

## 2 Brothers On The 4th Floor

### "Master of the Game"

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\* parts featuring Roger are listed {in brackets}

Yeah..

{He's the master of the game!}

From the South Bronx

I've been doin this

{All the girls know his name}

All the way from the Northeast, to the West

Down South, Miami Florida

{He's the master of the game!}

Jacksonville {Jacksonville}

Tallahassee {Tallahassee}

Master of the game

{In the rappin Hall of Fame!}

[Kool Keith]

Like Tag Team, back again

Here we go, with a flow, get dealt with quick

Now Joe I know my rap style pro

Let em know, with the quickness, y'all need to witness

Step to the side, y'all mind y'all business

Exercise, like physical fitness

Ride through, I glide through

Bass pump to the trunks inside you

We move it quickly, rap styles swift B

Cadillac rollin, neck full gold and

crafty and nasty, can't put it past me

Step with skills, better call your family

Turn adverse worse, climb in the first verse

Move when I back it up, attack and I smack it up

Girls connectin it, Ultra legend and

why y'all rhymes soft, fruity affectionate

I keep steppin and, boost my rep again

Speed up, go slow, you got the next then

do the La Bamba, turn to Mexican

Swift to shift up, change the pitch up

DJ mix ups, your face get fixed up

Nuts get licked up, quickly, strictly

Chorus: repeat 2X

{He's the master of the game!} {THE MASTER}  
{All the girls know his name}  
{He's the master of the game!} {THE MASTER}  
{In the rappin Hall of Fame!}

[Kool Keith]

I'm warnin, watch yo' backpack mack  
Yo' crack lack facts I attacks yo' wax  
So fast you press up mess up step up  
through this when I do this  
I'm the smoothest when I groove it speedy  
Turn back yo, don't try to be greedy  
Houston, Tex, out of New York City  
Girls get pretty, go lickin them titties  
Astrofunk it revolve in the trunk and  
party's live, might turn into somethin  
Let them know though, I'm still pro dough  
Companies what, wanna sign me solo  
It's Keith you need, let your man try to read  
Ease the bleed, shut up animal feed  
Step to Keith, let you know what it be G  
Cruiser shades, at the bar can't see me  
Crispy atoms, grab em, pat em  
Suckers don't know, how bad I'm madam  
Turn and flex and servin necks and  
Indiana wrecks then fools wanna flex and  
y'all won't know when I pull up in a Lex and  
MasterCards, with certified checks and  
bank bills, fly rims in the hills  
Y'all get cups, get more refills

Chorus

[Kool Keith]

Check your watch, now watch me partner  
Start to welcome back kids like Kotter  
Move your pants, while I rock a little harder  
Hoes and foes, hit em all with blows  
Watch girls work it, movin unopposed  
Hip to flip, throw the thing to they lip  
When I dress, yes, put em all to the test  
Rock a suede vest, pink jewels on my chest  
Rappin, clappin, fingers start snappin  
Watch how you actin, I'm rubbin on the back  
and MC's is slack and your groups sound wack  
Where'd you turn B? Nobody burn me  
Style get complex, why you concerned B?  
I'm your chalkboard, now you can learn me  
Round and round and big bass soundin  
Down South Hustler, big bass poundin  
East West, top down to the bone

Motorola, on my cellular phone  
Change the tone, get up out my zone  
Movin next to you, rhyme will flex to you  
Stop I'm overdue, jumpin over you  
Status gold, to the baddest bro

Chorus

{He's the master} {MASTERRR}  
{Master} {KOOL KEITH}  
{He's the master} {MASTERRR}  
{Master} {KOOOOOI KEITH, KOOOOOL KEITH,  
KOOOOOL KEITH}  
{Kool Keith!}

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