

Field Music

"The Mastas"

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"I am not now, what I was yesterday..
And I am not now what I shall be tomorrow.."
"I mean, this shit is way out of control"
".. so you do yourself, an injustice, to judge me
By yesterday, when I have moved on.."

[Billy Danze]

Since it's a brand new year, I got a brand new attitude
And a brand new way to come at a dude (SALUTE!)
You remember the staff, that mastered the fine art
Of lettin the nines bark on the ave (NOWWWW)
If you don't know me then don't act like you do
And if you plan to blow me, you bet' not act like you
want to
(Criminal instincts!) I still got it
If a thick bitch try to throw a pick, I'll still spot it
(Glory and ??) Foxxx, I'm a survivor
I raise hell with a .25, to show you I'm live
Cousin - I put my hand on the good book, and overlook
The deepest crew, and split a motherfuckin throat
(It's the "Murder He Wrote") I stick to the plan,
I'm close to my fam - and I'm a very emotional man
I told you that Danze, was out of control
?? ?? ?? ?? - the masta!

"People! People!"

"I am not now, what I was yesterday..
And I am not now what I shall be tomorrow.."
"This shit is way out of control"
".. so you do yourself, an injustice, to judge me
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[Lil' Fame]

C'mon! When the last time you seen a nigga that blast
rhymes
On some rap ??, fill and bust the gat quick, fuck that
shit
I'm the nigga you love to hate, the thug that wait
Fo' yo' ass in the bushes with the AK-e
First I call yo' name, whisperin
Then I +LIFT+ yo' ass and have a snub-nose whistlin

You can think shit's sweet cause I rap
I still split a nigga head like a canteloupe
(BITCH!) and I'm dope
Cause I master the shit, plaster the shit
A true hip-hop nigga, the last of the shit
Lil' Fame, B-K born, been doin this
Since the days of B-D-K, and TJ Swan
Nigga you choose, when I do 'em boom so bash and
bruise
And confuse 'em, wait a minute did I lose 'em?
I'ma put it down baby, fuck these kids
I will splash 'em and ask 'em who the fuck I is?
The masta!

"People! People!"

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[Freddie Foxxx]

That's right..
My heart is colder than icicles in Poland
Niggaz hate to see when Bumpy get mad, what I be
holdin
Try to shit on me I won't hesitate, blow out your colon
Never registered a gun that I had, I like them hot and
stolen
And I don't leave no spares like I was bowlin
Strike a nigga chest, right in the pocket like Ryan -
Nolan
And I'll run you down, stomp yo' ass, and leave you
swollen
Pick up your cash, take all your burners and keep it
rollin
Triple X raised, Bumpy, I be John Blaze
That venom shit that I've been spittin from, back in the
days
Smashin MC's, countin the ways, you want it?
Blowin rappers up in bunches like, rap bouquets
I'm such a real nigga I take it to +Blaze+
And tell 'em make it "51 Greatest Niggaz of All Time"
Or I shoot up the page
I'm still the nicest nigga, fuck my age
Hand to hand I whup yo' motherfuckin ass, live on
stage
I never claim to be, somethin I'm not
I'm a thug, and I die with it, like it or not
All the real niggaz wild with me, feel my rhyme
Now who baldhead rules in ninety-nine?

[F] Who keep the real shit bangin in ya?
[M] The masta!
[F] Who take a block and start swangin with ya?
[M] The masta!
[F] Who still mic ready, send it to ya?
[M] The masta!
[F] Knuckle game tight, black and blue ya
[M] The masta!

"We need real niggaz to bring it back..
so this is what it comes down to huh?"
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