

# Joe Budden, Ma Ma Ma

[112] + (Joe)  
112! (Jump off!)  
Aww yeah (Uhh, y'know)

[Verse One: Joe Budden]

You wanna get right, boo, headlights, blue  
Don't no other mami give me head like you  
I get you in the club, sit right in the Rover  
y Now you ain't gotta pretend like you like the promoter  
We could lamp in the 5 with my hand on yo' thigh  
You goin to sleep thinkin that this can't be life  
Don't mistake my talkin modest  
Still put you in the wi-ld bedroom with the walk-in closet  
Bay, riverboats, if you wanna see water  
Full length minks, get rid of that three-quarter  
Ex-man never had you feelin that fly  
Flat screens in the room with the ceiling that high  
When them other cats call you, you can turn your phone off  
New school your neck, take that herringbone off  
Stretch 'Vee playin Manhattan  
System old school, play 'em and had 'em  
We makin it happen, oh yeah

[Chorus: 112]

Turn this off for a minute  
We can do bigger things if you widdit  
We can be me and you, I know you feel it  
You can say, &quot;La la-la la, la la la la&quot;;  
All you want, you can get it  
You can have all my time, let's spend it  
The way you do your thing, I can't forget it  
Got me screamin, &quot;Ma ma-ma ma, ma ma ma ma&quot;;

[Verse Two: Joe Budden]

Look, I need a wife too, feed her ice, blue  
Got birds on the side, I don't treat 'em like you  
I don't let 'em play with the wheel and when the check come  
They already know they gotta pay for they meals  
Say I'm, comin at you with lines, think they lies  
Just because I don't match your compatible sign  
I'ma let the world see, other boos can't relate  
Let you walk in front, make the other dudes hate  
When I put it on you, you throw it right back (ha ha)  
Who else you know gon' poke it like that?  
And ma I'm gon' show you like that, you be hollerin  
&quot;La la-la la, la la la la&quot;; - oh yeah, look  
Private party, it's just me, you  
and the new envy of ours, we won't be sorry  
Scoop it, we can do the all from Harley(?)  
Y'all ask me hardly nah, I'm up to par

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Joe Budden]

Look forget my miss, no let's remind miss  
And I never let a clown disrespect my miss  
I need dat in my life, a G might cry  
But you the only one that ever get to see that side  
Look, my lady fresh, we ain't gotta rush  
We can take baby steps, that may be the best  
Hate to repeat myself, I know I already told you  
But mom's sayin what's good I'm tryin to know you  
If you been for lookin for the right one, well here he is  
Ready to take things a little mo' serious

Ain't nervous no more, you heard it all before  
Are you a Fifth Ave miss, but you workin that velour?  
Stop, I'm tired of trickin, I'm tired of pigeons  
Need a house with acres to put my wife and kids in  
Chefs are good when they gettin right in the kitchen  
Babygirl that's the life we'd be livin, overstand somethin

[Interlude: 112]

Baby let me be with you more, hold you more  
Let me get the chance, I can show you more  
Let me get to know you more, I'll be screamin out  
&quot;La la-la la, la la la la&quot;  
If I could, wife you out, ride this out  
You're the only one I wouldn't ride without  
I could show you what this life's about  
I be screamin out, &quot;Ma ma-ma ma, ma ma ma ma&quot;

[Chorus] - repeat 2X w/ Joe Budden ad libs

[Joe Budden]

This is the type of shit right here, listen  
You gotta go to the car wash on this one  
Hehe, you can't ride around dirty and dusty and shit  
If it just went yesterday, when you wake up  
Take it to the car wash  
Don't just get the exterior joint neither  
We need the-the-the works, the thirty dollar joint  
And we need to get the little tree to put up in the rearview  
So it's smellin nice and SEXY like when they get inside  
Ha ha! Ayy..