

# Outlawz "Mask Down"

Visit "[Mask Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What

Young Noble nigga

Get it right

Verse 1: Young Noble

For the world

My girl

My kid

My dog

And I know you mad at Pac for creating the Outlawz

For the block

Cops and the pigeons who watch

For the dope

The blow

The crime

The dro

For the rhymes

The dimes

The crimes

And the time

For the message

The lesson

The stressing and the blessing

For the hurt

The work

The smurfs in the dirt

For the schools

The tools

The rules

The fools

For the dead

The fed

The party's over here

For the wild

The style

It started in the Claire

For the street

The beat

The niggas with the heat

For the Lawz

The dogs

We do this shit for y'all  
For the jails  
The cells  
The waiting on your mail  
For the pain  
The rain  
The mutha fuckin game  
For the heart  
The narcs  
The niggas in the park  
And you have to have your heat  
Because it's crazy after dark nigga

Chorus: 2x

Young Noble:

For the dough  
The creme  
The hoes  
The fiends  
And I'm riding till my life is through  
And mashing for my dreams  
Click clack up  
I'm mashing for my team  
Bitch back up

Ya Yo:

We outta mask up  
And hit they ass up

Verse 2: Ya Yo

For the life  
The stripes  
The knife and the price  
For the Ya the Yo  
The days with the blow  
For the drops  
The coupes  
The shots off the roof  
For the niggas  
The bitches  
The trigger finger itching  
For the hoods  
The 'burbs  
The homies with the herb  
For the safe combination  
And keys to your place  
For the cars

The jewels  
The furs  
The ???  
For the bitches who be copying Ya  
Watching all my moves  
For the rise and fall  
Of mine and yours  
Yeah you're from the cradle  
I was born an Outlaw

Verse 3: Edi

Getting paid  
Getting laid  
All day  
Everyday  
Niggas hate  
Don't matter  
We gonna come up anyway  
Edi Ahmeen  
Outlaw  
Bring your team down raw  
Peep this scheme  
Now all calling them fake nigga holocaust  
And of course we enforce everything that we spitting  
here  
Yo you smell something funky hear  
That's because we just shitted here  
In this year  
Niggas get it clear  
See there shares disappear  
We coming from the rear  
Got you running in fear

Verse 4: H-Rider

When the job needs to be done  
I'm there for the cause  
Riding and dying for the cause  
They'll never come  
Dick riders  
And the dick provide you with guns  
That spit hand first  
Come quick  
Bang in silence  
Since I hit for the kid  
I'm a ??? rider  
Somehow I got bullets that'll find you  
And if you don't like me  
And cross me  
There's gonna be problems

I harm 'em in the arm and leg  
Right here is where you lay

Young Noble:

Outlaw

Chorus: 2x

Verse 5: Napoleon

It's the life  
Full of cash  
Full of gats  
Full of hoes  
Got bullet hoes for foes  
Trying to stay up on my toes  
In the middle of the ghetto  
Ain't got nowhere to turn  
Just plenty of money to earn  
And plenty of money to burn  
When feds hit the block  
Go ahead with your shots  
Lead for the cops  
Head full of dots  
Cremated on the spot  
It's a cycle for the long pay  
Might just go the wrong way  
Grinding in a strong way  
Get along  
No way  
Drama at the law  
Riding for the cause  
Coming at your door  
Your nigga dead and he don't know what he died for  
What about that nigga that struggling  
Ain't sleeping right  
What about them kids on the street  
Ain't eating right  
Outlaw  
Treat 'em like we do it so OG like  
Living life  
Taking flights  
Niggas might just die tonight  
Murder cases in a bloody way  
Something gotta get a day  
You outta your mind if you say ain't heard of me

Visit [Outlawz](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

