

## 4 Da Mind

Masta Ace

Its the ill scripts  
And the Hieroglyphics  
Plus the scientifics... for the mind x2

Hey yo, hey yo  
Open up your eyes and tell me what you see  
Ease on down the road with me  
I hold the key to the doors of your brain  
And mental pain was showered down like the rain  
From the sky, I wondered, "why did I fly  
To a land that was covered by sand?"  
And when you popped the shoes off my feet  
I walked through blistering heat and didn't eat  
For forty days until I came to a door  
At the bottom of a mountain by the shore  
My word is bond  
I walked in with no fear  
And I could hear a fat track in the rear  
So I slid to the source of the sound  
And what I found, was mad tapes all around  
And Kangol hats and suede pumas by the pair  
Then in walks this tall man with waves in his hair  
He didn't speak  
He walked over to his chair took a seat  
And then that stopped the beat  
"What's goin' on?" I say  
Wonderin' and wonderin', "should I stay?"  
With no delay he picked up his crooked click  
And the thick book he reached out to me and I took it quick  
That's what he told me to do  
I took it home and then I read it with my crew  
Okay I think that it's time we begin  
A (of) dreamin' we'll benefit from the chapters found within

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Chapter 1  
I rip out your spine and play the piccolo with your vertebrae  
I bet this hurted way different tunes I play  
Tunes they open, I'm hopin', keep the rises  
My eyes is irritated with livid pictures  
Reality fades away  
I hear chinks are like the town chariot to all the gangs  
Even grapes my dagger's ready for war sharpening edges  
For incisions limit decisions  
Like bendin' prisms color form watch the rainbows  
Terrific and has mad flavors like skittles

Slide into a pot of gold as I unfold a thought  
'I kill human beings for sport'

Chapter 2

I flex skills that are nasty like porn  
Bound to getcha' fucked up as they get ripped, torn  
Out the frame bringin' pain to ya membrane  
And drain ya veins 'til no blood remains  
Mystic brain thoughts like a gypsy  
Sippin' on cognac, feelin' kinda tipsy  
It's the mic destroya  
Jack's bean stalk got jacked by Goya  
Oh boy ya here we go again  
In the Philippines they be eatin' man's best friend  
Gimme 5 to 10 county jail or state pen  
But the styles I be killin' off and on like trends

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Chapter 3

Hocusin' Pocusin'  
I use my third eye to focus in  
On your crucifixion an' a psychic like Jeane Dixon pop-predictionin'  
Niggas better flee cause its realm three  
I have a different personality  
So run go tell your friends, its the dwella from the cella  
An pop a cap of swellegant and you'll be free  
Mr. [?]  
Like Andy Panda I'm from the luster land  
The Necromancer, the Indian Rain Dancer  
Underground its the killer clown  
The dopah tokah cause I'll choke ya then I'll smoke ya  
Lord Digga is the big black spade in the grave and little son of Satan  
Master is the ace man that hooks up the beats with bass  
Mix between norm and the jinx  
And I'm the deuce in ya hand, the talk of the mass  
The thrilla, I eat fruit loops the cereal killa  
The four man dream team wreckin' all evenin' odds  
The deadly deck of cards dealer of the gods  
The extra terrifical lyrical spiritual scientifical  
Hypnotical and mystical intellectual poetry  
Made for da mind destroyin' mankind