

## **Andy Griggs F/ Martina McBride**

### **"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, Betha 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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