If You Want To Party

Mase

Yo, who got the right to flip, twice the whips
Time to get paid, get twice the chips
See law ain't no good unless two dice hit
Hate me even if I didn't ice my shitFuck niggas, make that money and lots of it
Sold four million and somebody got to love it
They want Mase for video, ain't in the budget
I can't take a piss without a bitch tryin' to rub itHow could you know like this
When it's because of me a nigga know what nice is
I was 60 I have flow-itis
I like my weed green and my hoe's dyke-ishYou know you like this, young kid'll live by Goldie advice's
Pimp hoe's that come across so righteous
Fuck though, promote on the rolley ices
Yo, that's why my jewelery looks snow whitish, come onIf you wanna party come and shake your body
If you wanna party, put 'em in the air
Over there, over thereIf you wanna party, come and shake your body
If you wanna party, put 'em in the air
Over there, over thereYo I'm tryin' to live my life the largest, vipers in garages
'Nuff money to go to court and fight the charges
Everybody stare at myse the hardest
That's why I'm in them all night menagesBesides B I G, the critically acclaimed
I vow, they ever bring the city to shame
I pulled up the prettiest things, the prettiest range
The prettiest cars, and the prettiest starsBy far the prettiest misses, I pull up in the prettiest sixes
So by the time you get the six bitch, I have the seven
By the time you get the seven, I switch to the eight
When it time I get this cake, a bitch could wait
They know I could sell five so they ship me eight, come onIf you wanna party come and shake your body
If you wanna party, put 'em in the air
Over there, over thereIf you wanna party, come and shake your body
If you wanna party, put 'em in the air
Over there, over thereYo, why I'mma envy the lives or envy the guys
Who be frontin' in the six that's really a five
You could see I still got it by the look in my eyes
I'mma blue collar criminal, crook in disguiseIt don't matter if it rain, I got a pool inside
And a stretch range so at least 20 could ride
And I could tell fake platinum from a mile away
When I rap, yo' hundred and fifty thou' get paidSo until then nigga, I style away
Four point six swit' to the cal' away
I'm gettin' honey, I ain't with the beefin' going on

I look at nigga's cars, alot a leasin' goin' onMy heat get raised up, streets gets blazed up
Until a nigga find my dough and pays up
I lays up fuck, 'til my days up
Doggy style, so bitch don't fuck my ways up, come onIf you wanna party come and shake your body
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