

Who U Jackin'?

Masta Ace Incorporated

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Verse One: Paula Perry, Masta Ace 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 'cause he's a goner

Polo padding yang lacking and fucked up packing

Get dacking

Nigga who you jackin? Verse Two: Masta Ace, 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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