

## Fefe Dobson

### "Ain't U Da Masta"

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Here come the jams, yo punks, guard your domes  
It's the man with the mad new styles and funky poems  
So strike one, strike two, strike three, you're out  
Of luck, Jack, fuck that, grab your nuts and shout  
(Ain't you the Masta?) Yep, I've always been  
And then, I'm a stab a fucking critic with his pen  
So write that, put that in your magazine and stick it  
I'm wicked, just like a witch when I kick it  
So break out your charts and scales and try to rate me  
Give me a one, son, yep I hope you hate me  
Cause I'm a keep on bringing it, I'm swinging it  
Sharp like glass til your punk ass is swinging it  
Riff-raff, your whole damn staff I have to cut up  
I drop bombs, I'm fatter than your moms, so what up?  
I come from the planet of raps on, oh yeah  
Beam me up Steady, there's no skills down here  
So there, you little punk sitting in your chair  
Soon you're gonna know the score kids, I swear

(Ain't you the Masta?) Yep, I'm the Masta (Repeat 4x)

I hits you hard kids, you're barred from the mic and  
Rhymes kick like Pele, rough like a dyke and  
Praise me, Masta, off beat, the healer  
Rap style's deisel like an 18-wheeler  
So get that weak style out of my path  
I'm turbo, I drop lines long like Nostran Ave.  
So danger, I'm burning from Monday to Sunday  
I'm hot like some niggas 10 deep in a Hyundai  
So make way, I drop mad heavy like the Fridge  
I'm sacking, you're wack and you're over like the  
bridge  
This little rabbit tried to diss me, but fuck it  
I got duckets, one day that rabbit kicks the bucket  
You know (I know) You know (I know)  
You know, you know, well yo follow where I go  
Jane, stop this crazy thing if I sing  
Some love shit and dress mad fly, I'd be the king  
And be seen on the covers of like 27 books  
But I'm too proud to beg, so suck this, you crooks  
You're only as good as your last jam, it's true

Your shit's new, everybody wants an interview  
But then, oh how quick they forget  
With no hit, they like "Who's that?" They full of shit  
And straight up, my patience is starting to wear short  
I'm gonna land blows like your head was an airport  
Say cheese you theif, let me see your teeth  
Cause I'm Ultra-magnetic, magnetic like Kool Keith  
So abra, cadabra, presto and change-o  
The off-beat, on-beat style is kinda strange yo  
It dops here, it drops there, it's off then it's on  
To the breaka, to the breaka, to the breaka of umm  
dawn  
Here I come with bones by the sack for  
Spraypaint, I tage my f-ing name on your back, punk

(Ain't you the Masta?) Yep, I'm the Masta (Repeat 4x)

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