

Masta Ace

"Saturday nite live"

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"Live from New York it's Saturday Nite!" (Scratched 4x)

[Uneek]

Ayo kid for years I've been into rap
Writing funky rhymes to get my name on the map
And by now I know I'm hitting
Cause I say a rhyme and girls be like, "Uh no he didn't"
I'm so nonchalant, word to my uncle and my aunt
I serve MC's like a restaurant
It ain't where you're from it's where you're at
So in that case your butt better step like a frat
Cause juice I got a lot of vaoprs
While you gotta quit, I'm always rolling with Umdada,
shit
When I deliver I make you shiver
If a guy try to front, I have to show him I'm the problem
giver
Girlfriend you're gonna be in bad shape
If you expect Uneek to take you shopping like a demo
tape
I'll tell your brother Jack to be Nimble
Cause if you want beef we can clash like a cymbal
You need to stop all the yelling and the cursing
I know it foul, he couldn't house a homeless person
We don't cuddle in the Eyceurokk huddle
While verse is subtle, and then we wet you like a
puddle
One lyric from the gut, so what?
You want to strut like you're bad and then you might
get had
Yeah it's cool, it's gonna be all right
Cause live from New York it's Saturday Nite

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[Masta Ace]

It's the offbeat, on beat, man with the mostest
Like Hostess, I bake MC's and oh and you knows this
So 1 2 3 4, for whom the bell is tolling
I'm rolling with Umdada and I'm um holding my swollen
And doing the project dance from back in the days

It's the Master, the Ace and yo, I'm black and it pays
So bust the move on the mad offbeat tip and
It's the dopest, but can you cope this, by far the hippest
Hat on sideways or backward, I knew a funky track
would
Open up the ears of the black hood
I'm not Ralph Malph, Richie, or the Fonz
I'm no joke, I school that ass like St. John's
Some come get a little bit, hit hard like a rock and
Open up the door cause I'm knocking
Ready or not, here I come in a hurry and
It's Masta Ace, Steady Pace, Paula Perry and
Eyceurokk with the 4 Building storm and
Welcome to the Bates Motel, my name is Norman
I got the mad knife, I'm mad mean
I killed mad crews, I read Mad magazine
So break it down for the heads with the dreads
For the baldies and the fades, for the blues and the
reds
Here comes the crazy drunken style, take a swigga
As I take my finger of the trigga for the Lord Digga

[Lord Digga]

Lord Digga, the microphone mutilator
With the hardcore data to mash motherfuckers like
potatoes
I get a load of a punk who tried to diss me
You wanna know why? Cause I spit on spectators
My style is rough, ruck, and rugged on the ill tip
Blowing the fuck up, sending pussies looking for
microchips
Mad mad styles get flipped when the chordless gets
gripped
Not a gang member but I got Tales from the Crip
I'm mad mad funky like Silk
Take a sniff of my ass crack, motherfuckers stay wack
As my pockets get fat like an elephant
I'm far from benevolent, I'm up your ass for the hell of
it
I'm catching wreck on your record or cassette tape
Now I can't wait to catch motherfuckers that slept late
I flip the hardcore shit so little punks you know
That's how it goes on Saturday Nite

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[Eyce]

Eyceurokk consists of three:
First is Rokk Deisel, my brother Uneek, and then there's
me, nigga
I wear the orange and the black cap, black and orange

jersey on my back
Baddest nigga in the pack
And I work to get my loot, shoot
Huh, I'm turning heads like a handicapped prostitute
Son you gotta believe me
That I'm a be "Rockin you, rockin you" but I'm not
Davert Leavy
I'm hitting rappers til they stagger
And if he's a bragger, I'm gonna watch him fall like
Niagra
Ooops, oh, time for him to go
Take him to the morgue, put a tag on his toe
Not the type you can play a game with
Fuck around, look at all the niggas that I came with
Stop dissing, there will be no tomorrow
You'll feel sorrow, I'm knocking niggas down like Mark
Bavarro
Cause rap is not a toy, if you're in it for the bones
You'll be Home Alone just like that little white boy
Master Eyce is on the way
And live from New York I'm catching wreck on a
Saturday

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