

Allen Iverson "Pay Per View"

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[Mase]

Change the beat now and take one of those sounds out

[Allen Iverson]

Yo this is the answer

Its a dirty, dirty, dirty dance

If we don't get the money we want were locked out

That's why I run with them Harlem World niggaz

And everybody I'm runnin' with is the highest paid in
what we do

That's why this shit is Pay Per View

Verse One: Allen Iverson

The Answer do mad dirt

Won't hesitate to put in work

Verbal hair trigga

Whatchu up nigga

Lets see your figgas

Is this all you got in your little bank account?

Entrepre nigga bounce

Come back with a much larger amount

And I still stop your bank and what you got in it

As soon as I win it I spend it

In the Benz that's tinted

True balla

I fuck and you call her

I bust nuts and you spoil her

You know the game militant track race

Fuck pretty

Put Murder back in front of MA\$E and lets blaze this
place

And ask your God do I owe yall like Semi

A.I, Beta in Miami

G's in our pockets

Pullin' out on these bitches like tubs and crocket

Verse Two: Huddy Combs

When there is cheddar to get

Huddy be ready to spit

Thug from the past

Sold drugs by the slab
Use to transport coke through cabs
Like a fork to the hill
Until my nigga Black got killed
Talkin' guns
These niggas talk with ones
Stackin' chips, Harlem World lack no whips
I felt your pain bitch nigga shoot your brains
Four point six with MA\$E that's four more chips
Four more dimes can give us head like four more times
I bound the four
All Out were down to ball
I popped a lot plus I'm on the drop the top
I doin' a six
My and OZ screwin' your bitch
My money in NY as long as this shit
That's why world wide strippers want to drool on the
dick
When I pop the shot I don't give a fuck who I hit
Huddy Combs, smoothest nigga to ever do all this shit

[MA\$E]

These motherfuckers smilin'
You know I'm the only nigga playin'
We ain't playin' withchu nigga
Yall niggas forgettin' my man is the same nigga who
put Mike on skates
You tryin' to cross over
We don't fear nobody, no names, no man, no land
We go where we want, do what ever we want to do
We don't get the money we want were locked out
We don't need ten days contract niggas
Is you forgettin' niggas we don't walk on
We franchise shit
You know these niggas? (I don't know these niggas)

All in your face!

BOY!!

Verse Three: Mysonne

Hey yo I gave you a choice
Yall chose the ruff route
Little faggot ass niggas get duffed out
With black eyes, your lips all puffed out
In the alleyways screamin' with your guts out
You just entered a world you know nothing about
We put bricks in bitches while you huff and pout
Steal dreams and politics frill teams
We probably have enough chips to build teams
And if there is no build promise its full of cream

Do-rags and wave spinnin' while I'm in my green
Its like that
You pussy just like cat
I take your man and you wishin' he could fight back
But he can't cuz ny niggas is like crack
We take a hit and you better come right back
And kill you, I assure you its real boo
We in your hood for hoodies and steel too
And anything you niggas want we while do
And all you cats that real I feel you
Because I'm real too
Kill but I ill too
I had respect since I was young and still do
Ain't nothing changed I like nothin' but money and
money
I might steal you with death to W Trout

[MA\$E]

Now I'm on the beat x4

Verse Four: MA\$E

Yo

All the niggas that I'm runnin' with is live and low
Chippin' five for the smoke, got pounds of coke
You know my steez, nigga I die before I'm broke
Kill niggas mob style then wipe ???
You want beef with Murder nigga get the studded
Insulated turn back when spit the pellets
Not only do I do dirt I live to tell it
Leave body in the crib so kids can smell it
How you gon know how I feel?
Can't friend cuz most of them killed
And the other flipped over a deal
Niggas clappin' in the air and that's supposed to be
real
What happened to point blank run a hole in his grill
You got money to lose nigga bet against MA\$E
I had lodi in Hawaii with measurement fish
Yall niggas is fish cake like I said on my tape
No matter who Puff sign it will never be MA\$E
You know where I am
Know where I stand
I'm the only nigga tellin' this willie shit first hand
Got damn
I got sunblock on catchin' a light tan
Floatin' on blue water, lyin' on white sand
Get a hundred grand to spit
Fifty grand to use it
Fifty grand to clear and fifty to just reuse it
Fuck makin' raps for the love of music

Have of them in you for a video and don't even
included it BITCH!

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