

Master Ace

"If"

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[Master P (Souya)]

Yeah shorty, we could be like Bonnie & Clyde, ya heard
Go out there and get this paper
You wit it? (yeah I'm wit it)
Then let's ride then (alright)

[Chorus: Master P (Souya)]

If them people find that steal (I'll take a case for you)
If I go to jail (I'm a wait for you)
If they question you (I ain't gonna say nothin')
If I need bail (I'm a bring the money)

[Master P]

I ain't checkin' you shorty
But it's somethin' I need to know
How serious this relationship is
And how far can it go
See, love and respect is somethin' you gotta earn
And if we don't keep up with each other, then
somebody else get a turn
Would you ask me why if I told you to carry a gun
And do you know how to spur me if I just wanted to
have some fun
Can a thug get a massage if I needed your hands
And would you jump in the ride if I told you to bring me
them thangs
If a nigga tried to get at me would you ride for me
And if you couldn't swim would you take a dive for me
I know you like gifts, so I could buy you things
Like Benzs, Jaguars, Lexus, bubble-eyed Range
No obligation, I'm just tryin' to keep it real
Would you argue, fuss and fight when I need you to
chill
Can you be cute and still be freakin'
When I leave out the door you ain't gonna try to be
sneakin'
If I go to jail you can three-way my people
I need you Lord till I come home and be the sequel

[Chorus]

[Curren\$y]

I been through a lot of girls in my life
But never found one who down to ride like you ride
If it's a problem then you gon' be right by my side
Even if I got a couple keys I need you to hide
'Cause you a real chick
One that I can chill with and bill with
Help me get my hustle on, climb up on the mill with
Even through the trouble you don't want a nigga still
with
When it's said and done gon' be the one I have my kids
with
Yeah you my baby girl, livin' in this crazy world
Wanted you a burner so I bought you a 380 girl
You understand my life and know that it's hard for me
And you the kind of girl I know my mama would want
for me
And if the coppers stop us I know you'll take the charge
for me
Makin' sure, stack some bricks in the trunk of your car
for me
We live the lifestyle of ballers and stars and shit
And I'm out here grindin' to make sure we can afford
the shit

[Chorus - 2X]

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