

## **Masta Ase Inc.**

### **"Late Model Sedan"**

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May I see your driver's license please? May I see your  
DRIVER'S  
LISCENSE please. What's that in your cassette deck?

Braniac dumb dumbs bust the scientific  
Approach to the coarse and the force is centrifical  
Can you find your way through the lyrics that be catchin  
em?  
Throw another rhyme across the room they be fetchin  
em  
When they take a loss take a loss to the master and  
I throw crazy blows and they know I be plasterin  
All across the room, on the ceilings and the walls too  
Punk muthafuckas didnt know I had the balls to  
Come around their block with my cock diesel system  
and  
Turned it up to ten and then start to dis em and  
They didn't wanna battle  
If they did, when they saw me they'da open up the  
trunk  
But they tried to ignore me  
Hey muthafuckas, I know you hear me calling you  
Thought you wanted some but I see that you all into  
Frontin. Ain't no future in your frontin, so Let's Get It On  
Like Marvin Gaye (hey)  
Take the cash and sit it on  
The hood of your bullshit, lowriding Cadillac  
Back up your boys and let's start to battle. Act  
Like ya know; the Masta Ase don't play when it come to  
my bass

Ima Jeep Ass Niguh

Drivin down the block; like what else shoulda brotha  
do?  
It's Saturday, it's Saturday, the heat might smotha you  
Rollin down my windows, yeah, I have a air conditiona  
But I got the sound I want the whole world to listen ta  
Waitin at a red light; Kentucky Fried Chicken and  
Low End Theory tape in; bass crazy kickin and  
See this Puerto Rican latin chico, rico, suave

in a red Corolla; ay yo, does he wanna play?  
Show me whatcha got, then watch me get up on it  
Holdin up up traffic but we can't hear they horns  
Cause he got music ?  
Yea, he got it goin on  
But I think I better school em, cause he don't know the  
time  
So I'm turnin up the boom, cause he cannot fuck with  
mine  
Brothas hear me from like fifty blocks away  
I - wanna turn their head, so you know I gotta play high  
Decibals  
Passin through a residential disctrict  
See a few cuties and I turn it up like this quick  
Mira, mira, man  
Don't sleep, I got the, I got the, I got the woofers in my  
jeep

Ima Jeep Ass Niguh  
Ima Jeep Ass Niguh

Black boy, black boy, turn that shit down  
You know that America don't wanna hear the sound  
Of the bass drum jungle music  
Go back to Afrika  
Niguh, I'll arrest ya if you're holding up traffic  
I'll be damned if I listen  
So cops, save your breath and  
Write antoher ticket if you have any left and  
I'm breakin eardrums while I'm breakin the law  
I'm disturbin all the peace cause Sister Soldier said,  
"War"  
So catch me if ya can, if ya can. Here's a donut  
Cause when you drive away, yo, you know Ima go nut  
And turn it up yo where it was before. Nice try,  
But you can't stop the power of the bass in your eye  
If wonder if I blasted  
A little Elvis Presley  
Would they pull me over and attempt to arrest me?  
I doubt, doubt it  
They'll probably start dancin,  
Jumpin on my dick and  
Pissin in they pants and  
wiggle and then jiggle and grab on they pelvis  
But you know my name, so you never hear no Elvis  
(word)  
Strictly the hardcore, dirty street-level shit  
Guards on my side so watch what the devil get  
Positivity hittin like fifty level deep  
Comin out the, comin ou the woofers in my jeep

Ima Jeep Ass Niguh  
Ima Jeep Ass Niguh  
Ima Jeep Ass Niguh

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