

Mase Feat. Funkmaster Flex "Gettin' It"

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How 'my complain, na?
When I'm as pretty as my father
An' he got 60 hoes that know each other

Yo, I'm the problem nigga's got but scared to step to it
If a nigga really want it with me, let's do it
See cats in the club, it's just music
Thieves an' killers'll tell ya, I just proved it

I set the tone, ya nigga's adjust to it
Spit bars, nigga's do sets an' rep's to it
I'm the type that get 30 years an' rep through it
Want it wit' us? Come put your best to it

Come clean now, I'll send these tests to it
I should get a Nike contract the way I 'Just Do It'
You know I hide B's on it, come on B.S. an' leave on it
Get 50 grand an' breathe on it

Red dot, squeeze on it, drop ki's on it
Might hit a chicken an' then put Cease on it
Cats get greed in war with the heat of they jaw
Somebody move wrong, I put they teeth on the floor

If they don't show you where the coke at, beat 'em
some more
Make 'em see how it feel to have to eat through a straw
While I'm sittin' in the car, chick goin' to get my jar
So I greet them like the chicken they are

Said, shorty, if you ever follow me an' spit a clip in my
car
Tell ya now, that's like lynchin' the law
Ain't no gettin' up if I hit you, so all them cowards
wanna ride with you
They either die with you or lie cripple

Mess with me, now why would you?
Nigga's die dealin' with dough that's quadruple
Double Up

Where all my down super star's at? Gettin' it

Where the cats at the barn at? Gettin' it
Where the 90 girls that gettin' it
Where the girls around the world at? Gettin' it

Real hair, real furs, gettin' it
Got a house that's hers, gettin' it
For my niggas outta town thats gettin' it
Can't forget my niggas locked down thats gettin' it

Yo, it's like some be real, sold me three an' squeal
Some hold they head, some see appeal
Some come home wild in the week to kill
Then show old cats young cats be real

Deep throat be how I greet my chick
Any hoe suck a dick, got at least a six
Any man call me fam, got at least a brick
Shut the whole morgue down just for Easter kicks

When I'm down an' out an' I need the chips
Vietnam'll be how I leave your script
An' it take dough just to reach the rich
So can't no senator impeach my shh

An' don't rush to be somethin' that you're not
Reworn up lies, keep guns cocked
An' any cat mess with us get one shot
To do what he gotta do an' get somethin' hot
Blaque, back up, what, what?
Blaque, back up, All Out

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Yo, please don't make Murda live out the name
I'm only here to get enough, then I'm out the game
A nigga didn't want drama, why he came?
It's like tryin' to win, know you cross the grain

Messin' with my niggas, y'all will both get the same
Cut 'cross the face, now you both look the same
Still wanted for the bricks took up in Maine
Run up for ya chain, fifth cop aim

Please don't be stupid, come out the chain
Don't be a hero, this clip will bang
A nigga like Mase probably got everythin'
X 30, Gs, then why buy a plane?

No skinny Benzes, wide bodied things
Four dot, six dot, chick dot Range
Uh, All Out, Bad Boy, Double Up
It's not a game

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Come on, come on

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