

Masta Ace

"Four Minus Three"

Visit "[Four Minus Three](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ready to rock this at the drop of a dime, baby
Master ace!

Listen closely, so your attention's undivided
Many in the past have tried to do what I did
Just the way I came off them, I'm a come off
Stronger and longer, even with the drum off
And the blow that I deliver is a crisp one
Give that style back, jack, and try this one
If you're gonna pick up the microphone when the beat
is moving swift
You'd better say something I can get with
Suckers I mold in my hand just like silly puddy
You tried to shank me, spanky, but my name's not
mcgilnicutty
Yes yes, let's test the waters
Skinny dipping in a slaughter
Hope you wore your water proof hightop certified
Cause I taight you I got the murder ride
And you don't have to buy a ticket
You can afford to to get aboard and watch me as I stick
it
In the face of my foes because it goes to show that I
flow like a bloody nose
Raps are sweet just like a donut from dunkin'
The action posse's at the door, and they won't let a
punk in
So you'd better try the back door
Before you get a cracked jaw
And I don't need a black had to be a villian
The posse is action and the label is cold chillin'
The question is how hype will you get?
When you heard this beat you was familiar with
A jam you heard before, this is a summary
A voice surrounds you, but there's only one of me
Lyrics of dialect come from all angles
The cordless mic in my hand still strangles
They try rather well, but none are parallel
The words are spinning in your head like a carosel
And out of all the brothers I spoke to
None of them broke through, they sound like a joke,

too

Their rhymes are very soft, just like terry cloth
The kid's that standing on stage oughta hurry off
Cause that ain't hip-hop, you little drip-drop
Trying to tip-toe but can't touch the tip-top
Cause you ain't tall enough
Try to brawl and scuff with a style you're calling tough
Is about as tough as a flower
Beware of the posse raise to the third power
Cause we ain't caring, don't mind tearing a
Cocaine-pushing, dapper dan wearing
Walking around with a neck full of cables
My dj laughs when you touch the turntables
Wannabe hard rock when you roll 10 deep
They told you my name but you act like you've been
sleep
Get back, sit back and chill you no frill mc's
Slim see, but still I show skill
Words can brutalize without no mercy
Enemies wasting their last breath to curse me
I ain't shaft with a hat and a cadillac
Mc's lash out, but should I battle back?
Nah, I remain calm and collected
The stage was empty the last time I checked it
But now there's movement there in the spotlight
I can't make out who it is, nah, not quite
A flash of gold from a shiny medallion
A stride of pride on stage like a stallion
Oh, another one of those who try to get close to
But can't cause a man's supposed to
Rip the mic til the crowd is perplexed, but
With this jam here, there won't be no next up
So peace to craig g, kane, g. rap, and marley marl
>from the music man, y'all

Once you hear the capital a you should know
Action is in eff-eff-ect-ect (repeat 4x)

Ace in action steady pace (repeat til fade)

Visit [Masta Ace](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.