

# Mase in '97 (feat. Lil Yachty)

## Carnage

Don't you hate when a bitch thinks that we need you?  
Bitch hop on your knees all this dick I'ma feed you  
You open up bitch, it's so easy to read you  
Not once in my life how I thought I should please you  
I'm all 'bout my fetti, like Migos, we ready  
She suck like spaghetti, Armani, Gianni stuff it all in stefani  
Bitch, I'm so original just like fani  
I might catch a body, I'm lying, I'm too rich for that  
I need two bricks for that, I need to mix with that  
What you call your life savings, I bought two whips with that  
I rub on her clit cuz I like her response  
Drive with the top down when I rock the pot  
Got a pound of the breezy, just hopped on like tiggy  
Keep Perry with me, he 'bout green like Luigi  
I'm knowing you see me, bitch nigga can't beat me  
Run the city up  
We don't give a fuck  
Knuck if you buck  
Knock a nigga stuck  
Give a fuck about love  
Stomp 'em out his stuff  
Throw your hood up  
Nigga, throw your hood up Real motherfucker, I'm too quick to ducking  
I'll park it and sock it but nah, I won't come up  
I'm first in the race  
I get bored as quick, that's why I can't stay in place  
I'm on you like mace  
I won't stop spraying til you got a smile on your face  
Bitch this fast and I'm Simon, I don't eat no salmon  
I don't wear no Calvin's, I'm Leroy like Alvin  
These niggas think dollars, I'm thinking 'bout millies  
With Uzi in Philly  
My mouth lookin chilly, these niggas look silly  
Big shouts out to Glizzy, Tokyo and Rizzy  
I'm rapping so fast, got that stupid hoe dizzy, her hair looking frizzy  
50 gang with me, 50 gang with me, bet you can't choose which one got the semi  
Bitch got more hair than Jimmy, bitch granting wishes like Timmy, fuck you  
Run the city up  
We don't give a fuck  
Knuck if you buck  
Knock a nigga stuck  
Give a fuck about love

Stomp 'em out his stuff  
Throw your hood up  
Nigga, throw your hood up

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>