

# Brooklyn Battles

Masta Ace

Mmm...yeah that sound kinda ill...word...yeah... Master  
Ace in the  
studio with my man Marley Marl why'know... Got DJ Clash  
in the  
house...and my DJ Steady Pace on the cut right? [Doin'  
the rest]  
Right so I'm about to get into somethin' here...

I'm Master Ace from a place  
or should I say borough  
where they like the bass to be thorough  
With the kick of a mule  
and the click of a tool with no bullets  
in the clip, it's the trick of a fool  
'cause he who fronts gets blunts you can't smoke  
To pull such stunts is no joke  
You better know where you are first  
Try to be rude and get chewed like a Starburst  
Now how much juice you got?  
You couldn't hang if I made a noose and knot  
Now try that on for size  
Too much baseball, too many apple pies  
Click your heels three times, kid  
and now you can see what my rhymes did  
Suckers and nerds come in herds just like cattle  
First I brand them, then I hand them a rattle  
So they can make a little noise in protest  
Those that fussed got bust wearin' no vest  
I told that MC to go West  
Let's see who can put on a show best  
The creep that tried to sleep got no rest  
I got a rap that can trap a slow pest  
Where's your girl? She's out on a hoe quest  
Fingernail tips, red lips, summer stroll dressed  
in a camisole she's a pro blessed  
with a great big backside but no breasts  
Welcome to the fire pit  
I know some kids that wish you'd worn some flyer shit  
'cause as soon as you stepped off the train  
they woulda put a big nine to your brain  
Be on the lookout, and yo, keep lookin'  
'cause there's a battle goin' on in Brooklyn.

Just like the water in a river flows, I'm fluid  
and as I do it, I deliver blows  
So MCs, you better keep your left up  
Try to fight and you might just get F'd up  
'cause I'll terminate, as you learn a great lesson  
Don't ever try messin' or you'll earn a fate  
worse than death 'cause I'm here to give it to ya  
You got a life, but don't know how to live it do ya?  
I live on a day-to-day basis  
Doin' my shows in all kinds of places  
You sit home with a frowned-up grill  
Talkin' 'bout who ya gonna kill  
Well listen up psychopath  
Put down the Uzi, stop tryin' to play Shaft

'cause life ain't a TV screen  
Bullets can puncture the skin, rupture the spleen  
And the stuff that flows out your veins ain't ketchup  
Sit back, relax as I sketch up  
the scene on a Brooklyn street on a late night  
It was a great fight to me  
I was just an innocent bystander  
Let me try and, uh, explain why I'd hand a  
brother a big fat stick  
Well it was that, or get his black ass kicked  
See, it was five against one  
but this brother was too proud to run  
So he stood in like a trooper  
Fightin' against all odds against a group of  
brothers that looked the same way he looked, friend  
It was a battle in Brooklyn.