

## **Bone Thugs N Harmony F/ Eazy-E**

### **"The Masha"**

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Ahahahahahaha...

Yes... the masha's back (well alright!)

And you don't stop, and you don't stop  
And you don't stop to rock, keep on  
Yeah, and you don't stop  
Yo I'm back in this shit, I'm back in it to win it  
So check it as I spin it, yo

[TMD]

Beware beware, as the T starts to step up  
I kick shit like a soccer player just to keep my wreck up  
The double decker, Treemanía is what I'm causin'  
Mass hysteria so beware in your area  
for it's slick, can ya feel it and flip it and like Whip It  
like Devo, pull stunts like Kenievel  
It's evil, when you see a brother like in action  
The Masha, rippin shit up, cause I'm Taxin'  
Then askin', questions later the innovator  
The Total Mic Devestator just call me the motivator  
And get down, to my mad ass rhythm section  
Then check the diction, cause rhymes cause friction  
when I flex, holds more words than a rolodex  
Good like Chex, crazy fly like a Rolex  
So umm whatever you call it no time to stall it  
Aiyyo, you best to like haul it and beware of  
The Masha

Chorus:

The Masha, the Masha (repeat 4X)

[TMD]

Yeah, yeah, yo check it out  
I gives a damn like Uncle Sam, won't sweat ya like  
Spam  
But if ya try to flip, Kool Al tell him who I am  
(Len Robertson) yeah, you know umm, the mic scandal  
I gets nuff props, crazy plaques on my mantle  
My rhymes, they soothe, comfy like a sandal  
And plus, I goes the long mile as if a camel

Uh-huh, uh, the funky rhyme kicker can you dig it  
And I could give a damn about a racist or a bigot  
So swing it to KKK and all you phonies  
I mash on that ass so bump my tape like in your Sony  
No baloney, the rhyme style kid, is back to wreck it  
Mic check it, so you best to like respect it  
Sloppy hip-hop, your definition  
Flippin them styles, and stompin niggaz asses that be  
dissin  
And then we're out of there, gone fishin  
I swear, so suckaz beware, yeah, of  
The Masha

Chorus

[TMD]

Uhh, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yo bring that beat, bring that beat back check it, check  
it  
When I step in the arena, hookers fiend ta  
see the Tza wax like Pledge, then shake my funky  
dreads  
On the freestyle, (shiiiiit) rip the topic  
And just like padlocks, the master has to lock it on up  
Like the nappy fros that I sport  
And niggaz musta thought that the master took shorts  
but, give me a cartoon, a comic that's a funny  
Cuz I can give a shit how ya feel like Al Bundy  
(ewwwww)  
But yet I hits the spot like a sundae on a Tuesday  
But trick ass niggaz, they can't fool me  
But check it, I gots more cents than four quarters  
a dollar, make all the tramps scream and holler  
as I vic em (hoo, hah, T stick em)  
Yo pass the mic cause jackasses I'ma kick em  
Dead in they chin and leave a snaggletooth grin  
And then, hop in the Ac and take a spin with  
The Masha

Chorus

[TMD]

Aiyyo, last but not least ya can't convict like Gotti  
Back again ta spin that looney kid rocks the party  
So all aboard my train or git soaked like sponges  
by the rowdy, rough riff-raff up out the dungeon  
The Lab, I peel suckaz off like scabs  
And leave shit bloody, as if Maxi-Pads  
Moms and dads, close friends and all cousins  
I'm out to fly heads, and the nigga ain't buggin  
So watch ya step or stay pep like a rally

Cuz I can shake it, like Andre is up in Cali  
The Valley, but don't shake a nigga with a fork  
as I guzzle a quart, to Freak the Tales like \$hort  
With pleasure, then clock crazy dough like a beggar  
Ya lag, ya lose, but betcha ass I won't let up  
Gutter sniper get outta pocket with the piper  
I swear, I'm back, so beware

Chorus (continues until fades)

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