

Feldman Barry

"Who U Jackin"

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Verse One: Paula Perry, Masta Ase

One two one two, check it I can't stay home
Gotta take walk down to block to the pay phone
"Do you run?" No, like I said before I walk
Stick up kids hawk, but I don't stop to talk
I keep my hand on my pocket on my razor
get too close and I'ma have to graze ya
Like night and early morning scheming at dawn and
Looking to jack what I want

Back back back you better watch yours
I got yours
Cut you like I got claws
Stick em up because
It's a roothless toothless
Waiting inna thick here
Looking for a vict, yeah
How about this chick here?

Who's this standing at the corner?
I wonder if he's on a
Mission to stick cuz he's a goner
Polo padding yang lacking and fucked up packing
Get dacking
Nigga who you jackin?

Verse Two: Masta Ase, Paula Perry

I'm come comin to get cha, with your bangles in your
ears
With your Gucci link and I ain't snatched a chain in
years
When a pocket full kicka kicka granny inna back and
when I see you little doe, hey, i dont know how to act

Well... I'm not your neighborhood nice girl, I'm raw as
coke
So scheemin seemin I'ma play ya like a bad joke
You're trying to stab me, but I'm not the one
I'll pistol-whip that ass, and I don't even have a gun

I put my foot up to the ass
Of a bitch that think she got class fast
Give up the cash as you can not pass
Feedin readin, I dont mean the grass
shit's draastic so chick run the stach

Well, I'ma jiggaboo, with an attitude
Better to slice and dice and sway like I saw don't get
through
Make your moves so I can dat that bullshit
quick nigga quick, before you lose your dick
This aint no movie so dont be actin
Stupid on a girl like me, nigga who you jackin?

Verse Three: Masta Ase, Paula Perry

Ya just skin an' bones so ya need to change the tones
in ya voice ya just another jack by the phones
My pockets need fixing cause the shits is mad broke
If I had my nine your ass would get smoked
But I'ma slice you in half fuck it I ain't butter
The name is paula perry puttin' body parts in a gutter
So who you jackin?
You baby check it
You're lucky I dont leave you in the street butt naked
with your ass out froze the fuck up
I'll be vickin
You'll be what-in?
Jackin, thats another name for stickin
And tricking chick you like baby whats your name an
gamin
Ill snatch hole you shit and then im flamin
Right down to block, yeah, Ill teach you holy mo
With a pea knows the time, so yo ass ought better go
You getting too close, really, what is this?
I think its about time to face whats open up to business

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