

Spread It Out

Masta Ace

Uh-oh.. ("DOH!") yeah..

M.A. .. ("WOO-HOO!")

All my niggaz from the Brook'.. what?

Yeah, yeah ("Doh!") - you ready?

What? Y'all niggaz ain't ready

One-two one-two, one-two one-two

Uhh, y'all niggaz ain't ready

Uhh, check me out yo

Y'all don't wanna hear the shit I got

Kid I got the hot shit - did I stop?

Hell no, gotta stay bent like an elbow

Sell mo' than those other niggaz tryin to blow

I'm dyin to flow, got tricks like I'm buyin a hoe

Fuck around and you dyin a slower death

Move shit from right to left

North to South, nigga put his foot in his mouth

All I need is a place to stand, Ace the man

Bought rims and we laced the van

Kitted it up, fitted it up, made it look good

Swallowed your words now you spittin it up

Bought a crib with a pool in the back {"WOO-HOO!"}

Write a verse and I'm schoolin the wack

Takin it there, you know me like a relative

like your Auntie, but makin you want me

Flaunt me in your CD like a "Symphony"

How we used to, when we was Juice Crew

Who's who? Don't nobody care no more

Stare no more, get out their chair no more

Scott LaRock ain't here no more

No Biggie, no 'Pac - gotta keep on, don't stop

Y'all cats wanna bounce? (Spread it out)

or puff like half an ounce? (Spread it out)

With the cash in your hand like half a grand

cause you know what it's all about (Spread it out)

Y'all chicks down to play? (Spread it out)

Gotta do what you hear me say (Spread it out)

When you back that up gon' hear me shout

cause you know what it's all about (Spread it out)

Chain with the piece stoned out

Car chromed out, and then we roamed out

to the club where we zoned out - all night long

it's on, hope a nigga play my song

Cause we come then we go just like the quick cash

Whiplash, niggaz always tryin to flash

Middle of the club, be on the cell phone

Nigga that busy, he need to stay home

I done been a few times here

Plus I met a few dimes here

Show more love than lights in Times Square

Everytime I see one, stop and stare

Copped a beer - a few rums'n'cokes

Nuns and popes pray for us

Every single day for us - tryin to find a way for us

Y'all don't really wanna play wit us, c'mon

Watch.. I'ma turn life to art
Play the part, watch how I climb the chart
Look for the beef and it's bound to start
Little bit of money tear niggaz apart
Figure you're smart, figure you'll spit the game
Get the fame, gold plaque with the frame
Five years later though, shit the same
Niggaz still really don't know your name - look
M.A., behind the wheel
Find a real label then sign a deal
And don't give a damn 'bout the mass appeal
That's the real, the world just has to feel
what I drop, when I drop, can I drop -
- more hot shit, then I cop the blue 5
and go up to one-two-five, you drive
I just wanna stay alive, a-ight?

Y'all cats wanna bounce? (Spread it out) ("DOH!")
or puff like half an ounce? (Spread it out) ("Doh!")
With the cash in your hand like half a grand
cause you know what it's all about (Spread it out) ("WOO-HOO!")
Y'all chicks down to play? (Spread it out)
Gotta do what you hear me say (Spread it out)
When you back that up gon' hear me shout
cause you know what it's all about (Spread it out)

("Ay carumba!")