

Masta Ace Incorporated

"Style Wars"

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Punk mother fucker

Check it out and a...

It's the rick-e, here we go, tick-e, (?),

Yo my dick be, brown like (?),

I'll be flyin',

Heads with my scientific,

(?), your brain cells are fryin',

(?), packin' a tour,

Mackin', jackin', smackin' a whore,

So fuck ladi dadi a,

Any other hottie a,

I get wreck like the planes at LaGuardia,

I'm rowdy like Roddy Piper, I'm hyper,

Type of guy to let it fly like a sniper,

Viper, flashin', slashin' a verse and,

...nigger black like a hearse and,

Cursin' crazy, dirty ass mouth,

My dick is longer than 95-South,

Damn, I'm teed off like Howie, Like Roxanne I'm real,

Plus I'm the Master who talk what he feel,

Like a eel, electrifyin', I'm tryin',

Stop the madness the black man is dyin',

Word up, dialect for the dome,

I live in a cage but the cage ain't my home,

I'm a chrome down and a wide body kit,

I'm bold like that shit you wash your clothes with,

So sit down and check out how I am,

He's Biz Markie but that's not who I am.

Hut one, hut two, hut three, hut four,

That is the sound when it's time to go to war.

Follow me and a,

Everybody, everybody, follow me and a,

You wanna go to war with the nigga then you're sick,

I'm quick with the hut one, two that I kick,

Ass, pumpin' like gas through your town,

And I won't turn my jungle music down,

You can call it what you want but I came to cause a

comotion,

Check out the flow son, you might fit the notion,
You run but you can not hide there's no escapin',
The super-duper, hero with a cape and,
Your son bought my tape and,
You're wanted for raping my mother,
My culture you just left a gapin' hole,
I'm in control like Marley,
I'm crashing my jeep into your bullshit Harley,
So get off the road rednecks here I come,
With a 121 kids from the slums gettin' dumb,
Brooklyn, the Bronx, Watts, Queens, Compton, and 20
other spots,
Yo I be writin' up the mad composition,
Mission to uplift black man's position,
Then go fishin' and catch me a whale,
A great big white one and put him on sale,
If I fail,
I'm gonna go back and put 'em in jail,
And make 'em smoke crack and get 'em off track and,
Even up the score,
Attack his daughter and treat her like a whore,
Fool, Masta Ace is the kid,
Makin' sure that the punk mother f'ers get did.

Hut one, hut two, hut three, hut four,
That is the sound when it's time to go to war.

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Everybody, everybody, follow me and...

That is the sound when it's time to go to war.

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