

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 guys M 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 ready Yo, 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 facts Yo, 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 coat More 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 reason Do 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, son Yo, 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 wild If 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 wild Yo, 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 gats
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 Rhugby, 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

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>