

# Niggaz Wanna Act (feat. Busta Rhymes)

## Mase

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 shit We crisp bub sippers, strip club niggaz  
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 niggaz Now, 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 nigga  
 Players 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 Jigga  
 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  
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 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, 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 category  
 Niggaz 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 buggy  
 For 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 broke  
 Oh 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 fight  
 My 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 Willieism  
 Whatever you want, we can do  
 We can do it better  
 And you niggaz wanna scrap? We can scrap  
 Niggaz wanna wild? We wild  
 However 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 guys  
 Got my man Cardan with me  
 K F C, D R E, Blinkey blink  
 Cooda Love, Utto  
 Black 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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