggy  
For a better batch, roll fever for notes  
And need I approach little niggas seated in coach  
I mean, um, think it's smaller than the weed in my roach  
The seed in my smoke, the niggas ain't cheap, they broke  
Oh yeah, this my dough year  
Jealousy and envy'll get you nowhere  
You don't like me, bet against me  
You right, got dough do whatever you like  
I get front row seats on the night of the fight  
My Roley too tight, how many link, loosen my ice  
And 'for I scoop the dice, bet a grand I beat the duece twice  
Niggas who don't make dough, I can affil'ate with 'em  
I'm dyin' from a sickness known as Willie-ism

Um, yo, whatever you want  
We can do  
We can do it better  
And you niggaz wanna scrap? We can scrap  
Niggaz wanna wild? We wild  
However niggaz like it, you get it  
Harlem World  
Bad Boy  
It's '97, yeah, Harlem on the rise  
And you don't really want no problem wit us guys  
Uh, got my man Cardan with me  
KFC, D-R-E, Blinkey blink  
Cooda Love, Utto, uh  
Black Fred  
Big  
Puff Diddy  
You know we got bitches  
Lox, Black Rob, the whole committee  
You don't stop, we won't stop