

Uhh nigga  
Uhm, yeah  
Yo, yo, yo  
See I hold my head, hoes wanna 'spite me  
Mad, I got the Jag' but they the wifey  
Icey, is what my merchandise be  
Know I'ma star, so they over-price me  
Charli B'More be twice you bitch  
Tell you got no style by the Ice you pick  
Step into my cold area, polar bear wear  
White minking, white Lincoln, now what you thinking  
What? Too much Ice got you blinking?  
Meanwhile, Mickey sinking, what you drinking  
West Philly, bad bitch, dress really  
Ain't met a nigga with enough dough to sex really  
Seen everything, from king's to heavy haters  
Cherry gators, Tahoe in every flavor  
Rhymes I wrote (9's I tote 'em)  
And times I hold 'em  
I even put 9's in niggas quotas

What  
Yeah  
What  
Yeah  
What what  
Yea what what  
Turn me up, though  
Turn me up

Yo, yo, now if you don't stop  
Then we won't stop  
If you want the bottom, then I'll be on top  
I ain't never met a bitch that ain't ever suck a cock  
So if you gotta proof, I gotta have a drop, bi-atch!

If you know B'More, then you know this song  
I'ma rip any shit, niggas throw me on  
While I'm reachin' mine, I ain't known you that long  
Fuck around, nigga, wiggle more then your rollie gone  
Ring too  
Get that nigga cream too  
Hit him bout once or twice, dream come true

I'll give you more then a six, mansion on the beach  
Chanel flip flop's, satin all on ya feet  
Liguini for brunch, or spice and your heat  
So a bitch like you, can't check me from the street

I'm not a girl who'll dream about living with Mase  
All I wanna do is get his cake, and sit on his face

What what what  
Yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah  
Yeah yeah yeah

Yeah, what what what, what the fuck, ughh, yo  
What they think, cause be Mase young, Mase be dumb  
They get Mase strung, there'll be no prenum  
But ever since Blood die, my life change  
Out the blue, I'm they boo, that's quite strange  
Now ya nice thangs, way out the price range  
Half these girls, don't even know my right name  
Though I got Rollie, mink made of coyote  
Love a ghetto hoe, I know she die for me  
You got me confused, see Cam the freak  
Mase never the cat, bring sand to the beach  
Show some that the average show-hand couldn't reach  
Living expenses, 50 grand a week  
You know me, I V-O-T, low key  
Platinum rollie, smoke a O-Z  
Baby face nigga, without no goatee  
2 point 8, about to blow 3  
Huh

What the fuck  
What the fuck  
Yeah yeah yeah  
What what what  
Yeah yeah yeah  
What what what  
Yeah yeah yeah  
What what what  
Uh  
What the fuck  
Don't stop  
What the fuck  
We won't stop  
Harlem-Philly's  
Still bless ya forever  
Mase blessed forever