

Saturday Nite Live (feat. La Jay)

Masta Ace Incorporated

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Live from New York it's Saturday Nite

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Live from New York it's Saturday Nite, yeahAyo 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, no he didn'tI'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 vapors

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 giverGirlfriend 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 cymbalYou 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 Eyeurokk huddle

While verse is subtle, and then we wet you like a puddleOne 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, foreverLive from New York it's Saturday Nite

Live from New York it's Saturday Nite

Live from New York it's Saturday Nite

Live from New York it's Saturday NiteIt'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 daysIt'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 hoodI'm not rough mouth, 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 knockingReady 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 NormanI 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 redsHere comes the crazy drunken style, take a swigga

As I take my finger of the triggga for the Lord Digga

Lord Digga, the microphone mutilator

With the hardcore data to mash motherfuckers like potatoesI 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 microchipsMad mad styles get flipped when the cordless 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 elephantI'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 NiteLive from New York it's Saturday Nite

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Live from New York it's Saturday Nite

Live from New York it's Saturday Nite, yeahEyceurokk 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, shootI'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

Oops, oh, time for him to goTake 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 Navarro'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 SaturdayLive from New York it's Saturday Nite

Live from New York it's Saturday Nite

Live from New York it's Saturday Nite

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