

Black Box Recorder

"Take What's Yours"

Visit "[Take What's Yours](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Mase]

Yo, I be that young fly fellow, got thorough
Down for denaro, hit everything in the Triburo
And I'm the newest member of the Bad Boy team
And I'mma bring this nigga Puff mad more C.R.E.A.M.
With hooks galore, leave this city shook for short
And I'mma take 'em back where Biggie took 'em before
You stay a playa'
Since you can't stay up with the Pope
And stick to what you do best, stick to wearin' coke
You lookin' for excuses, ways to say you're broke
Can't keep a whip, cuz you can't pay the note
Fuck the side, I'm waiting for you on top, Mercedes
drop
Black 380's cops, 'till the day I get knocked
All I ask when I die, dress me fly and neatly
And brush my waves so I'm handsome when the
bitches greet me
Word from the wise, niggas jerk pies, we hurt them
guys
Bust lead, to skin they head and leave them
circumcised
So how you wanna settle this?
Rappin' or on some ghetto shit
We can do it yo way, with mics or with metal shit

1 - [DMX]

Niggas wanna shout, I'mma make noise
Niggas run they mouth, I'mma break jaws
Mase is comin' out, we gon' take yours
Harlem World uptown baby, we make wars
Niggas wanna shout, I'mma make noise
Niggas run they mouth, I'mma break jaws
Mase is comin' out, we gon' take yours
Harlem World uptown baby, we make wars

[Mase]

Yo, yo before it's all over, lot of blood gon' be spilled
We ain't discriminatin' even thugs gon' be killed
We early inheritors , born into C.R.E.A.M
If a nigga' get sheist then we form as a team

Bullshit if you want and it be on for this C.R.E.A.M.
The weatherman don't even know the storm I'mma
bring
But yo, I'm not the man with whom you interact
So before you grab gatts to jack, remember that
You take dough from Mase, you might as well send it
back
I got thugs everywhere, where you going spending that
When clicks come to brawl, everything I hit fall
Niggas play sick wid y'all, wit me they ain't sick at all
No matter how big or small, I get rid of ya'll
And shit I spit at y'all, come in one size fit all

Repeat 1

[Mase]

Yo, yo if you think I'm on some sweet shit
Then won't you creep quick, I let the heat spit
Make a nigga "G" flick, classic criminal
Keep a gatt by my genitals, thugs love me
So don't get splashed for the minimal
We never vest up, be in a double breast tux
Plus keep a fresh cut, picture me getting lefts stuff
I let one lose, to show you I ain't the one do
And I ain't puffin' nuthin', make all my gun shoot
You let your gun loose, none o' 'em niggas gun proof
Watch them niggas drop, when I pop one in they
sunroof
And we be lead bustin', leavin' niggas head gushin'
You niggas talkin' 'bout guns like you said something
I'll be lacin' 'em, hollow tips, I be wastin' 'em
That's what you faggots get, tryin' to fuck with Mase
and 'em
Bad Boy, '97, front, there'll be none o' that
And all you cats, running your trap, one in your cap

Repeat 1 until fade

Visit [Black Box Recorder](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.