

Born To Roll

Masta Ace Incorporated

Brainiac, dumb-dumb, bust the scientific
Approach to the course and the force is centrifugal
Can you find ya way through the lyrics that be catching em
Throw another rhyme across the room they be fetching em
And they take a loss, take a loss to the Master and I
Throws crazy blows and they knows I be plastering
All across the room on the ceilings and the walls too
Punk little suckers didn't know I had the gall to
Come around they block with my cocked-diesel system and
Turn it up to 10 and then start to diss them and
They didn't wanna battle if they did when they saw me
They'd a opened up they trunk but they try to ignore me
Hey little suckers I know you hear me callin 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 ya wick-wack low-ridin Cadillac
Back up ya boys and let's start the battle
Act like, ya know, the Masta Ace don't play when it come to my bass, aahhhh
Check it out baby, check it out
y'all

I was born to roll
Drivin down the block like what else should a brother do
It's Saturday, it's Saturday, the heat might smother you
Rolling down my windows yeah I have a air-conditioner
But I got the sound I want the whole world to listen to
Waitin at a red light, Kentucky Fried Chicken in
Low End Theory tape in, bass crazy kicking in
See this Puerto Rican Latin Chico Rico Suave
In a red Corolla eh yo does he wanna play
Pullin up beside me, looking like he want it
Show me what you got then watch me get up on it
Holding up traffic but we can't hear they horns
Cause he music a grande yeah he got it goin on
But I think I better school him cause he don't know the time
So I'm turnin up the boom cause he cannot mess with mine
Brothers hear me hitting from like 50 blocks away I
Wanna turn they heads so you know I gotta play
High decibels passing through a residential district
See a few cuties and I turn it up like Bisquick
Mira, mira man don't sleep, I got tha, I got tha, I got the woofers in my Jeep
Check it out baby, check it out y'all

I was born to roll
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 Africa
Nigga I'll arrest you if you holding up traffic
I'll be damned if I listen, so cops save your breath and
Write another ticket if ya have any left and
I'm breaking ear drums while I'm breaking the law
I'm disturbing all the peace cause Sister Souljah said war
So catch me if ya can, if you can here's a donut
Cause once you drive away, yo I'm gonna go nuts
And turn it up to where it was before nice try
But ya can't stop the power of the bass in ya eye
I wonder if I blasted a little Elvis Presley
Would they pull me over and attempt to arrest me
I really doubt it, they probably start dancing
Jumpin on my tip and pissing in they pants and
Wiggling and jiggling and grabbing on they pelvis
But you know my name so you never hear no Elvis
Strictly the hardcore dirty street level hits
God's on my side so watch what the devil gets
Positivity hitting 50 levels deep
Coming out, they coming out the woofers in my Jeep
Check it out baby, check it out y'all
I was born to roll

Songwriters

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