

## South Pacific

# "Mase, Puffy, Lil' Kim & SOAD - Will They Die 4 You"

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How many niggas that'll die for you?  
How many get a quiche like the pie, with you?  
I ain't talkin' 'bout those that get high with you  
Niggas know, if a red's on ya head, then they ride with  
you

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[Puff daddy]

Well, I ride for you, would you ride for me?  
Well, I die for you, would you die for me?  
Obviously, we all know you type of cats  
Let them man get struck, never strike back  
Stay in the street, seven days a week  
Shit get hot, you never blaze your heat  
Stupid motherfucker wanna play me sweet  
So I keep 'em on his toes, that way he never sleeps  
Bigger than the king and the pope, sling no dope  
Call me anything but broke  
When it's on, I guarantee my team don't choke  
Want a war, you niggas better bring yo' force (C'mon)  
And when I say we won't quit, believe this shit  
When I talk about a Benz, let you see the 6  
And when I'm talkin' to a ho, let you meet my bitch  
When puff talk, you niggas take heed to this  
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[Mase]

Yo, if you down to act, we came to scrap  
We beef '89, still watch your back  
A nigga smack me, I'm a smack 'em back

If it lead to the guns, then that be that  
And lately, niggas that snake me, just make me  
Wanna send 'em heat without AC  
Thinks I'm sweet, taste me  
How much you really want it?  
Enough to put a mil' on it or your deal on it  
This year Cancun, guess who I'm going with  
My own niggas, see I pay my own trip  
Make my own chips, I copped my own 6  
I knock my own shit, like I'm on my own dick  
My day be short, need coke, raid the fort  
I'm knocked by the cops, come blaze the court  
And though niggas die for, go on the shelf  
Disrespect and spend like a man below your belt  
Me, I always had, so I never go for self  
Had thousand dollar bills with teddy Roosevelt  
Better slow down, tellin' you now, put the dough down  
Kick your door down, surround the block  
Where you go now?  
Fifty shots spit at you and that is not a whole round  
Way I leave the furniture, think it was co-found  
Here's the low-down, messin' with Mase gotta go down  
What more could I say but hey, guess you niggas know  
now  
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[Lil' Kim]  
Motherfuckin' right I'm a roll with my motherfuckin'  
dogs  
Bitches ain't around when it's time to go to war  
This shit here, nothing to fuck with  
I'm the same bitch all ya'll wanna try ya'll luck with  
Lil' Kim spread like syphilis  
You think I'm pussy?  
I dare you to stick your dick in this  
Chrome 4-4, inconspicuous in the 6-0-0, shit's  
ridiculous  
Speak when you're spoken to and only with permission  
Like E.F. Hutton, when I talk, niggas listen  
So don't ya'll be mad at me, cuz I'm the q to the b  
To the motherfuckin' e-e  
Copped my cd, now all ya'll wanna be me  
See me on the tv, beds will dip in 3-d

Peep the cd, chromed out and phoned out  
My shit is paid for, your shit is loaned out  
I gets it on, money keep growin'  
Ice fully glowin', plus I'm bad to the bone  
In the danger zone, I hold my own when the pain is  
gone  
Like a splinter I enter  
So why should I throw my blows in those  
Do a bit upstate and take the weight for your troubles  
My nigga B.I.G., a ride for  
But it ain't too many niggas that I'd die for  
How many niggas that'll die for you  
How many get a quiche like the pie, with you  
I ain't talkin' 'bout those that get high with you  
Niggas know, if a red's on ya head, then they ride with  
you  
How many niggas that'll die for you? (Why must we kill?  
Why? )  
How many get a quiche like the pie, with you?  
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And now, Perry Farrell

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