

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 Philipppines 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