

Capital Tax "The Masha"

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Ahahahahahaha...

Yes... the masha's back (well alright!)

And you don't stop, and you don't stop
And you don't stop to rock, keep on
Yeah, and you don't stop
Yo I'm back in this shit, I'm back in it to win it
So check it as I spin it, yo

[TMD]

Beware beware, as the T starts to step up
I kick shit like a soccer player just to keep my wreck up
The double decker, Treemanía is what I'm causin
Mass hysteria so beware in your area
for it's slick, can ya feel it and flip it and like Whip It
like Devo, pull stunts like Kenievel
It's evil, when you see a brother like in action
The Masha, rippin shit up, cause I'm Taxin
Then askin, questions later the innovator
The Total Mic Devestator just call me the motivator
And get down, to my mad ass rhythm section
Then check the diction, cause rhymes cause friction
when I flex, holds more words than a rolodex
Good like Chex, crazy fly like a Rolex
So umm whatever you call it no time to stall it
Ayyo, you best to like haul it and beware of
The Masha

Chorus:

The Masha, the Masha (repeat 4X)

[TMD]

Yeah, yeah, yo check it out
I gives a damn like Uncle Sam, won't sweat ya like
Spam
But if ya try to flip, Kool AI tell him who I am
(Len Robertson) yeah, you know umm, the mic scandal
I gets nuff props, crazy plaques on my mantle
My rhymes, they soothe, comfy like a sandal
And plus, I goes the long mile as if a camel
Uh-huh, uh, the funky rhyme kicker can you dig it

And I could give a damn about a racist or a bigot
So swing it to KKK and all you phonies
I mash on that ass so bump my tape like in your Sony
No baloney, the rhyme style kid, is back to wreck it
Mic check it, so you best to like respect it
Sloppy hip-hop, your definition
Flippin them styles, and stompin niggaz asses that be
dissin
And then we're out of there, gone fishin
I swear, so suckaz beware, yeah, of
The Masha

Chorus

[TMD]

Uhh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yo bring that beat, bring that beat back check it, check
it
When I step in the arena, hookers fiend ta
see the Tza wax like Pledge, then shake my funky
dreads
On the freestyle, (shiiiiit) rip the topic
And just like padlocks, the master has to lock it on up
Like the nappy fros that I sport
And niggaz musta thought that the master took shorts
but, give me a cartoon, a comic that's a funny
Cuz I can give a shit how ya feel like Al Bundy
(ewwwww)
But yet I hits the spot like a sundae on a Tuesday
But trick ass niggaz, they can't fool me
But check it, I gots more cents than four quarters
a dollar, make all the tramps scream and holler
as I vic em (hoo, hah, T stick em)
Yo pass the mic cause jackasses I'ma kick em
Dead in they chin and leave a snaggletooth grin
And then, hop in the Ac and take a spin with
The Masha

Chorus

[TMD]

Aiyyo, last but not least ya can't convict like Gotti
Back again ta spin that looney kid rocks the party
So all aboard my train or git soaked like sponges
by the rowdy, rough riff-raff up out the dungeon
The Lab, I peel suckaz off like scabs
And leave shit bloody, as if Maxi-Pads
Moms and dads, close friends and all cousins
I'm out to fly heads, and the nigga ain't buggin
So watch ya step or stay pep like a rally
Cuz I can shake it, like Andre is up in Cali

The Valley, but don't shake a nigga with a fork
as I guzzle a quart, to Freak the Tales like \$hort
With pleasure, then clock crazy dough like a beggar
Ya lag, ya lose, but betcha ass I won't let up
Gutter sniper get outta pocket with the piper
I swear, I'm back, so beware

Chorus (continues until fades)

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