

# Niggaz Wanna Act (feat. Busta Rhymes)

## Mase

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo, check this out right  
Harlem on da rise  
And you don't want no problem with us guysM A dollar sign E  
And if you ever out tryin' to find me  
I think I should warn you  
I get hard when I want to  
Angelettie, Bad Boy, niggaz ain't readyYo, you the type of cat in the building, holdin' the cracks  
Playin' some the niggaz on the corner holdin' the gatts  
Nigga come through, a nigga kill, never blow back  
You the nigga, never did but send in all the factsYo, I know niggaz like you 'cuz I meet 'em all the time  
And I greet 'em with the 9 if they ever keep what's mine  
If I lose, I get loc, put a fool in the yoke  
Two to his throat, take his jewels and his coatMore than likely, you ain't got to like me  
And this might be the last time I take you nicely  
For my legion, fill up the season and start squeezin'  
Niggaz talkin' shit, be behind the cars weavin'There's no breathin', ain't nobody in here leavin'  
You kill my man, I kill your bitch, now we even  
I'm from a cold world, where it's bleeding, 20 degrees in  
Fahrenheit, niggaz get sniped for no reasonDo a lot of work, got plenty funds and many guns  
Many sons, niggaz do anything to anyone  
And on the streets I don't doubt nuttin'  
So, when you talk to Mase, better watch yo' mouth, sonYo, if niggaz wanna act, we can act  
You niggaz wanna scrap, we could scrap  
You niggaz got gatts, we got gatts  
You niggaz wanna style, we style  
If you get foul, we get foul  
You get wild, we get wildIf niggaz wanna act, we can act  
If niggaz wanna scrap, we could scrap  
You niggaz got gatts, we got gats  
You niggaz wanna style, we style  
If you get foul, we get foul  
You get wild, we get wildYo, started with a blue whip, got a silver new whip

'Cuz feds watch when I do shit, keep poppin' up new shit, new shit  
Think the whole Harlem World on some clue shitWe crisp bub sippers, strip club niggas  
    Peace to the street team, y'all get love niggaz  
    Six years ago I was the have-not nigga  
Hot nigga, represent for all my block niggazNow, I'm 6 drop niggaz, baggette rock niggaz  
    10 G's a show and I ain't even drop niggaz  
    Shock niggaz who thought I was a pop nigga  
You go against Mase, you get your wig rocked niggaPlayers like me'll leave your whole block bitter  
    Roll hard like when I see the bank stop, nigga  
    Hustle is a hustle, so, I never knock a nigga  
Don't really fuck with Dame but still I cop JiggaIf niggaz wanna act, we can act  
    You niggaz wanna scrap, we could scrap  
    You niggaz got gatts, we got gatts  
    You niggaz wanna style, we style  
        If you get foul, we get foul  
You get wild, we get wildIf niggaz wanna act, we can act  
    If niggaz wanna scrap, we could scrap  
    You niggaz got gatts, we got gatts  
    You niggaz wanna style, we style  
        If you get foul, we get foul  
You get wild, we get wildYo, I do this everyday, why brag about the glory?  
    Tell you the whole truth, never half the story  
    You wasn't no hater, you'd probably be happy for me  
Billboard first slot in every categoryNiggaz say they love me, they don't love me  
    I know deep down they wanna slug me  
    I feel the vibe when they hug me  
    Luckily, I rock jewels that be chuckie  
Over Iceberg Rhuby, pushin' a Benz buggeyFor a better batch, roll fever for notes  
    And need I approach little niggaz seated in coach  
    I mean, think it's smaller than the weed in my roach  
The seed in my smoke, the niggas ain't cheap, they brokeOh yeah, this my dough year  
    Jealousy and envy'll get you nowhere  
    You don't like me, bet against me  
    You right, got dough do whatever you like  
I get front row seats on the night of the fightMy Roley too tight, how many link, loosen my ice  
    And 'for I scoop the dice, bet a grand I beat the deuce twice  
    Niggas who don't make dough, I can affil'ate with 'em  
I'm dyin' from a sickness known as WillieismWhatever you want, we can do  
    We can do it better  
    And you niggaz wanna scrap? We can scrap  
Niggaz wanna wild? We wildHowever niggaz like it, you get it  
    Harlem World, Bad Boy, nice Chevy  
    It's '97, yeah, Harlem on the rise  
And you don't really want no problem wit us guysGot my man Cardan with me  
    K F C, D R E, Blinkey blink

Cooda Love, UttoBlack Fred, Big D, Puff Diddy  
You know we get bitches  
Lox, Black Rob, the whole committee  
You don't stop, we won't stop

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