

## **Masta Ace Incorporated "Late Model Sedan"**

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[...i think underground is  
Whatever, your mood or your feelings might be at the  
time  
So long as it's the truth... truth... truth...]

Verse one:

I could tell the pimped-est story  
About street homicide, and make it sound gory  
Cause you know, shit be happenin everyday  
And then on the weekends twice as much shit comes  
into play  
So I better watch my back or  
I might get caught up, in a fuckin crack war  
So I use the back door, cause the front ain't safe  
Seven different brothers got stuck and I don't wanna  
be the eighth  
Don't make no sense  
Walkin through my own neighborhood I feel tense  
Don't wanna carry no gun  
Cause the cops be stoppin us, and pattin us down just  
for fun  
So, the only protection I got  
Is my smitties, but how many kids get shot  
Fuckin that throw up your hands shit  
And fight like a man but he don't get to land shit  
Not one punch, the only hit  
Was when his head hit the concrete, got knocked clean  
off his feet  
Got a lot of blood on they shoes  
But they got that rolex, and jumped in the cruise  
Late model sedan, either blue or black  
Was the only description, no plates in the back  
I know one thing, they ain't from around here  
But what block would dare to come down here  
Stickin up shit, must be new jacks  
Trying to get a rep, they better watch they backs  
\*echoes\*

[...they better watch they backs \*gets steadily louder\*]  
[guess what happened to me when I was wa-walk-wah-  
walkin down the street]

They better watch they backs!

Verse two:

Cause my man shiloh, is out on the prowl  
With some east medina, brothers that's foul

Lookin to protect, the streets that our mothers  
Have to walk on, from black young brothers  
It's bad enough, that if I walk through a white  
Neighborhood, that, I gotta be prepared for a fight  
Why should I be scared of the dark?  
Scared on a brother that be lurkin in the park  
I oughta be safe in a black neighborhood  
But someone's always up to no good  
Niggaz ain't never gonna make no progress  
Killin one another, but you know I guess  
I'm feelin thirsty, I'm goin to the store  
If anybody calls, I went to the store!

["walkin down the, walkin down the, walkin down the  
block" -- scarface]

["walkin down the, walkin down the, walkin down the  
block"]

Verse three:

Well it's quiet on the block tonight  
Everything is peaceful, I'm feelin alright  
Yo there go dino, and little jamar  
And yo that must be, a stolen car  
I think they see me, they puttin up the two  
Fingers meaning peace, then check what they do  
Come pullin up in an eighty-three deuce and  
Jump out the car and start producin  
Automatic handguns, both of them got one  
Some kid in the backseat sticks out a shotgun  
It can't be, but I guess it can  
That I know the kids in the black sedan  
\*gunshots fire\*

I oughta be safe in a black neighborhood...  
Why should I be scared of the dark?  
["say fuck it put a cap in a nigga" -- scarface]  
["this type of sh-shi-shit it happens eve-eve-everyday" -  
- slick rick]

I oughta be safe in a black neighborhood (repeat 8x)

