

Mase "You Ain't Smart"

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What, what, what, what, what
(H-World)
What, what, what
(All out)
What, what, what, what, what
(Take it back to the streets, mutha fucka)
What, what, what, what, what

Yo, this for my niggas in the streets
(What, what, what, what)
Foreign cars and the jeeps
(What, what, what, what)
Make about a fuckin' million in a week
(What, what, what, what)
When I can't forget that we all still street

Yo, yo you know a nigga that's sniffin', that's always in
the kitchen
Bagin' shit up, there's always something missin'
A nigga that's speeding bound to have a collision
Bound to be in prison or bound to pop a mission

So if you got dogs, nigga let 'em go
If a mob fuckin' truck right let 'em know
We got the same guns that you got but better though
And next time we in some shit nigga you will know

See I'm pushed to the point that I put something down
And I stand over your head like look at you now
And the kids in the parks start lookin' around
Like mommy come here look, look, look what we found

Wit' me it's more intense, nigga
So if you ain't goin' hard stay on the bench nigga
And you know when I come I leave no prints nigga
And when you die it won't be at my expense nigga,
nigga, nigga

Yo, you ain't as smart as you think
And I know you ain't as smart as you think
(Take it back to the streets)
You talk crazy on the phone, bring niggas to your home

Hey yo, you ain't as smart as you think
(You take it back to the streets)

Hey yo, you ain't as smart as you think
And I know you ain't as smart as you think
(You take it back to the streets)
You leave a thug wit' a hoe and you think you on the low
Hey yo, you ain't as smart as you think
(All out)

Yo, yo not only do I know the rights, I know the wrongs
Mo' money, mo' bitches, yeah you know the song
And if you claim you a nigga that know me long
And you should know I'ma die with my Rolley on

I ain't no punk, I ain't no chump, I ain't no whimper
Ain't got no cane, ain't got no ming, ain't got no limp
Money exempt, instead you niggas are blimp
And every bitch in every state know Mase is the pimp

See I'm unlike the ones who fail you when I know where
you
Live I'ma send my kid to take care of you
I'll bring it to my man if he try to spare you
I'd tie something up if I wanted to scare you

Make it where your own shadow won't stand near you
And they send the trauma unit to come repair you
Now there you are nigga, in the fuckin' reservoir
With your Bentley, we don't give a fuck about your car
who you are

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Yo, yo you can't never love a man so much you can't
doubt him
Let him know certain shit you gotta do without him
And if ya got guns, don't leave home without it
You gon' kill a man, there's ways to go about it

See I never kill a man and I do it vainly
I won't ever let a mutha fucka know I'm angry
'Cuz when I get caught and they come arraign me
It be a surprise witness that come to hang me

I figure, if I'ma do it, I'ma do it my way
Set 'em on Sunday, have 'em by Friday
Then Sunday, I'ma meet 'em on the highway
See where his exit is and keep it movin'

Monday I'm off the exit
All I wanna find out is where the complex is
And by Tuesday I'm sittin' in the complexes
All I wanna find out is where the address is

And by Wednesday, it just so happen you get shot in
the knee
A nigga tried to run away and dropped the key
Now you in the hospital not critical
Frontin', makin' a scene, bring the whole block wit' you

Friday hit and you ain't got no clique wit' you
Need somebody help you with your leg, got your bitch
wit' chu
Soon as you get home and put the key in the door
Click, clack, now get on the floor, I told you nigga

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