

## Case F/ Foxy Brown "Minute Man"

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[Mase]

Uh, uh, uh, yo  
Harlem World gon' make me rich  
Harlem World gon' take your bitch  
Harlem World is the place to be  
This M-A-Dollar Sign-E

[Stase]

Yo, hold up keep it steady  
Y'all chicks ain't really ready  
Y'all sweating Stase already  
And I ain't pushing a Chevy  
I ain't even lyin', I ain't even sign  
People want my back  
Yo, what's up with that?  
See, running out the mouth gon' get your face slapped  
Tell me do you like what you see  
Is it tight as could be?  
No, Mase ain't writing for me  
And I have no desire to be  
Or have fake chicks rhyme wit me  
Uhh, you ain't my man, you ain't down wit me  
You ain't certified Harlem World get from 'round me  
And Mase my big brother thats why you surround me  
You could drop me off the same place you found me  
Cuz it won't be long before you have to crown me  
If I'm chicken, I'm jerk chicken and we're flickin'  
And men die with chicks, so am I worth kissin'?

1 - I hate the ones that don't suck no (ow)  
I hate the ones who date them dumb chicks  
I hate the ones who wanna get you for your dough  
Wanna be a (ow)? Be a (ow), on the low

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[Loon]

Yo, it's only right that you hold me tight

Even though we fight, because the dough be like  
When the dough be right  
You know we havin a ball  
Sippin on cristall and all  
Chicks smile and all  
Yo' dealing wit fishkill and oil  
Ice on the wrist dial and all  
But nevertheless, boo there was never a test  
That stopped me from loving you best  
I'm hypnotized, girl by your hips and thighs  
Definitely your lips and eyes  
Them chicks can slide  
They tryin' to be all in the mix  
Your girlfriend ballin' a 6, and holdin' my tip  
But boo, there's only room for 2  
Until I get the coupe for you  
You know how I do  
And then you could scoop your crew  
And do what you wants to do

Repeat 1

[Naughty]

Naughty, Naughty, Naughty  
I went from cradle to crawlin', to a stroller  
Way I was strollin' and hopin when I get older  
That I be holy  
Kicks to camp \*\*\* floatin' with Naught'  
A boat and a yacht  
Was all that I was hopin to rock  
As a young kid stacked and eventually learned  
That money was made for that  
Never meant to be burned  
Why lets all get this  
Using that 'I murder you face'  
I be the youngest nigga pushin' a convertible eight  
But thought \*\*\* to that they gon' taste this \*\*\*  
Got some honies to the back so they can chase my dick  
When I die they'll be a headstone big as a \*\*\*  
And a pack of fifty redbones diggin' me up  
For the fact, played it back  
And I'm tryin' to see me, a house and six floors  
And peranhas a week  
Got a spouse, deep throats while I'm tryin' to sleep  
Lookin' out for B-4's every diamond creek

[Huddy Combs]

But you slow money, cuz it's better than no money  
I only crap out when I play with your money  
You know Huddy, still sittin' on old money  
I only hang wit Mase cuz he keeps them hoes for me

Kick a little bit, but yo I'm no dummy  
Your girl love me, so you keeping your girl from me  
And tellin' lies, gettin caught in different rides  
Wit different guys, stay different in different pops,  
what

Repeat 1 until fade

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