

The B-Side

Masta Ace

Two times for your mind. Masta Ace Incorporated, hitting with the B bass for your dome. I go by the name of Leschea. Rocking mad vocals for the INC. And this is how we do it from the B side

Ain't nothing but the head rush funk to make your car jump
Who go the bump when the tapes start to pump?
It's the Incorporated, crew from eastbound
It's that funky ass B bass sound so gather round
Cause this is how we do it from the Brooklyn side
Fix your weave, leave your guns in the ride
And come on in, come on in, come on in, come on in
And do bring a friend

You get broke like English when you step to the P
I'm letting niggas know when they trying to jack me
Cause I come from the Fort where a nine can be bought
As easy as a nickle bag of weed and a quart
Mother punks
With no inch heel tells me
Pushing them ends to impress but they don't feel me
Your gear is busted and your kicks is bum
So I'm tempted to believe that you're rolling with none
Bet you don't got more than five in your pocket
Fronting like somebody want your broke ass, you need to stop it
Head for the hills
Cause you're now and when you see real nigs you get the chills

This is how we do it from the Brooklyn side
(Rolling, with the boom in the ride)
This is how we do it from the Brooklyn side
(Cruising, with the boom in the ride)
This is how we do it from the Brooklyn side
(Lounging, with the boom in the ride)
This is how we do it from the Brooklyn side
Right, right, right, right, right
Ain't nothing like the B bass
Ain't nothing like the Brooklyn bass
Ain't nothing like the B bass
Ain't nothing like the Brooklyn bass

Any MC that want to come flex skills
I can make 'em disappear like David Copperfield
I'm in the mood
For fucking niggas up
It's the Crazy Drunken Style I got rum in my cup
So bust a flow
Joe Montana
Black like a gorilla
Pass the banana
One day, I plan to have more gifts than Santa
So bitches can Hawk me like I play for Atlanta
Skip to my what?
I'm not a fucking dancer
Six foot one
Black like a Panther
And when it comes to mic's getting ripped
I bust raps like 9's, 3/8th of 4/5ths

To the dome
Minds get blown
I'm not the one to fuck with so leave me alone
And come on in, come on in, come on in, come on in
And do bring a friend

I got the Funk like Doobie, you be, illing
What you gonna be doing for that Rolex? Killing
Tracks with the axe as I chop to the top
Follow me and
You know I just don't stop
You can fool some of the people some of the time
But nobody got a flow that's dumber than mine
So keep on keeping on in that direction
No protection when you come in my section
The B bass is what we call it
I'm bum rushing
Flushing punks down the toilet
So jump in your cruise and put it into fifth gear
As we explode in ya ear
Yeah

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This is how we do it from the Brooklyn side
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