

Joe Budden "Ma Ma Ma Feat. 112"

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[112 + (Joe)]
112! (Jump off!)
Aww yeah (Uhh, y'know)

[Verse One: Joe Budden]
You wanna get right, boo, headlights, blue
Don't no other mami give me head like you
I get you in the club, sit right in the Rover
Y Now you ain't gotta pretend like you like the promoter
We could lamp in the 5 with my hand on yo' thigh
You goin to sleep thinkin that this can't be life
Don't mistake my talkin modest
Still put you in the wi-ld bedroom with the walk-in closet
Bay, riverboats, if you wanna see water
Full length minks, get rid of that three-quarter
Ex-man never had you feelin that fly
Flat screens in the room with the ceiling that high
When them other cats call you, you can turn your phone
off
New school your neck, take that herringbone off
Stretch 'Vee playin Manhattan
System old school, play 'em and had 'em
We makin it happen, oh yeah

[Chorus: 112]
Turn this off for a minute
We can do freaky things if you widdit
We can be me and you, I know you feel it
You can say, "La la-la la, la la la la"
All you want, you can get it
You can have all my time, let's spend it
The way you do your thing, I can't forget it
Got me screamin, "Ma ma-ma ma, ma ma ma ma"

[Verse Two: Joe Budden]
Look, I need a wife too, feed her ice, blue
Got birds on the side, I don't treat 'em like you
I don't let 'em play with the wheel and when the check
come
They already know they gotta pay for they meals
Say I'm, comin at you with lines, think they lies
Just because I don't match your compatible sign

I'ma let the world see, other boos can't relate
Let you walk in front, make the other dudes hate
When I put it on you, you throw it right back (ha ha)
Who else you know gon' poke it like that?
And ma I'm gon' show you like that, you be hollerin
"La la-la la, la la la la" - oh yeah, look
Private party, it's just me, you
And the new envy of ours, we won't be sorry
Scoop it, we can do the all from Harley(?)
Y'all ask me hardly nah, I'm up to par

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Joe Budden]

Look forget my miss, no let's remind miss
And I never let a clown disrespect my miss
I need dat in my life, a G might cry
But you the only one that ever get to see that side
Look, my lady fresh, we ain't gotta rush
We can take baby steps, that may be the best
Hate to repeat myself, I know I already told you
But mom's sayin what's good I'm tryin to know you
If you been for lookin for the right one, well here he is
Ready to take things a little mo' serious
Ain't nervous no more, you heard it all before
Are you a Fifth Ave miss, but you workin that velour?
Stop, I'm tired of trickin, I'm tired of pigeons
Need a house with acres to put my wife and kids in
Chefs are good when they gettin right in the kitchen
Babygirl that's the life we'd be livin, overstand
somethin

[Interlude: 112]

Baby let me be with you more, hold you more
Let me get the chance, I can show you more
Let me get to know you more, I'll be screamin out
"La la-la la, la la la la"
If I could, wife you out, ride this out
You're the only one I wouldn't ride without
I could show you what this life's about
I be screamin out, "Ma ma-ma ma, ma ma ma ma"

[Chorus - repeat 2X w/ Joe Budden ad libs]

[Joe Budden]

This is the type of shit right here, listen
You gotta go to the car wash on this one
Hehe, you can't ride around dirty and dusty and shit
If it just went yesterday, when you wake up
Take it to the car wash
Don't just get the exterior joint neither

We need the-the-the works, the thirty dollar joint
And we need to get the little tree to put up in the
rearview
So it's smellin nice and SEXY like when they get inside
Ha ha! Ayy..

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