

## Felber

### "Saturday Nite Live"

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"Live from New York it's Saturday Nite!" (Scratched 4x)

[Uneek]

Ayo kid for years I've been into rap  
Writing funky rhymes to get my name on the map  
And by now I know I'm hitting  
Cause I say a rhyme and girls be like, "Uh no he didn't"  
I'm so nonchalant, word to my uncle and my aunt  
I serve MC's like a restaurant  
It ain't where you're from it's where you're at  
So in that case your butt better step like a frat  
Cause juice I got a lot of vaoprs  
While you gotta quit, I'm always rolling with Umdada,  
shit  
When I deliver I make you shiver  
If a guy try to front, I have to show him I'm the problem  
giver  
Girlfriend you're gonna be in bad shape  
If you expect Uneek to take you shopping like a demo  
tape  
I'll tell your brother Jack to be Nimble  
Cause if you want beef we can clash like a cymbal  
You need to stop all the yelling and the cursing  
I know it foul, he couldn't house a homeless person  
We don't cuddle in the Eyceurokk huddle  
While verse is subtle, and then we wet you like a  
puddle  
One lyric from the gut, so what?  
You want to strut like you're bad and then you might  
get had  
Yeah it's cool, it's gonna be all right  
Cause live from New York it's Saturday Nite

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[Masta Ace]

It's the offbeat, on beat, man with the mostest  
Like Hostess, I bake MC's and oh and you knows this  
So 1 2 3 4, for whom the bell is tolling  
I'm rolling with Umdada and I'm um holding my swollen  
And doing the project dance from back in the days

It's the Master, the Ace and yo, I'm black and it pays  
So bust the move on the mad offbeat tip and  
It's the dopest, but can you cope this, by far the hippest  
Hat on sideways or backward, I knew a funky track  
would  
Open up the ears of the black hood  
I'm not Ralph Malph, Richie, or the Fonz  
I'm no joke, I school that ass like St. John's  
Some come get a little bit, hit hard like a rock and  
Open up the door cause I'm knocking  
Ready or not, here I come in a hurry and  
It's Masta Ace, Steady Pace, Paula Perry and  
Eyceurokk with the 4 Building storm and  
Welcome to the Bates Motel, my name is Norman  
I got the mad knife, I'm mad mean  
I killed mad crews, I read Mad magazine  
So break it down for the heads with the dreads  
For the baldies and the fades, for the blues and the  
reds  
Here comes the crazy drunken style, take a swigga  
As I take my finger of the trigga for the Lord Digga

[Lord Digga]

Lord Digga, the microphone mutilator  
With the hardcore data to mash motherfuckers like  
potatoes  
I get a load of a punk who tried to diss me  
You wanna know why? Cause I spit on spectators  
My style is rough, ruck, and rugged on the ill tip  
Blowing the fuck up, sending pussies looking for  
microchips  
Mad mad styles get flipped when the chordless gets  
gripped  
Not a gang member but I got Tales from the Crip  
I'm mad mad funky like Silk  
Take a sniff of my ass crack, motherfuckers stay wack  
As my pockets get fat like an elephant  
I'm far from benevolent, I'm up your ass for the hell of  
it  
I'm catching wreck on your record or cassette tape  
Now I can't wait to catch motherfuckers that slept late  
I flip the hardcore shit so little punks you know  
That's how it goes on Saturday Nite

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[Eyce]

Eyceurokk consists of three:  
First is Rokk Deisel, my brother Uneek, and then there's  
me, nigga  
I wear the orange and the black cap, black and orange

jersey on my back  
Baddest nigga in the pack  
And I work to get my loot, shoot  
Huh, I'm turning heads like a handicapped prostitute  
Son you gotta believe me  
That I'm a be "Rockin you, rockin you" but I'm not  
Davert Leavy  
I'm hitting rappers til they stagger  
And if he's a bragger, I'm gonna watch him fall like  
Niagra  
Ooops, oh, time for him to go  
Take him to the morgue, put a tag on his toe  
Not the type you can play a game with  
Fuck around, look at all the niggas that I came with  
Stop dissing, there will be no tomorrow  
You'll feel sorrow, I'm knocking niggas down like Mark  
Bavarro  
Cause rap is not a toy, if you're in it for the bones  
You'll be Home Alone just like that little white boy  
Master Eyce is on the way  
And live from New York I'm catching wreck on a  
Saturday

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