

Mae

"Do You Remember"

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[Ma\$e]

Oooohhh...yeah yeah

Hands in the sky

And put 'em up hiiigh. [2X]

Gimme reason why

C'mon!

If it's your thing that ain't workin then you improvise

Why...it's me...you hate...that's genocide

Everytime I'm in a vibe it's me that they criticize

But everytime they in a ride it's my song they
memorize

The richer get richer the poorer get poorer

See I'm here to save the city like Sodom and Gomorrah

Got a order I'm awaitin from a 404, my aura's not the
Torah

Plus I'm jazzy like Norah

See my codi call me wodi, and don't even know me

I been around the world man without a roadie

See I'm classic like a Audi

Save the game like a goalie

Got my Rollie, olie, so you can call me holy rollie

You don't know what you're in for, don't do no endo

I'm not tintin' my windows

I'm not duckin' no bimbos

I'm saying 'N-O' to the nymphos

You got something to say, then send your memo

[Chorus 2X]

Do you remember how it used to be

Back in '96 when I made ya move ya feet

The feelin's back so get up out your seat

Let's do it again and again and again

[Cardan]

Yea yea yea yea

Now it was this bounce, that opened up a Swiss account

If you get this, you guaranteed for this amount

Now can we pause for a minute, under the authentic

See I ain't said a word and you're already in it

See money is my linen, I get it as long as they print it

I tell ya that far, invest in Nascar
I leave the streets smokin' like brand new black tar
Girls...put stickeys everywhere my ass are
Silver horsey on the back, is this a fast car?
Yellow ice on Sunday, pink on a Monday
White ice, Six Flags, family on a fun day
Know much about a Hyundai, if you wanna come stay
We kick it, beat ticket, make on a one-way
Now what they gon' say? I don't need it?
They don't really tell the truth, man they life was
defeated
They quite conceited
They rockin' all that ice that's treated
I wrote a book about it, like to read it, huh, huh, huh,
huh?

[Chorus 2X]

(Say ohhhh...yeah yeah
Hands in the sky, and put 'em high.) [2X]

[Ma\$e]

Uh uh

Engine in the back, no roof-top
Feet on gas, with no need for cash, oo oo ooh
Trunk in the front, I make a million in a month like
pumps in the bumps
You know Mason be that very fellow that bring canary
yellow
Hand, so heavy, that it's hard to say hello
I'm somethin' you got to have like strawberry Jell-o
Same jewellery in the hood cause I ain't scared of the
ghetto
You know it

[Chorus 2X]

(Say ohhhh...yeah yeah
Hands in the sky, and put 'em high.) [2X]

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