

## Masta Ace

### "Four Minus Three"

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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)

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