

Starlight Dragons

"Is it You? - Remix"

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[Mase]

I'm in party mode now, uhh, you don't stop
C'mon, with the, with the, c'mon
D-Dot, c'mon

Chorus: Mase

Is it you? (Y'all the ones the ladies love to touch)
Is it true? (Y'all be whylin in the club too much)
Is it you... Made Men, Made Men
Is it you or is it Deja Vu?
Is it you? (Y'all the ones with all the money and all)
Is it true? (Y'all the ones that show the honies a ball)
Is it you... Made Men, Made Men... c'mon, c'mon, c'mon
Is it you or is it Deja Vu?

[Made Men]

Yeah, two thous', new styles, fly as fuck for days
Fry chocolate thai, high and shit for days
Benz 6, V-12, 19's for shoes
Mens thick with a team known to squeeze the uz'
Cute girls, jewels whirlpools and champagne
I ran game, Made Men's on they brain
Afficianado, cigars and Henny bottles
Frijole corazon gatos with hot glocks though
Twist you like a braid, canary glaze that's made
Baguettes don't shine? Then get it appraised
Perform for MC's with Bentley's and M3's
Burn bomb trees with mamis, sit under palm trees

[Cardan]

Some niggaz talk like P Cardy, won't grab, three shotty
Let off three bodies, platinum three parties
I move quicker than, half of the niggaz that's witcha
and
move swifter than, cats who Jack the Ripper so
when I say check this, respect this
If you ain't with me and Made Men, get off the guestlist
You see I'm from a place where it's nuttin but beats
Nuttin but cee-lo where pushers pay the dice off defeat
I got the Rove' out the shop, take the Chrysler off the

street

Too much light and too much heat, pick a fight with
these freaks

Got a hundred Harlem brothers that'll daze y'all crew
But this is the remix to the Deja Vu

Chorus

[Mr. GZUS]

Je-sus with Mase, pass hay, watch us blaze it up
If you don't give a fuck, take your hands and raise em
up

It's the knock-right, hit from D-Dot got
everybody bouncin, steamin up ounces
Ain't no beef, just liquor, and reefer that's cheap
It's cheat or defeat, your girl is quicker to leave
I wanna know can she do dat - if it's you, true dat
Meet me in the back after this track
International, money magnificence
To go against this, I think you know the consequence
I rock Kangols, my link dangles
Got more Cash than Tango, from my mad flows

[Big Pun]

Yo, yo, yo

Hey yo my shit is fatal, one blow, I make your chin to-
ma-to
Don't make me run up in your crib and kill what's in the
cradle
I'll make you wish you was dead, push a brick through
your head
Rush my click through your set, suck my dick, lick it
yeah
You the worst I ever heard, cursed with severed nerves
And my words to every verse like feathers to a bird
Rhyme compatible, my nine'll rip the spine outta you
Why should I battle you? You couldn't define one
parable
I'm thug animal, Hannibal Lect', real cannibal
Eatin that ass like fire and gas, my shit's flammable
Frightenin in fact, you know niggaz is bitin my raps
Writin exactly the same like they recitin my back
Niggaz carbon copies, always mockin my shit
But can't nobody stop me, get up on top of me dick
I'm surprised if you thick, and I ain't with gettin caged
in
But I'm a Made Man, so I'll be ought by the A.M., what?

Chorus 2X

