

# Stay Out Of My Way

Mase

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"

You know somebody swung on me & 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

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

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

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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

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

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