

Masta Ace

"Born To Roll"

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Braniac, dumb-dumb, bust the scientific
Approach to the course and the force is centrifugal
Can ya find ya way through the lyrics that be cathcin
em
Throw another rhyme across the room they be fetchin
em
And they take a loss, take a loss to the Master and I
Throws crazy blows and they knows I be plasterin
All across the room on the ceilings and the walls to
Punk little suckers didn't know I had the gall to
Come around they block with my cocked diesel system
and
Turn it up to 10 and then start to dis em and
They didn't wanna battle if they did when they saw me
They'd a open up they trunk but they try to ignore me
Hey little suckers I know you hear me callin you
Cause you wanted some but I see that you ougta do
Frontin ain't no future and you're frontin so let's get I
on
Like Marvin Gaye, take the cash and siti it on
the hood of ya wick-wack low-ridin Cadillac
Back up ya boys and let's start the battle
act like, ya know, the Masta Ace don't play when it
come to my bass, aahhhh

CHORUS:

Check it out baby, check it out y'all
I was born to roll (repeat several)

Drivin down the block like what else should a brother do
It's Saturday, it's Saturday, the heat might smother you
Rollin down my windows yeah I have a air-conditioner
But I got the sound I want the whole world to listen ta
Waitin at a red light, Kentucky Fried Chicken in
Low End Theory tape in, bass crazy kickin in
See this Puerto Rican Latin Chico Rico Suave
In a red Corolla eh yo does he wanna play
Pullin up beside me, lookin like he want it
Show me what ya got then watch me get up on it
Holdin up traffic but we can't hear they horns
Cause he music a grande yeah he got it goin on

Bit I think I better school him cause he don't know the
time
So I'm turnin up the boom cause he cannot mess with
mine
Brothers hear me hittin from like 50 blocks away I
Wanna turn they heads so you know I gotta play
High decibels passin through a residential district
See a few cuties and I turn it up like this quick
Mira, mira man don't sleep, I got tha, I got tha, I got tha
woofers in my Jeep

Black boy, black boy turn that shit down
You know that America don't wanna hear the sound
Of the bass drum jungle music go back to Africa
Nigga I'll arrest ya if ya holdin up trafffic
I'll be damned if I listen, so cops save your breath and
Write another ticket if ya have any left and
I'm breakin ear drums while I'm breakin the law
I'm disturbin all the peace cause Sister Souljah said war
So catch me if ya can, if ya can here's a donut
Cause once ya drive away, yo I'm gonna go nut
And turn it up to where it was before nice try
But ya can't stop the power of the bass in ya eye
I wonder if I blasted a little Elvis Presley
Would they pull me over and attempt to arrest me
I really doubt doubt it, they probably start dancin
Jumpin on my tip and pissin in they pants and
Wigglin and jigglin and grabbin on they pelvis
But you know my name so you never hear no Elvis
Strictly the hardcore dirty street level hits
God's on my side so watch what the devil gets
Positivity hittin 50 levels deep
Comin out, they comin out the woofers in my Jeep

CHORUS

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