

# Ma Ma Ma (feat. 112)

## Joe Budden

[112] + (Joe)

112! (Jump off!)

Aww yeah (Uhh, y'know)[Verse One: Joe Budden]

You wanna get right, boo, headlights, blue

Don't no other mami give me head like you

I get you in the club, sit right in the Rover

y Now you ain't gotta pretend like you like the promoter

We could lamp in the 5 with my hand on yo' thigh

You goin to sleep thinkin that this can't be life

Don't mistake my talkin modest

Still put you in the wi-ld bedroom with the walk-in closet

Bay, riverboats, if you wanna see water

Full length minks, get rid of that three-quarter

Ex-man never had you feelin that fly

Flat screens in the room with the ceiling that high

When them other cats call you, you can turn your phone off

New school your neck, take that herringbone off

Stretch 'Vee playin Manhattan

System old school, play 'em and had 'em

We makin it happen, oh yeah

[Chorus: 112]

Turn this off for a minute

We can do bigger things if you widdit

We can be me and you, I know you feel it

You can say, "La la-la la, la la la la"

All you want, you can get it

You can have all my time, let's spend it

The way you do your thing, I can't forget it

Got me screamin, "Ma ma-ma ma, ma ma ma ma"[Verse Two: Joe Budden]

Look, I need a wife too, feed her ice, blue

Got birds on the side, I don't treat 'em like you

I don't let 'em play with the wheel and when the check come

They already know they gotta pay for they meals

Say I'm, comin at you with lines, think they lies

Just because I don't match your compatible sign

I'ma let the world see, other boos can't relate

Let you walk in front, make the other dudes hate

When I put it on you, you throw it right back (ha ha)

Who else you know gon' poke it like that?

And ma I'm gon' show you like that, you be hollerin

"La la-la la, la la la la" - oh yeah, look

Private party, it's just me, you

and the new envy of ours, we won't be sorry  
 Scoop it, we can do the all from Harley(?)  
 Y'all ask me hardly nah, I'm up to par  
 [Chorus][Verse Three: Joe Budden]  
 Look forget my miss, no let's remind miss  
 And I never let a clown disrespect my miss  
 I need dat in my life, a G might cry  
 But you the only one that ever get to see that side  
 Look, my lady fresh, we ain't gotta rush  
 We can take baby steps, that may be the best  
 Hate to repeat myself, I know I already told you  
 But mom's sayin what's good I'm tryin to know you  
 If you been for lookin for the right one, well here he is  
 Ready to take things a little mo' serious  
 Ain't nervous no more, you heard it all before  
 Are you a Fifth Ave miss, but you workin that velour?  
 Stop, I'm tired of trickin, I'm tired of pigeons  
 Need a house with acres to put my wife and kids in  
 Chefs are good when they gettin right in the kitchen  
 Babygirl that's the life we'd be livin, overstand somethin[Interlude: 112]  
 Baby let me be with you more, hold you more  
 Let me get the chance, I can show you more  
 Let me get to know you more, I'll be screamin out  
 "La la-la la, la la la la"  
 If I could, wife you out, ride this out  
 You're the only one I wouldn't ride without  
 I could show you what this life's about  
 I be screamin out, "Ma ma-ma ma, ma ma ma ma"[Chorus] - repeat 2X w/ Joe Budden ad  
 libs[Joe Budden]  
 This is the type of shit right here, listen  
 You gotta go to the car wash on this one  
 Hehe, you can't ride around dirty and dusty and shit  
 If it just went yesterday, when you wake up  
 Take it to the car wash  
 Don't just get the exterior joint neither  
 We need the-the-the works, the thirty dollar joint  
 And we need to get the little tree to put up in the rearview  
 So it's smellin nice and SEXY like when they get inside  
 Ha ha! Ayy.

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