

## DJ Clue F/ Fabulous Sport, Foxy Brown, Ma\$e "That's The Way We Like It"

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(Mase)

I thought Duro was an old man before I met her  
Check this out right, this is me M-A dollar sign E  
(C'mon, C'mon)  
Thorough, too thorough, Harlem World be the burough  
Cool 'da Love up above (that's right)  
can't forget my family (who 'dat be) Cardan & KFC  
Blinky Blink & D-R-E  
(Uh-Huh) (Uh-Huh)  
Cluemanati, We Like It (Uh-Huh)

Mase too smooth, call me debonair  
hits every year, so shake your derriere (C'mon)  
cops pull me over, what they don't feel it fair  
what a brother, too black, me living here  
we don't stare, I don't care, I'm know I'm there  
twenty years old and about to be a millionaire  
What you think, cause Mase be young, Mase be dumb  
and if you get Mase strung, that'll be no pre-num  
Ever since Big died, my whole life changed  
I done blew, I'm your boo, it seem quite strange  
I get nice things, way out your price range  
Half these girls, don't even know my right name  
I'm fly rolie, mink made of coyote  
Love a ghetto hoe, I know she die fo' me  
You got me confused, see Cam the freak  
Mase never the the nigga to bring sand to the beach  
I some that an average hoe's hand couldn't reach  
living in expenses, 20 grand a week  
You know me, I be O-T, low-key  
Icy roli, smoke a O-z  
I'm a baby face nigga, without no goatee  
and I'm 2.8 and about to blow 3

(Mase) Fabulous Sport

Chorus: Now that's the way (Uh-Huh, uh-huh), We like It  
(Uh-Huh, uh-huh),  
That's the way (uh-huh, uh-huh) We like it 3x

(Fabolous)

Now you can tell I blew, push the 740 L-I through

Eyes low, from the L-I-Q  
if you was hot, you'd be going through the cell I do  
give alias to any female, I screw  
One running with Fabolous, who knew as well as I do  
Every fed in the country wanna nail my crew  
Before I hit the tens, I'm getting bailed by crew  
be back downtown, bagging chicks at L-I-U  
cause money ain't a thing no more, I use to sling the  
raw  
Now I'm off in spring to tour, in Singapore  
might catch me getting head from a bilingual hoar  
who never seen so many diamonds in her ring before  
I'm a boasting fly bro, soon to lay on a coast of Cairo  
Roast the hydro, type of cat you would say, is supposed  
to lie low  
and V two shades with the toast and the Tahoe  
We the niggas that be getting it, and throwing minks on  
Cubans to the belly, and still throwing links on  
Ya'll cats know me, I be throwing clinks on  
and be loving the bitches, we be throwing drinks on

Chorus 3x

(Foxy)  
Did you know that I, simply got these cats where I want  
'em and...  
(uh) See the 6 then I want 'em in  
It ain't a secret, bet that I slide 'em with something I  
could freak with  
And do that freak shit  
And I'm stepping in hotter, like Don Dada  
snatch my Prada, ya hoes done done nada  
make you never wanna flash your shit  
like when you see my crew you wanna stash your shit  
If do find me, then I will crash your shit  
If you think you was a'ight, I will blast your shit  
Ya know me, chick that ride the dick slowly  
use to be O-T, now I'm 2.3 (Uh)  
Same bitch that ya'll loving to hate  
be that same chick, that you praying will fake  
and I solemnly swear, we'll rep to the death  
ya heard?(uh,uh,uh) Fuck you think this is?  
If you broke, then I be off, do mine, ski off  
and, ain't no love, just trying to get my thing off  
Unless there's some princesses on the wrist  
or some chrome on the 6, he ain't seeing my shit  
Oh yeah, it's not a game, I do my thing  
Scan to a change, cop a platinum range

Chorus 3 x

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