

Another Story To Tell

Mase

Yo, since I been in this game, yo
Alot of funny shit that happend with these hoes, man
And this shit I'm 'bout to tell you Myse
Is a true story, Puff know the bitch, Uh, YoYou know I don't wanna come across foul
I'm only telling you about my lifestyle
I had a girl named Kate I date in Georgia State
Girl named Samantha I met in Clark, Atlanta
I even knew these girls named Laura and Yvette
Switched up giving me head in Georgia Tech
Now flip the script, mess with girls that strip
Give 'em tips just so I can feel I'm they "his"
They like, Mase I like your eyes and I love your lips
I'm like, that ain't enough to make you sit in the six
She said Mase, lot of things I wanna teach you 'bout
If I tell you my past, it'll freak you out
Save your dough, you know I wanna treat you out
Fuck sucking your dick, I wanna eat you out
I'm like whoa now, slow down
You remind of these young chickens I knew from uptown
Got a butt like this girl that worked in Motown
So if we ain't gonna fuck then where we go now
I don't move too fast, you move too slow
You wasn't saying this just a moment ago
You was sitting at the bar just spending my dough
You owe me something bitch, you gon' blow me or something
She said this thing you need to know before we fuck
I ain't like all these other sluts
And if I told you I was a virgin you wouldn't believe me
I know getting pussy for you is easy
You hit every bitch from Antee to a Tuskegee
Plus you know I know your girlfriend KiKi
And for a moment honey tried to freak me
But being the man I am I'm still in pimp mode
Could tell she was Harlem 'cause I seen her zip code
And then she started showing me pictures of Flipmode
So I'm with my man and you know we gon' discuss her
All I could hear is him sayin', don't trust her
You know her lil' cousin fuck with Usher
Plus her best friend got a baby from Busta

So I layed back and peeped the ho'
It's her word against his, I can't believe the ho'
Yo, I only knew this girl from a weekend ago
And I figure she a freak, Cease would know
So I called up my nigga, I'm like Cease what up (what up)
Is she a freak, nigga?
Cease been fucked, but Cease admitted
Yo, that he ain't even hit it, now y'all I really don't get it
And she tried to play Mike like he's some nigga in a Civic
And sucked Puff dick for some Budweiser tickets Yo, you believe this bitch, yo?
She sucked his dick for some Budweiser tick..
That bitch gonna give me my shit B, word up (Section 622)
I'm not even fucking playing
I bet you she give me my watch back though, I bet that (Row 40)
And all my fucking ice better be in it, too
(Seat A, Seat B, enjoy the show)
Matter of fact, I want my fucking couch out that shit B
Word up, tell your sis get my fucking couch B
I ain't fucking playing

Songwriters

Betha, Mason / Holland, Edward, Jr. / Holland, Brian / Best, Anthony / Beatty, Harold
Published by
Lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Universal Music Publishing Group

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>