

## Mase

# "If You Want To Party"

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Yo, who got the right to flip, twice the whips  
Time to get paid, get twice the chips  
See law ain't no good unless two dice hit  
Hate me even if I didn't ice my shit

Fuck niggas, make that money and lots of it  
Sold four million and somebody got to love it  
They want Mase for video, ain't in the budget  
I can't take a piss without a bitch tryin' to rub it

How could you know like this  
When it's because of me a nigga know what nice is  
I was 60 I have flow-itis  
I like my weed green and my hoe's dyke-ish

You know you like this, young kid'll live by Goldie  
advice's  
Pimp hoe's that come across so righteous  
Fuck though, promote on the rolley ices  
Yo, that's why my jewelery looks snow whitish, come on

If you wanna party come and shake your body  
If you wanna party, put 'em in the air  
Over there, over there

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Yo I'm tryin' to live my life the largest, vipers in  
garages  
'Nuff money to go to court and fight the charges  
Everybody stare at myse the hardest  
That's why I'm in them all night menages

Besides B I G, the critically acclaimed  
I vow, they ever bring the city to shame  
I pulled up the prettiest things, the prettiest range  
The prettiest cars, and the prettiest stars

By far the prettiest misses, I pull up in the prettiest  
sixes

So by the time you get the six bitch, I have the seven  
By the time you get the seven, I switch to the eight  
When it time I get this cake, a bitch could wait  
They know I could sell five so they ship me eight, come  
on

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Yo, why I'mma envy the lives or envy the guys  
Who be frontin' in the six that's really a five  
You could see I still got it by the look in my eyes  
I'mma blue collar criminal, crook in disguise

It don't matter if it rain, I got a pool inside  
And a stretch range so at least 20 could ride  
And I could tell fake platinum from a mile away  
When I rap, yo' hundred and fifty thou' get paid

So until then nigga, I style away  
Four point six swit' to the cal' away  
I'm gettin' honey, I ain't with the beefin' going on  
I look at nigga's cars, alot a leasin' goin' on

My heat get raised up, streets gets blazed up  
Until a nigga find my dough and pays up  
I lays up fuck, 'til my days up  
Doggy style, so bitch don't fuck my ways up, come on

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