

That's The Way We Like It

DJ Clue

(Mase)

I thought Duro was an old man before I met her
Check this out right, this is me M-A dollar sign E (C'mon, C'mon)
Thorough, too thorough, Harlem World be the burough
Cool 'da Love up above (that's right)
Can't forget my family (who 'dat be) Cardan & KFC
Blinky Blink & D-R-E
(Uh-Huh) (Uh-Huh)
Cluemanati, We Like It (Uh-Huh)

Mase too smooth, call me debonair
Hits every year, so shake your derriere (C'mon)
Cops pull me over, what they don't feel it fair
What a brother, too black, me living here
We don't stare, I don't care, I'm know I'm there
Twenty years old and about to be a millionaire
What you think, cause Mase be young, Mase be dumb
And if you get Mase strung, that'll be no pre-num
Ever since Big died, my whole life changed
I done blew, I'm your boo, it seem quite strange
I get nice things, way out your price range
Half these girls, don't even know my right name
I'm fly rolie, mink made of coyote
Love a ghetto hoe, I know she die fo' me
You got me confused, see Cam the freak
Mase never the the nigga to bring sand to the beach
I some that an average hoe's hand couldn't reach
Living in expenses, 20 grand a week
You know me, I be O-T, low-key
Icy roli, smoke a O-z
I'm a baby face nigga, without no goatee
And I'm 2.8 and about to blow 3

(Mase) Fabulous Sport

Chorus: Now that's the way (Uh-Huh, uh-huh), We like It (Uh-Huh, uh-huh),
That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) We like it 3x

(Fabolous)

Now you can tell I blew, push the 740 L-I through
Eyes low, from the L-I-Q
If you was hot, you'd be going through the cell I do
Give alias to any female, I screw
One running with Fabolous, who knew as well as I do
Every fed in the country wanna nail my crew
Before I hit the tens, I'm getting bailed by crew
Be back downtown, bagging chicks at L-I-U
Cause money ain't a thing no more, I use to sling the raw
Now I'm off in spring to tour, in Singapore
Might catch me getting head from a bilingual hoar
Who never seen so many diamonds in her ring before
I'm a boasting fly bro, soon to lay on a coast of Cairo
Roast the hydro, type of cat you would say, is supposed to lie low
And V two shades with the toast and the Tahoe
We the niggas that be getting it, and throwing minks on
Cubans to the belly, and still throwing links on
Ya'll cats know me, I be throwing clinks on
And be loving the bitches, we be throwing drinks on

Chorus 3x

(Foxy)

Did you know that I, simply got these cats where I want 'em and...
(uh) See the 6 then I want 'em in
It ain't a secret, bet that I slide 'em with something I could freak with
And do that freak shit
And I'm stepping in hotter, like Don Dada
Snatch my Prada, ya hoes done done nada
Make you never wanna flash your shit
Like when you see my crew you wanna stash your shit
If do find me, then I will crash your shit
If you think you was a'ight, I will blast your shit
Ya know me, chick that ride the dick slowly
Use to be O-T, now I'm 2.3 (Uh)
Same bitch that ya'll loving to hate
Be that same chick, that you praying will fake
And I solemnly swear, we'll rep to the death
Ya heard?(uh,uh,uh) Fuck you think this is?
If you broke, then I be off, do mine, ski off
And, ain't no love, just trying to get my thing off
Unless there's some princesses on the wrist
Or some chrome on the 6, he ain't seeing my shit
Oh yeah, it's not a game, I do my thing
Scan to a change, cop a platinum range

Chorus 3 x