

## Masta Killa

### "Nehanda and Cream"

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**\*\*Heavy Crowds & Conversations\*\***

[Lady #1] Damn! they be havin' us out for like a Hour!  
[Lady #2] See that's why I don't be fuckin' wit Clubs  
[Lady #1] Yea that Fat Ass bouncer, he was out to dick  
[Lady #2] Girl I need a drink  
[Lady #1] Me too  
[Lady #1] What you gettin' to drink ?  
[Lady #2] Tss. I think I'm get me a Sex on the Beach  
[Lady #1] Yea that sounds good  
[Lady #1] Let me get Two orders to Sex on the Beach  
[Lady #2] Yo did I tell you what Happened wit Tameka  
and her Man  
[Lady #1] No, what Happened ?  
[Lady #2] Yo she gon' fuck her sister yo  
[Lady #1] WORD !! - Oh that's fucked up!  
[Lady #2] Yo I would of fucked that bitch up  
[Lady #1] Niggaz ain't shit  
[Lady #2] Yo they sure ain't  
[Lady #2] Damn they takin' long wit our Drinks  
[Lady #1] Yea they sure are  
[Lady #1] Yo look at that nigga over there he look good  
[Lady #2] WHERE ??  
[Lady #1] Over that on the corner by the Speaker  
[Lady #1] You don't see 'em ?  
[Lady #2] Girl he aiiight  
[Lady #1] He over that lookin' all serious  
[Lady #1] He might have a nice sized dick I could do  
some squats on  
[Lady #2]\*Laughs\* Yo you crazy - but you might be  
right  
[Lady #1] HMMMMM! \*Laughs\*  
[Lady #1] Oh they playin' that shit, Ole school;  
[Lady #1] I wanna go ova there and dance wit 'em -  
come wit me  
[Lady #2] Girl you crazy - I ain't goin' ova there  
[Lady #1] Come on don't be like that, I can't go bye  
myself

**\*Music starts right away\***

[Verse 1]

They be like send us out to Brooklyn, Queens,  
Manhattan  
The Bronx, Harlem and Island of Staten  
Just a Dedication to Radio Station  
DJ's across the Nation  
The East is in da House tonight  
Hold ya ladies tight  
Pour lil love out Queen, get ya head right  
She stood out like 5'3", sexy as she wanna be me  
I'm in the cut didn't think she could see  
She approach politely and asked "Could I assist"  
-> "In a dance wit her and her Sis"  
How can I resist an offer so grand ?  
She said they need a man, to stand  
Why they lock hands  
Sounds like a plan wit ya Golden son Tan  
Her sista is like BK and Brown  
She from Uptown, lil sis strokin' my back  
I'm in the middle wit the Two step  
Leavin' it simple, On and on party til we break

[Hook: Masta Killa]

Yea we get drunk and we stay high  
We known to take Money and keep the fam fly  
Guns still bust so please don't try  
All my ladies scream butterfly, tho' yo hands high

[Verse 2]

Yea you rollin' wit live from Brooklyn, it's the Squad  
Hard hittin', face slittin', guns tottin'  
They let them niggaz in the party ?  
DAMN! they gon' fuck it up  
Brothers ain't \*?Corrupt?\* it's just how we came up  
Rough, tough from the City  
Pretty ass Pats, strung hung myself young  
When I think back sometimes - I wanna roll one  
Just blow one - and sit back  
Unwind, kill a lil time, you know ?

[Hook: Masta Killa]

Yea cuz we get drunk and we stay high  
We known to take Money and keep the fam fly  
Guns still bust so please don't try  
All my ladies scream butterfly, tho' yo hands high

[Verse 3]

So peace, Happy Physical day, if it's your Birthday  
More power moves to make, cake to take  
Be Thankful for the food you ate, let's Celebrate  
People on the Ecstasy - Please don't OD (Overdose)

It's really not Healthy for your body and Mind  
Come wind, wind, wind  
Pretty young ladies let your Mind float  
To another place, taste raw dope  
Track as like Coke - Niggaz slingin' Soap  
Compare to what I wrote - NOPE!

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