

Mase

"Stay Out My Way"

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Hey yo, dogs, for real?
I'm yo' man but you got the address up
'Cuz now you got chicks talk, what the fuck
What the fuck, what the fuck

You know somebody swung on me and cut me?
(Come on, come on, come on)
You know somebody pulled a gun on me or robbed
me?
(Come on, come on, come on)

Is they stoppin' my money?
(Come on, come on, come on)
Then it ain't no problem here
(Come on, come on, come on)

C'mon, I ain't wit that man
(Yeah, what, what)
Just throw my B back on
Yo, yo, yo

You know my mission ain't complete
'Til I hit the city with a 600 Jeep
Hardest nigga from All Out you wanna meet
Hash in the dash with heat under the seat

Chased Kate 52 states straight
But still ain't nothin' sweet
I took a year off to let the young nigga's eat
Everybody wit' me want bucks

Walk around platinum linked up
With money like Brink trucks
Shit get too hot? Puff, put the minks up
Come back in the summertime like fuck it, it's
summertime

All out tattoo's over wife beaters
Get mail Branson, never buy reefer
Bentley five seater, it's all for real
First rapper to close down a mall with a mil'

The clothes, the hoes, the cars that flaunt
Plus the money so I'm on nigga one
Talk to me

If you don't fuck with me
Like I don't fuck with you
It ain't much for us to talk about

'Cuz you don't fuck with me
And you know I don't fuck with you
So all I can say is stay out my way

Don't take much to wake up, taped up
Fuck the district, I live in Jacob
Hit a nigga, bitch nigga, kiss and made up
See me without Puff, try to get your weight up, uh

Ain't nuttin' between you and me
And on the real, nuttin' you could do wit' me
I got cash that'll fund your leave
You'll pull that hoodie over your head
And put five in your Ceasar

Doubt me now and die a believer
Run and catch bullets like a wide receiver
When the war's on, put your gloves and your Gore's on
Teflon hard hat nigga, put it all on

Beef no more that's what other nigga's for
I got a fam' that love to go to war
Love to get locked up, love pickin' the odds up
Love not comin' home, love to be boxed up

I'm from a town where kids could pop up
Little punks in garbage bags, body all chopped up
I'll come and run your block, knowin' you got popped up
Arms are rocked up, Bentley wit' the top up
Uh, you don't stop, come on

If you don't fuck with me
Like I don't fuck with you
It ain't much for us to talk about

'Cuz you don't fuck with me
And you know I don't fuck with you
So all I can say is stay out my way

Yo, one, two, three, four
Everybody on the floor

You see grams, I'mma see craters

By the time you see land I'mma see acres
Drop another CD just to see paper
And before you see me you'll see the maker

All I see is more chances, more advances
More houses, no spouses, more beaches
Wild thugs around me and no leechin'
When they gun's out playa, there'll be no reachin'

Ballin' in Dirty South wit' no creases
And all I see is more F-in' iced out Jesus pieces
The rock over Sean John fleeces
You never love the money like we love it
Pay the chick sucka and let her teeth touch it

All out, bad boy forever
The movement, what

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