

# 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 (got 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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Rap music (music, music, music)