

Da Answer

Masta Ace

Rap music is the answer
(And it goes on)
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Oh, can you feel it? That funky sensation
Boomin' out your radio station
That's how it be when your style's mad free
And you're rolling with the I-N-C
Somebody wants to know what's that playin'
Brooklyn bass music that's all I'm sayin'
So you can keep your Daisy Dukes on
Just dance slower as I rock your boat like Noah
It's the Masta, I'm blaster, hookah live in the party
I'm mad terrible like Ivan
My fanbase range from drug dealers with mobile phones who hustle
To serve more kids than Slo Bones
I got the boom, the punch, the plastic
And I hit you with the drastic, for some that gun made of plastic
And if you wanna know if hip-hop's gonna make it
The music is the answer if the G's don't fake it

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Check it out, there's a party going on, party going on, party going on (And they said before 10)
There's a party going on, party going on, party going on (Can you get me in?)
Somebody said there's a party at the spot so I'm quitted
I love getting loose, I admit it
I'm rolling in the black coupe my man Shy be pushin'
Ridin' shotgun, havin' fun, but I'm wishin'
That we could find a parking spot quick
'Cause the line at the door is kinda thick
I said 'I'm on the guest list'
I knew I really wasn't
We got in on the humble
This kid knew my cousin so we in
A lotta fly honeys showin' skin
Amen! I don't know where I want to begin
Bartender, bartender, hit me with the raw
Tea from Long Island, and don't forget my straw
Digga had this new drink, he just had to buy it
I'm kinda like a sceptic, I didn't wanna try it
But then I sipped it and no joke, went straight to my chest, G
And fifteen seconds later I'm dizzy like Gillespie

But I'm chilling, in the party mood but I'm not rowdy
My speech is getting slurry, my vision's getting cloudy
But it's on, it's on!
I wish I was a dancer, my mindstate is lovely and the music is the answer (g
ot the answer, got the answer)

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Woop, there it was
I mean, woop there it went
That music gonna die if niggas don't represent (represent)
Got the bass to get your eardrums ringing
I make fat jams but no I ain't singing
It ain't Luther or Freddie (Freddie, Freddie, Freddie, Freddie)
Alfie or Bobby
Aaron or Teddy
You better get ready
(It goes on)
And it goes (And it goes on)
And it goes (And it goes on)
And it goes (And it goes on)
That's right, so I'm Zsa Zsa Gabor-er
Hit the floor-er, Aurora Borealis, I'm rockin' Dallas
And Houston I'm boostin', like I was turbo
I smoke MCs but pass on the herbal
So do it one time for the Ms in the trunk
We got the answer, it's that B bass-drum

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