

Masta Ace Incorporated

"Mad Wunz"

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I got the mad wunz (3x)
You know I got the mad wunz
I got the mad wunz (3x)
You know I got the mad wunz

Chorus: lord digga

That's right y'all, clap your hands y'all
Cheeba cheeba y'all, to the beat y'all
That's right y'all, clap your hands y'all
Cheeba cheeba y'all, to the beat y'all

Repeat

Verse one: ase

Bust it, straight out the plaque like a smoke from a
stack
It's the masta ase honey better chill and catch a smack
To the left check (uhh) if you speak freak watch your
mouth
'cause I'm gettin play all the way down south
And I got the dope, new, off...
...beat style, and you got beef well make stew
You hold the bowl and I'll do the pourin
Rhymes are abundant like shells on the shore and
Three little pigs made a song out of sand
The big bad ase'll blow them rhymes down man
'cause yo I'm not a sailor and my name is not barnacle
bill
But I run game like a carnival
Don't try to flex or you'll fall like september
Still got a posse just add another member
Lord d
In cali they call em one time they be gafflin every hour
Which means they be knockin, goodfellas say a pinch
The skins are too tight, baby doll I got the wrench
I like the lowriders with the daytons nice and shiny
If you in the west you got the best you get the heiny
On the other hand uptown at the apollo
Chromed out with no tints and hammers make em

follow

But I never get, I say I never get too caught up
Because I know easy come easy go
Nuff respect to the women with the job skills
Not trying to find them, a man to pay the bills
Cause I'm not the one to play piggyback
So take the crack between your legs and find another
attack
And just that, mentality alone
Keeps me a healthy happy home, the mad wunz

Chorus 2x

I got the mad wunz
You know I got the mad wunz
I got the mad wunz
Check it

Verse three:

Bloodifier, I'm higher, kid you better retire
I'm hot like clothes in the dryer
I got skills that you can't comprehend
I got beats that never come to an end
Yeah, I rock like your grandmother's chair, it's rare
Peace to graffiti writers everywhere
Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall
If I gave em to my posse, they'd probably drink em all
But I don't want a murder, and I never heard of your
Wack ass, so save the flack for roberta
And leave on the midnight train the midnight to
georgia
Because I floored ya [just kick it]
You probably didn't know but I inflict a lot of pain
Don't sleep or you'll be having nightmares like dana
dane
I don't mean to be precocious but uhh
I'm stompin on mc's with my boots like roaches
Hey mate, the playmate of the month's not the one
That I pursue, though on low she would get done
I got the wunz that are crazy type mad
The bass'll make you sick and make your ears go bad
So come and get it, come and get it one time
Before I have to say another rhyme on the mad wunz

Chorus

I got the mad wunz
You know I got the mad wunz
I got the mad wunz
And I'm casper...

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