

## Mask 2 My Face

Gangsta Boo

(Juice)

Mayne!!!! I can't I'm up in dis joint wit Gangsta Boo. I'm so Hi!  
Boogaloo! I'm so hi. Purple!! Purple!! Mayne! I'm so hi!  
Good shit Gangsta Boo.  
The Juice always blown out on dat fire shit  
I'm gettin high den a motherfucker. Damn!

(Gangsta Boo)

Some dumb boys be killin me  
Actin like dey want me pounds  
I be lookin for the fires  
We will not come in ya town  
Gansta Boo the scandalous  
That's been so freaky when she hi  
Oops I ain't go lie, bump and smoke until the day I die  
Ridin in the Chevy and you know I'm smokin ink mayne  
Got the bongz mayne  
Limo tinted for you hataz mayne  
Crusin through my hood  
I'm hot as fuck, my life is on suspension  
I don't give a fuck  
I'm constantly gotta smoke one bitch  
As I come up on the spot to eat and sleep and do it all again  
Gansta at it again, clean as fuck I'm rollin twenty-twens  
Call my nigga dank to see if he know where some hydro at  
When I go get dank I got the glock nine and a vest  
Rollin through the projects lookin for dat nigga wit dat dope  
Fiendin like a junkie thinkin "damn a playa gotta smoke"  
Actin like you ballin when you only sellin nicks and dimes  
Shit dis habit of mine  
Got me clickin when I'm on the ground

(Chorus 4x)

Mask 2 my fuckin face I'm fiendin to increase my high  
Eye balls is like red as hell dese bitches better recognize  
(could dat fuckin fuckin ink conservin deal dats some shit)

(Gangsta boo)

So I got dis ghetty green  
Look here nigga I'm a star  
Bout to hit the corner and rap  
Stoned and get leaf cigar  
I don't smoke on seeds  
But not to dis  
the ones unfortunate  
If you need me, hook up wit me, I'll smoke you to death  
All my niggas on dat good dope, If you hi just clap yo hands  
All my niggas on dat good dope, if you hi just clap yo hands  
Take a trip to Amsterdam  
Smoke a blunt wit lady man  
Always chieffin gotta wake up wit a blunt up in my hand  
It be funny how you dig  
'cause you got green and me and you be friends  
If I let you smoke wit me, you lucky I'm a keep it real  
I don't give a fuck about a beg or tryin to smoke my weed  
If you got some money you need to put half on dis fuckin green  
Don't play wit the muthafuckin funky don't play

Smokin on some hay  
Once again hid in the black Hay (haven)  
Actin like you ballin when you only sellin nicks and dimes  
Shit dis habit of mine  
Got me clickin when I'm on the ground

Chorus til end