

Masta Ace

"Top 10 List"

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"At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker" (Repeat 4x)

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4

3, 2, 1 reasons you'll never be this raw

My crew is representing for BK, don't play

Or you might have to get Crime Watch around your way

Cause Brooklyn keep on taking it, still from way back

Say black, trying to get that fortune like Sajak

There must be at least twenty reasons you can't win

and

In this rap game you're hopeless, here's a top ten:

10's very simple and plain, it's petty crime

It's only '94 when you wrote your first rhyme

And now you think you got more Skil than power tools

But never could your feet fit up in our shoes

You only got one delivery

One-dimentional rappers is dead as chivalry

Don't get your spot blown up, block sewn up

I lift MC's to tone up, rip your zone up

I got more flavors than women's douche

Make ends with Mexicans and rock dreads in Flatbush

9, you can't see mine, can't find mine

Can't do mine, step to mine, when my crew find

A fronting-ass nigga, we get in this

You don't want to get beat and boxed like Biz

You ain't wild cause you run with wild kids

Now the chorus is gonna tell you what 8 and 7 is

"At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker" (Repeat 8x)

6, I bury that ass like Halle

All up on tracks like a trolley, my golly

Like Bob Marley, we jammin', by all means

And real gangsters don't talk shit in magazines

5, never judge a rapper by the song he make

Some of the coolest rapping niggas will drop your ass

in a lake

And on the other hand, some of them screaming "Keep

it real"

Their video's the only time they ever busted steel

4, you don't phase me, this ain't Star Trek

I know where you park your cars at, as far as that
Beef that's going on in all these spots
In parking lots, niggas pop more shit than shots
Funny, dummy, lyrics don't stun me
If I was your only pair of pants, you still couldn't run me
Out this rap game, it's I.N.C. for life
Niggas gonna know soon, cause Brownsville's trife
All up in the mix like blenders
Offenders, life enders, whatever genders, don't offend
us
Coming at you, gonna catch you, and when we find you
Don't lose count, let me remind you

"At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker" (Repeat 8x)

One two, one two, this be number trey
Might be in the game, but I don't think you wanna play
I'm coming with the flav, getting more rich than Bay
I say, this Master jam more than Jay
And two is, my crew is, coming with the newest
Can't do us, knock your teeth out trying to cue us
You want to step to us, come clean on the scene
Without the drama, my team making all the green
I'm in your spleen, no afro with mad sheen
In my ride, young teen girls getting mean
Every Day just like Mary J.
I'm downtown Brooklyn where niggas play
The corners and blocks like street lamps, I beat
champs
In rapping, leaving niggas wondering what happened
And that be the number one reason you can't flow
But bring back the other two shits to let 'em know

"At 8 you're a sucker, at 7 a motherfucker" (Repeat 8x)

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