

Carly Simon F/ Marc Cohn, Ben Taylor

"Mask Down"

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What
Young Noble nigga
Get it right

Verse 1: Young Noble

For the world
My girl
My kid
My dog
And I know you mad at Pac for creating the Outlawz
For the block
Cops and the pigeons who watch
For the dope
The blow
The crime
The dro
For the rhymes
The dimes
The crimes
And the time
For the message
The lesson
The stressing and the blessing
For the hurt
The work
The smurfs in the dirt
For the schools
The tools
The rules
The fools
For the dead
The fed
The party's over here
For the wild
The style
It started in the Claire
For the street
The beat
The niggas with the heat
For the Lawz

The dogs
We do this shit for y'all
For the jails
The cells
The waiting on your mail
For the pain
The rain
The mutha fuckin game
For the heart
The narcs
The niggas in the park
And you have to have your heat
Because it's crazy after dark nigga

Chorus: 2x

Young Noble:

For the dough
The creme
The hoes
The fiends
And I'm riding till my life is through
And mashing for my dreams
Click clack up
I'm mashing for my team
Bitch back up

Ya Yo:

We outta mask up
And hit they ass up

Verse 2: Ya Yo

For the life
The stripes
The knife and the price
For the Ya the Yo
The days with the blow
For the drops
The coupes
The shots off the roof
For the niggas
The bitches
The trigger finger itching
For the hoods
The 'burbs
The homies with the herb
For the safe combination
And keys to your place

For the cars
The jewels
The furs
The ???
For the bitches who be copying Ya
Watching all my moves
For the rise and fall
Of mine and yours
Yeah you're from the cradle
I was born an Outlaw

Verse 3: Edi

Getting paid
Getting laid
All day
Everyday
Niggas hate
Don't matter
We gonna come up anyway
Edi Ahmeen
Outlaw
Bring your team down raw
Peep this scheme
Now all calling them fake nigga holocaust
And of course we enforce everything that we spitting
here
Yo you smell something funky hear
That's because we just shitted here
In this year
Niggas get it clear
See there shares disappear
We coming from the rear
Got you running in fear

Verse 4: H-Rider

When the job needs to be done
I'm there for the cause
Riding and dying for the cause
They'll never come
Dick riders
And the dick provide you with guns
That spit hand first
Come quick
Bang in silence
Since I hit for the kid
I'm a ??? rider
Somehow I got bullets that'll find you
And if you don't like me
And cross me

There's gonna be problems
I harm 'em in the arm and leg
Right here is where you lay

Young Noble:

Outlaw

Chorus: 2x

Verse 5: Napoleon

It's the life
Full of cash
Full of gats
Full of hoes
Got bullet hoes for foes
Trying to stay up on my toes
In the middle of the ghetto
Ain't got nowhere to turn
Just plenty of money to earn
And plenty of money to burn
When feds hit the block
Go ahead with your shots
Lead for the cops
Head full of dots
Cremated on the spot
It's a cycle for the long pay
Might just go the wrong way
Grinding in a strong way
Get along
No way
Drama at the law
Riding for the cause
Coming at your door
Your nigga dead and he don't know what he died for
What about that nigga that struggling
Ain't sleeping right
What about them kids on the street
Ain't eating right
Outlaw
Treat 'em like we do it so OG like
Living life
Taking flights
Niggas might just die tonight
Murder cases in a bloody way
Something gotta get a day
You outta your mind if you say ain't heard of me

