Mastaminds Website Lyrics- NO

Intro:

Can I get the keys to your cars Reg? No!

Will you buy me drinks at the bar Reg? No!

I’mma go get loose, Can I come Reg? No!

Well let me spit a rhyme on your beat Reg? No!

Verse 1:

You can’t get shit so don’t ask me for nothing

People always coming around clowning me and fussing

Reggie’s so mean, Reggie’s so stingy, Reggie ain’t real Cause Reggie ain’t friendly

Even though I’m rude and crude, my attitude is bad so when you ask me for a favor

Now you know why I laugh, heard I came out with a cd

So everybody and their mamma asking for a freebee trying to cheat me

But I respond by being negative, Especially to relatives

All of my friends wanna ask me for ends, like I’m pushing a Benz

Or rolling a Rolls, and every time I look around Reggie where are the ho’s?

Chorus:

Can I get the keys to your cars Reg? No!

Will you buy me drinks at the bar Reg? No!

Can I get a ride up the street Reg? No!

Well will you let me rhyme on your beat Reg? No! No!!!

Repeat

Verse 2:

You think I’m young and dumb, succumb to pettiness, ready if

War comes, I got funds in large sums, from working like a slave

Wondering why I don’t behave, people looking at me dirty, surely

Like I didn’t bathe, not the way that I was raised but the way that I was made

Hell my dues better pay before I’m turning in my grave. I’mma live out my days

In a money hungry phase, while these crazy lazy suckers try to keep up with my pace

So rap, dap, get the hell up out my face, like my pops, chip off the old block in my ways

Face easy to trace, got no time to waste, money I’m trying to chase, tired of renting out a place, where neighbors bitching when I bass, make me about to catch a case, landlord don’t respect me cause he judges me by my race, I’mma put him in his place as I embrace the American Dream, I fiend and showcase

Chorus;

Verse 3

Yeah I run with a crew, Yeah I got some friends, need a loan, No homes I ain’t got no ends; I work hard for the money, Yeah I set them trends, no benz no rims, just pads and pens; So No, Can I get \_? No! People always trying to get in free up at your show . No!

Pocket full of money trying to sneak off in the door, No! Blowing up your home at your home, Can I \_\_? No! NOOO!

While I plant my feet, hold my stance, Reggie blowing money is not in the plans

Everybody wanna rap tell their story and dance, get crunk, smoke skunk, spit a little romance; You old rappers take a chance still trying to advance, while my pockets got the mumps bulging out of my pants; Try to make the band, rep your hood with your mans

Force feeding me the shit that you got in your plans.

Chorus