

## **Masta Ase**

### **"Jeep Ass Niguh"**

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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 smother 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 district

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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