

Maybe Next Time

Masta Ace

Some rappers pick up the mic and like to dabble
But I'm gonna flow with the show and never babble
Take your hand, make your stand
To my left, Jeff, your a pest and you fessed and
I think you'd better find a new profession
You think that you want to be a rapper? Well I think
you're guessing
No time for fessing or faking, messing or making
Mistakes, cause it takes heavyweights to stakes
Or high, so why would you ever want to front?
And try such a stunt, now the Ace is gonna hunt
Ya down, you clown, cause the sound that you're hearing
is dope
You can't cope slowpoke, so pick up the soap
And catch a bad one, you wanted a chance and you had
one
You lost it course you sad one
You can't get with the style you hit with
In this rhyme, so maybe next time

Uptown, downtown, crosstown, no matter where you're
from
Get on the floor and get dumb
Cause the Master, capital A-see-E is about to kick it
wicked
Here's the title, in your face I'm gonna stick it
But yo don't resh leash the speech that you use
Needs a little more spice, ice, you're nice
The style that I heard was third nerd, you gotta be
sweet, Pete
You can't make money saying rhymes on the street
So yo get back, Jack, a smack is what you might just
get
To the grill, Bill, so chill, or I might just swing,
King
Crown, you're down you're like a wingless plane, Wayne
Cause you ain't fly, in fact you try and I'm a rain
Right on your head so shed hats and coats
The votes are in friend, I win hands down, clown
You tried biting, but biting is a crime
So maybe next time

I like to cruise around the city, find me a witty
Seditty, sexy young lady that is pretty
(Meow meow meow) Says the kitty
The hotel room I got's a buck fifty
Booties in miniskirts, cuties and plenty Certs
To make sure my breath is up to par and
I introduce myself as the capital A the see the E
And say "Hello" and "Bonjour" if foreign
And if she's a little bit older I'll put her head on my
shoulder
And hold, cause nobody told her
That the Master Ace, could move so many hips
Just by the sounds from my lips
Well um dinner was a winner, the movie was groovy
The park was dark as we walked and talked

Stayed and played, chased and raced
Sat and chat, shared and stared, into each other's eyes
and lies
Spilled from your mouth right then
Cause as we kissed you insisted, you had no boyfriend
But I know you cousin and your cousin dropped dime
Oh well, maybe next time

MC's acting wild better get calm
Or you'll get laughed at like like a sitcom
I spell my name A with the see-E
Not an "LF" folks, and I'm displaying "Different
Strokes"
Huh, I'm "Head of the Class" fast and furious
Rhymes as you get "M*A*S*H-ed" as I have "Good Times"
And "Happy Days" I'm slick like a hummer
And smooth and kick my rhymes like a punter
"One Day at a Time" is how I live life
So no I'm not "Married With Children" and no I do not
have a wife
Instead I would prefer to have a girl and
Experience "Growing Pains" cause it's a "Different
World" and
Rappers try to play me, just like a sport
Try to bite my rhymes at "Night" but get "Court"
"Give Me A Break" catch a "Taxi" and leave town
You might be a "Star" but I'll "Trek" you down
Rapping, it's a living and it's been one for years
"Jeffersons" in my wallet, champagne in my glass, I say
"Cheers"
You wish you could be slick with the rhymes, don't you?
But maybe next time