

Mase

"Do You Remember"

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Oh oh yeah yeah hands in the sky and put 'em up high
Oh oh yeah yeah hands in the sky and put 'em up high
(C'mon 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
Every time I'm in a vibe it's me that they criticize
But every time 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

Do you remember how it used to be
Back in '96 when I made you move your feet
The feelin's back so get up out your seat
Let's do it again and again and again

Do you remember how it used to be
Back in '96 when I made you move your feet
The feelin's back so get up out your seat
(Yeah yeah yeah yeah)
Let's do it again and again and again

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?

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The feelin's back so get up out your seat
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Say, "Oh oh yeah yeah hands in the sky, and put 'em
high"
Oh oh yeah yeah hands in the sky, and put 'em high

Engine in the back, no roof-top feet on gas, with no
need for cash, oh
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 jewelery in the hood 'cause I ain't scared of the
ghetto
You know it

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