

# You Ain't Smart

Mase

What, what  
What, what, what  
(H-World)  
What, what, what  
(All Out)  
What, what, what, what, what  
(Take it back to the streets, mutha fucka)  
What, what, what, what, what  
Yo, this for my niggas in the streets  
(What what what what)  
Foreign cars and the jeeps  
(What what what what)  
Make about a fuckin' million in a week  
(What what what what)  
When I can't forget that we all still street

Yo, yo  
You know a nigga that's sniffin', that's always in the kitchen  
Bagin' shit up, there's always something missin'  
A nigga that's speeding, bound to have a collision  
Bound to be in prison, or bound to pop a mission  
So if you got dogs, nigga, let 'em go  
If a mob fuckin' truck right, let 'em know  
We got the same guns that you got, but better though  
And next time we in some shit nigga, you will know  
See I'm pushed to the point that I put something down  
And I stand over your head, like look at you now  
And the kids in the parks start lookin' around  
Like, "Mommy come here, look, look, look what we found"  
Wit' me it's more intense, nigga  
So if you ain't goin' hard, stay on the bench, nigga  
And you know when I come, I leave no prints nigga  
And when you die, it won't be at my expense nigga  
Nigga, nigga

- Yo, you ain't as smart as you think  
And I know you ain't as smart as you think  
(Take it back to the streets)  
You talk crazy on the phone, bring niggas to your home  
Hey yo, you ain't as smart as you think  
(Take it back to the streets)

Hey yo, you ain't as smart as you think  
And I know you ain't as smart as you think  
(Take it back to the streets)  
You leave a thug wit' a hoe and you think you on the low  
Hey yo, you ain't as smart as you think

Yo, yo  
Not only do I know the rights, I know the wrongs  
Mo' money, mo' bitches, yeah, you know the song  
And if you claim you a nigga that know me long  
And you should know I'mma die with my Rolley on  
I ain't no punk, I ain't no chump, I ain't no whimp  
Ain't got no cane, ain't got no ming, ain't got no limp  
Money exempt, instead you niggas are blimp  
And every bitch in every state know Mase is the pimp

See I'm unlike the ones who fail you, when I know where you  
Live, I'mma send my kid to take care of you  
I'll bring it to my man if he try to spare you  
I'd tie something up if I wanted to scare you  
Make it where your own shadow won't stand near you  
And they send the trauma unit to come repair you  
Now there you are nigga, in the fuckin' reservoir  
With your Bentley, we don't give a fuck about your car  
Who you are

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Yo, yo  
You can't never love a man so much you can't doubt him  
Let him know certain shit you gotta do without him  
And if ya got guns, don't leave home without it  
You gon' kill a man, there's ways to go about it  
See I never kill a man, and I do it vainly  
I won't ever let a mutha fucka know I'm angry  
Cuz when I get caught and they come arraign me  
It be a surprise witness that come to hang me  
I figure, if I'mma do it, I'mma do it my way  
Set 'em on Sunday, have 'em by Friday  
Then Sunday, I'mma meet 'em on the highway  
See where his exit is and keep it movin'  
Monday I'm off the exit  
All I wanna find out is where the complex is  
And by Tuesday I'm sittin' in the complexes  
All I wanna find out is where the address is  
And by Wednesday, it just so happen you get shot in the knee  
A nigga tried to run away and dropped the key  
Now you in the hospital, not critical  
Frontin', makin' a scene, bring the whole block wit' you  
Friday hit and you ain't got no clique wit' you  
Need somebody help you with your leg, got your bitch wit' chu  
Soon as you get home and put the key in the door  
Click, clack, now get on the floor, I told you nigga

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