

## Master Ace "Maybe Next Time"

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Some rappers pick up the mic and like to dabble  
But I'm gonna flow with the show and never babble  
Take your hand, make your stand  
To my left, jeff, your a pest and you fessed and  
I think you'd better find a new profession  
You think that you wanna be a rapper? well I think  
you're guessing  
No time for fessing or faking, messing or making  
Mistakes, cause it takes heavyweights to stakes  
Or high, so why would you ever want to front?  
And try such a stunt, now the ace is gonna hunt  
Ya down, you clown, cause the sound that you're  
hearing is dope  
You can't cope slowpoke, so pick up the soap  
And catch a bad one, you wanted a chance and you  
had one  
You lost it course you sad one  
You can't get with the style you hit with  
In this rhyme, so maybe next time

Uptown, downtown, crosstown, no matter where you're  
from  
Get on the floor and get dumb  
Cause the master, capital a-c-e is about to kick it  
wicked  
Here's the title, in your face I'm gonna stick it  
But yo don't resh leash the speech that you use  
Needs a little more spice, ice, you're nice  
The style that I heard was third nerd, you gotta be  
sweet, pete  
You can't make money saying rhymes on the street  
So yo get back, jack, a smack is what you might just get  
To the grill, bill, so chill, or I might just swing, king  
Crown, you're down you're like a wingless plane, wayne  
Cause you ain't fly, in fact you try and I'm a rain  
Right on your head so shed hats and coats  
The votes are in friend, I win hands down, clown  
You tried biting, but biting is a crime  
So maybe next time

I like to cruise around the city, find me a witty  
Seditty, sexy young lady that is pretty

(meow meow meow) says the kitty  
The hotel room I got's a buck fifty  
Booties in miniskirts, cuties and plenty certs

To make sure my breath is up to par and  
I introduce myself as the capital a the c the e  
And say "hello" and "bonjour" if foreign  
And if she's a little bit older I'll put her head on my  
shoulder  
And hold, cause nobody told her  
That the master ace, could move so many hips  
Just by the sounds from my lips  
Well um dinner was a winner, the movie was groovy  
The park was dark as we walked and talked  
Stayed and played, chased and raced  
Sat and chat, shared and stared, into each other's eyes  
and lies  
Spilled from your mouth right then  
Cause as we kissed you insisted, you had no boyfriend  
But I know you cousin and your cousin dropped dime  
Oh well, maybe next time

Mc's acting wild better get calm  
Or you'll get laughed at like like a sitcom  
I spell my name a with the c-e  
Not an "If" folks, and I'm displaying "different strokes"  
Huh, I'm "head of the class" fast and furious  
Rhymes as you get "m\*a\*s\*h-ed" as I have "good  
times"  
And "happy days" I'm slick like a hummer  
And smooth and kick my rhymes like a punter  
"one day at a time" is how I live life  
So no I'm not "married with children" and no I do not  
have a wife  
Instead I would prefer to have a girl and  
Experience "growing pains" cause it's a "different  
world" and  
Rappers try to play me, just like a sport  
Try to bite my rhymes at "night" but get "court"  
"give me a break" catch a "taxi" and leave town  
You might be a "star" but I'll "trek" you down  
Rapping, it's a living and it's been one for years  
"jeffersons" in my wallet, champagne in my glass, I say  
"cheers"  
You wish you could be slick with the rhymes, don't you?  
But maybe next time

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