

The Mad Wunz

Masta Ace Incorporated

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I got the mad wunz (3x)
You know I got the mad wunz
I got the mad wunz (3x)
You know I got the mad wunz Chorus: lord digga That's right y'all, clap your hands y'all
Cheeba cheeba y'all, to the beat y'all
That's right y'all, clap your hands y'all
Cheeba cheeba y'all, to the beat y'all Repeat Verse one: ase Bust it, straight out the plaque like a smoke from a
stack
It's the masta ase honey better chill and catch a smack
To the left check (uhh) if you speak freak watch your mouth
'cause I'm gettin play all the way down south
And I got the dope, new, off...
...beat style, and you got beef well make stew
You hold the bowl and I'll do the pourin
Rhymes are abundant like shells on the shore and
Three little pigs made a song out of sand
The big bad ase'll blow them rhymes down man
'cause yo I'm not a sailor and my name is not barnacle bill
But I run game like a carnival
Don't try to flex or you'll fall like september
Still got a posse just add another member
Lord d [the d stand for digga
Rollin' wit umdada masta ase is my nigga]
Punks better slow down and check the speed limit
Get too much light and i'ma dim it
So yo bust the flex and turn in your text
To chapter four, and let me break down the law
I stay away from sluts got respect for my dick
And st. ides'll probably kill my ass just as quick
Original the style and, rhymes in a pill and
How many brothers do I know on rikers island?
One two three four five I'm losing count

But no matter what the sum it's too big of an amount
Chorus I got the mad wunz

[kick it] Verse two: You sound fresh but I'm fresher

Yessir you'll get torn and, worn in, contents under pressure

I got magic in my johnson like potion

Try to play me ashe you'll get rubbed like lotion

Must to blow your trouble with the c-cypher power

In cali they call em one time they be gafflin every hour

Which means they be knockin, goodfellas say a pinch

The skins are too tight, baby doll I got the wrench

I like the lowriders with the daytons nice and shiny

If you in the west you got the best you get the heiny

On the other hand uptown at the apollo

Chromed out with no tints and hammers make em follow

But I never get, I say I never get too caught up

Because I know easy come easy go

Nuff respect to the women with the job skills

Not trying to find them, a man to pay the bills

Cause I'm not the one to play piggyback

So take the crack between your legs and find another attack

And just that, mentality alone

Keeps me a healthy happy home, the mad wunz
Chorus 2x I got the mad wunz

You know I got the mad wunz

I got the mad wunz

Check it Verse three: Bloodifier, I'm higher, kid you better retire

I'm hot like clothes in the dryer

I got skills that you can't comprehend

I got beats that never come to an end

Yeah, I rock like your grandmother's chair, it's rare

Peace to graffiti writers everywhere

Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the wall

If I gave em to my posse, they'd probably drink em all

But I don't want a murder, and I never heard of your

Wack ass, so save the flack for roberta

And leave on the midnight train the midnight to georgia

Because I floored ya [just kick it]

You probably didn't know but I inflict a lot of pain

Don't sleep or you'll be having nightmares like dana dane

I don't mean to be precocious but uhh

I'm stompin on mc's with my boots like roaches

Hey mate, the playmate of the month's not the one

That I pursue, though on low she would get done

I got the wunz that are crazy type mad

The bass'll make you sick and make your ears go bad

So come and get it, come and get it one time

Before I have to say another rhyme on the mad wunz
Chorus I got the mad wunz

You know I got the mad wunz
I got the mad wunz
And I'm casper...

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