

Wallflowers

"Used To Be Luck"

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[Featuring Mase Carl Thomas]

(laughs)

Yeah uh uh

Turn me up a little bit

Yeah kids Harlem on the rise

Yeah turn me up a little bit more

Uh huh uh huh

We like it

Uh huh uh huh

Yeah kids Harlem on the rise

This the remix '98

And you don't want no problem with these guys

Come on...

Chorus: Puffy & Mase

I been around (Uh huh uh huh)

I been around the world (Uh huh uh huh)

I been around (Uh-huh, uh-huh)

(We ain't gon' stop)

I been around the world (Uh-huh, uh-huh)

(We don't even know how to stop)

I been around (Uh-huh, uh-huh)

I been around the world

Verse One: Mase

Yo, yo....

Now trick what? Lace who?

That ain't what Mase do,

Got a lotta girls that'll love to replace you,

Tell it to your face boo, not behind your back,

Cats talk slick...we never mind that,

Funny never find that, Puff a dimestack,

Write hot stuff that make people say 'Rewind that'...

People know, you go against the Harlem Jiggalo,

Getcha hoe, lick her low, make your girl trick your
dough,

I represent honies with money, fly guys, and jets,

Ride with the tints that be thirty-five percent,

Hoes hope I lay, so I look both ways,

Cop says okay, my tint smoke gray,

No way, people leave without handin' me my chips,

Got plans to get my land and my 6,

People outta pen'll understand these hits,

Pop champagne like I won a championship...
repeat Chorus (include Carl Thomas singing)
Verse Two: Puff Daddy
Yeah, yeah
I was in one bedroom, dreamin of a million
Now my beach houses creamed to the ceiling
I was a gentleman livin in tenements
Now I'm swimmin' in all the women every tens
Went from Bad Boys to the Crushed Linen Men
Now my dividends be the new Benjamins
Chicks of all complexions, I like cinnamon
Mase you got some girls, well playboy
Send 'em in
What you waitin' for let the freakshow begin
How they came in a truck (Mase: Nah Puff, that's a
Benz)
Mercedes, come here baby
You don't like the way it's hot and hazy
Never shady, you must be crazy
It's ridiculous how they keep their lips on this
Don't kiss right there, girlfriend I'm ticklish
And I be switchin fees with a wrist full of G's
Playa please, I'm the macaroni with the cheese
repeat Chorus (now both Mase and Carl Thomas sing in
the background)
Verse Three: Mase, Puff Daddy
What, what niggaz
You don't know who the hell I be?
Can tell I be,
Now hasta la vista, c'est la vie,
Now what have we a cat in a Bentley waggy,
That keep cats saggy, roll with P-Daddy
Come be one of baggy, girls be one to stab me
I be more than gladly to tell a foe
Yo, you ain't offendin' me
It ain't like you the first son of the Kennedy
Or even in a mallway, you can send for me
But all until you talk you don't ever spend a G
I know how it be
You know me from before when I used to detour
Down in B-more
Push the E or
Days I just kick it
My crew buy Crystal
Just so we can spit it
All that expensive stuff
Just so we can shit it
Be a lot of places that you niggaz can't visit
Talking cause I live it
repeat Chorus until fade (everybody sings together)
Ad Lib till end

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