

## Soda & Soap

Masta Ace

I met this girl named Fantasy on wall street  
From Tahedi, real Tahesian treat  
She had a lot of "pep see" honey was peace  
And she told me she liked my smile like shy niece  
She danced at this club and made the guys holler  
And in a "minute made" like a thousand dollars  
The club that was run by "Mr. Schweppes", he had a rep  
And everybody watched they step  
Cuz word on the street was he was no joke  
Had everything from crack, marijuana to "coke"  
Later at the club saw this guy named Wayne  
Who always bettin' money on the Giants game  
As soon as it's on yo I stayed away  
Cuz he the type who "welches" a bet and won't pay  
I keep tryin' to tell him be a straight stepper  
Somebody gonna "slice" him and send him a "Dr. Pepper"  
Went to the bar checked the score  
Got the bartender told him what to pour  
He put it on my "tab" as he filled my cup  
And told me the game was tied "7up"  
Around 12 o'clock she came out to dance  
Had all the guys pushing just to have a chance  
To spend a little money trying to see the rest  
She was blessed, in an "orange crushed" velvet dress  
But I stayed by the bar cuz I already know how it go  
I already saw the show  
See I went to a club like this in Toronto  
And came back from "Canada dry" with no dough  
And ever since then I see and see clear  
You never find love in this atmosphere  
Sometimes you gotta find a better place to be in  
Maybe go to a "mountain do" a little skiing  
So I finished up my drink and I said goodbye  
And got home before the "sun kissed" the sky  
No matter where you from or which way you leaning  
Now goin' pop got a whole new meaning

Don't you know we got a lot in here  
Wanna be a part of what we got in here  
Sorta like we got the whole block in here  
No it ain't Nelly but it's "Hot In Here", we got it locked in here  
Won't stop (you know), come and drink in numbers like h2o  
Soon you gonna hear us everyplace you go  
Bubble like the soda kinda like the soap  
I just hope you know, it don't stop

The Y2k is a brand new "era"  
I'm tryin' to make hits like Yogi Berra  
I wonder how long I'll be in this biz  
Cuz it's not all "cheer" like you think it is  
There's a whole lot to "gain" but a lot to lose  
Just ask any rapper who paid dues  
Everybody now and then bound to struggle  
I just grab my wife and we lay and "snuggle"  
We talk about the "ivory" coast how one day  
We gonna sail on the "tide" and get whisked away  
Look up at the stars 'til the crack of "dawn"

Hold up I never leave your side for long  
But for now I keep on making you "bounce"  
And make "sure" something in my checking accounts  
Grab my cell phone and then start to "dial"  
Take a look at my life and start to smile  
It's funny how the game make you change your tone  
Cuz the "joy" of my life is the microphone  
So I straighten up my act and keep doin' my thing  
Gettin' the green nahimean getting it clean

Don't you know we got a lot in here  
Wanna be a part of what we got in here  
Sorta like we got the whole block in here  
No it ain't Nelly but it's "Hot In Here", we got it locked in here  
Won't stop (you know), come and drink in numbers like h2o  
Soon you gonna hear us everyplace you go  
Bubble like the soda kinda like the soap  
I just hope you know, it don't stop