

# Saturday Nite Live

## 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, yeah Ayo 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't I'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 giver Girlfriend 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 cymbal You 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 Eyceurokk huddle  
While verse is subtle, and then we wet you like a puddle One 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, forever Live 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 Nite It'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 days It'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 hood I'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 knocking Ready 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 Norman I 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 reds Here comes the crazy drunken style, take a swigga  
As I take my finger of the trigga for the Lord Digga  
Lord Digga, the microphone mutilator  
With the hardcore data to mash motherfuckers like potatoes I 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 microchips Mad 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 elephant I'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 Nite Live 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 Nite, yeah Eyceurokk 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, shoot I'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 go Take 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 Saturday Live 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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