

# 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

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  
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