

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

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