

Ferrari

"Ain't U Da Masta"

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Here come the jams, yo punks, guard your domes
It's the man with the mad new styles and funky poems
So strike one, strike two, strike three, you're out
Of luck, Jack, fuck that, grab your nuts and shout
(Ain't you the Masta?) Yep, I've always been
And then, I'm a stab a fucking critic with his pen
So write that, put that in your magazine and stick it
I'm wicked, just like a witch when I kick it
So break out your charts and scales and try to rate me
Give me a one, son, yep I hope you hate me
Cause I'm a keep on bringing it, I'm swinging it
Sharp like glass til your punk ass is swinging it
Riff-raff, your whole damn staff I have to cut up
I drop bombs, I'm fatter than your moms, so what up?
I come from the planet of raps on, oh yeah
Beam me up Steady, there's no skills down here
So there, you little punk sitting in your chair
Soon you're gonna know the score kids, I swear

(Ain't you the Masta?) Yep, I'm the Masta (Repeat 4x)

I hits you hard kids, you're barred from the mic and
Rhymes kick like Pele, rough like a dyke and
Praise me, Masta, off beat, the healer
Rap style's deisel like an 18-wheeler
So get that weak style out of my path
I'm turbo, I drop lines long like Nostran Ave.
So danger, I'm burning from Monday to Sunday
I'm hot like some niggas 10 deep in a Hyundai
So make way, I drop mad heavy like the Fridge
I'm sacking, you're wack and you're over like the
bridge
This little rabbit tried to diss me, but fuck it
I got duckets, one day that rabbit kicks the bucket
You know (I know) You know (I know)
You know, you know, well yo follow where I go
Jane, stop this crazy thing if I sing
Some love shit and dress mad fly, I'd be the king
And be seen on the covers of like 27 books
But I'm too proud to beg, so suck this, you crooks
You're only as good as your last jam, it's true

Your shit's new, everybody wants an interview
But then, oh how quick they forget
With no hit, they like "Who's that?" They full of shit
And straight up, my patience is starting to wear short
I'm gonna land blows like your head was an airport
Say cheese you theif, let me see your teeth
Cause I'm Ultra-magnetic, magnetic like Kool Keith
So abra, cadabra, presto and change-o
The off-beat, on-beat style is kinda strange yo
It dops here, it drops there, it's off then it's on
To the breaka, to the breaka, to the breaka of umm
dawn
Here I come with bones by the sack for
Spraypaint, I tage my f-ing name on your back, punk

(Ain't you the Masta?) Yep, I'm the Masta (Repeat 4x)

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