

Ma' Be Easy

Fabulous

uh, uh, yeah, uh-huh

yeah, yeah, yeah

[verse 1]

Yo, I ain't got no reason to trick or spend

Mami, I'm the reason the chicks begin cheesein' and snickerin'

Playa like me? every season these chicks have been

Talkin' how I came through the P's in a sicker benz

Heard about the platinum visas the bricker bends

Jewels so icy I need freezers to sitck 'em in

I be's in the keys wit a click of friends

Trees and a liquor blend, I be too queezy and sick to grin

I don't care if a skeezer is thick or thin

It's gon' look like she havin' a seizure I stick it in

Skeos say "can I get the keys to ya six again?"

After I nut, that's when amnesia be kickin' in

Most broads I done met, ain't see a guy

Who spend a G on Gucci T's, five for sweats

I'm what chicks strive to get, I stay in the P.J's

You thinking (?) I'm talkin' private jets, uh

[Chorus]

I need the cash in my palm, the ice in my charm - ma' be easy

(Watch it, please)

Wanna lean to the side while I cruise in your ride - ma' be easy

(Put down that cheese)

Gotta have a broad wantin' and let me hold somethin' - ma' be easy

(You get nothin' from me)

You get NOTHING!

[Verse 2]

So the kid never stresses a female

And if you ask where I live they gon' give you

addresses to e-mail

All that cops can suggest is that he sell

How I'm gon' push it unless it's a v-12

From S's to CL's, I request is detail

In the head rests his t.v's dwell

They heard how many albums I presses for retail

And they can't get a dime unless it's a weed sale

And lets be real, catch me at the bar wit them crispy bills

Getting Cris' re-fills, my wrist be chilled

And my wardrobe look like I got an Ice Berg History deal

Still dames have been giving me slow neck

And I don't even know what they real names have been

I feel ashamed to spend, 'cause when it comes to knockin' 'em down

I'm right behind Wilt Chamberlin

[chorus]

Ma you musta had too many weed totes

'Cause I ain't givin' you any weed totes

I'm all about floatin' on them new skinny speed boats

Hundred and something wit two skinny deep throats

Winter hit, I'm in a new finny ski coats

See the screens? ain't gotta use any remotes

No more shoppin' sprees I'm rough wit the ends

Keep honeys on their knees, scuffin' they shins

I deal wit nothing but tens

I be the club king wit diamonds shuffling your friends

Chickens get keys, scuffing the Benz

Cause they wanna lock me down like I'm Puff in the pens

Snatch any chink blond who feel my link long view
(One try) I ain't trying to put clinks on you
Hope tricking ain't one of the things you think John do
Cause thats the way you end up wit a drink on you mami
[Chorus]