

## Masta Ace

### "Who u jackin"

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Verse One: Paula Perry, Masta Ace

One two one two, check it I can't stay home  
Gotta take walk down to block to the pay phone  
"Do you run?" No, like I said before I walk  
Stick up kids hawk, but I don't stop to talk  
I keep my hand on my pocket on my razor  
get too close and I'ma have to graze ya  
Like night and early morning scheming at dawn and  
Looking to jack what I want

Back back back you better watch yours  
I got yours  
Cut you like I got claws  
Stick em up because  
It's a roothless toothless  
Waiting inna thick here  
Looking for a vict, yeah  
How about this chick here?

Who's this standing at the corner?  
I wonder if he's on a  
Mission to stick cuz he's a goner  
Polo padding yang lacking and fucked up packing  
Get dacking  
Nigga who you jackin?

Verse Two: Masta Ace, Paula Perry

I'm come comin to get cha, with your bangles in your  
ears  
With your Gucci link and I ain't snatched a chain in  
years  
When a pocket full kicka kicka granny inna back and  
when I see you little doe, hey, i dont know how to act

Well... I'm not your neighborhood nice girl, I'm raw as  
coke  
So scheemin seemin I'ma play ya like a bad joke  
You're trying to stab me, but I'm not the one  
I'll pistol-whip that ass, and I don't even have a gun

I put my foot up to the ass  
Of a bitch that think she got class fast  
Give up the cash as you can not pass  
Feedin readin, I dont mean the grass  
shit's draastic so chick run the stach

Well, I'ma juggaboo, with an attitude  
Better to slice and dice and sway like I saw don't get  
through  
Make your moves so I can dat that bullshit  
quick nigga quick, before you lose your dick  
This aint no movie so dont be actin  
Stupid on a girl like me, nigga who you jackin?

Verse Three: Masta Ace, Paula Perry

Ya just skin an' bones so ya need to change the tones  
in ya voice ya just another jack by the phones  
My pockets need fixing cause the shits is mad broke  
If I had my nine your ass would get smoked  
But I'ma slice you in half fuck it I ain't butter  
The name is paula perry puttin' body parts in a gutter  
So who you jackin?  
You baby check it  
You're lucky I dont leave you in the street butt naked  
with your ass out froze the fuck up  
I'll be vickin  
You'll be what-in?  
Jackin, thats another name for stickin  
And tricking chick you like baby whats your name an  
gamin  
Ill snatch hole you shit and then im flamin  
Right down to block, yeah, Ill teach you holy mo  
With a pea knows the time, so yo ass ought better go  
You getting too close, really, what is this?  
I think its about time to face whats open up to business

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