

Masta Ace Incorporated

"The Big East"

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Who is the man with the hats, with the snaps
Droppin' the raps with the truth to the youth that's
bustin' the caps?
Who could it be? Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Is it a tree?
No, it's me, capital A, capital S, capital E

Boomin' like thunda, strikin' like lightnin'
Welcome to my Slaughtahouse, I know it's frightenin'
I'm hittin' 'em over the head with lyrical styles like a
bottle
My foot's on the pedal, my hand is on the throttle

I'm turbo-boostin' from Houston to Vegas
You want us to quit but, shit, you can't make us
There's too much money to make, money to get,
money to earn
My pockets are on E and I want money to burn

I got gusto plus yo, I'm zeekin' 'em
Rollin' with LD, Ken, Eyce, Uneek and 'em
Phat tracks, I'm freakin', word to your auntie
It's written all over your face, I know you want me

Scientifical, mathematical war
Rhymes that beats harder than trigonometry four
So open your books to page one and I'll show you how
it's done
It's the roughneck kid without a gun

I'm laughin' ha, ha, it's fun to watch you weep as
You're cryin', dyin', tryin' to figure out the jeep ass
Nigga, bigger and better and badder than ever before
Hittin' with hardcore lyrical calisthenics that make me
sore

And on the show of fire, supplier of the real
Get with the program and I'm slammin' like Shaquille
Right on your head, do what I said, backin' me up is the
D
You must be crazy if you wanna mess with me

'Cuz I am not the one, kid, oh, no, he ain't the one, son

The shank in my sock will chop you like a onion
So boom, head for the hills, head for the freakin'
border
I slaughter like great white sharks, I'm makin' sparks

Comin' from the Big Eeast, boy, we ain't slippin'
Don't you know? Don't even think about it, yeah
Comin' from the Big East, boy, we ain't slippin'
Don't you know? Don't even think about it, yeah

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As I walk through Brooklyn, Compton or whatever
I wonder why black folks don't wanna stick together
We talk about justice and how little we get
Yet black men be killin' black men for talkin' shit

Here's the one that's talkin' shit

How the hell are we supposed to wage war
Against the powers that be
When we are still our own worst enemy?
That's why I'm the Masta, I'm tryin' to tell you kid
I'll break it down simply right back to the freestiddyle

I'm bashin', breakin', I'll fry you like bacon
I don't smoke blunts, boy, you must be mistaken
I do smoke mics and MC's that come wid 'em
I hit 'em and get 'em and sit 'em down, then I spit 'em

Out some lyrical phlegm from deep within me
I'm not John, but I'm Madden, I'll give you Moore than
Demi
I burn like tobasco, your ass, yo, don't beg
Miss Crabtree, Stumpy said you had a wooden leg

So I brought my ax and a box full of termites
'Cuz I got your big fat booty in my sites
I'm not from Philly but I fly like an eagle
My rap book is thicker than a catalog from Spiegel

A Regal I do not drive, I drive a jeep and
I should say drove one, some suckers caught me
sleepin'
But next time they break in my car to rip the Ace off
I'll have a pitbull waitin' to rip their freakin' face off

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On and on and on, it's on
On and on and on, it's on
Do you live in America?
Do you know of America?

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