

## **Brand New Heavies**

# **"Wake Me When I'm Dead"**

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Oh, what a night, yo, that I just been through  
I barely made it home from this hip-hop venue  
These two guys, no three guys, no four, yo, this posse  
Try to fake a move and bum rush me like a Nazi

Underground club where the kids are like rolling  
I almost got an avalanche dropped on my shoulders  
'Cause I writes the fat raps and kids memorize 'em  
I tries 'em, this freestyle and boy, did I surprise 'em

They said, "Yo, that's too hype, yo, who's he think he is?"  
He's supposed to be commercial like that song about the biz  
The kid said "Masta Ace, yo, what's the deal wit the switching?"  
He's bitching, didn't like the rap I was pitching

You see, he was a rapper wit a single about to drop  
His record label told him that he had to make it pop  
Take it from me, Jack, you're sadly mistaken  
A lot of record labels been trying to get the bacon

By making a brother into something he is not  
And you're better off and farming on a farm picking cotton  
They mold ya and shape ya, they bend and they twist ya  
They get paid like quick fast and that's when they dish ya

So homeboy, you're better off coming from the heart  
And letting the kids put your record on the chart  
You must use your head and forget what they said  
'Cause in about a year, you'll be like, "Wake me when I'm dead"

(Wake up)

The Masta, the Ace and the Brand New, the Heavies

(Wake up)

The Masta, the Ace and the Brand New, the Heavies

If this was an opera, I'll probably say, 'Figaro'  
Black kid from Brooklyn but don't call me nigga though  
I rocks the jams for the young population  
I wonder, I wonder, can I change the nation?

It's futile, so I try, yes, hoping, yeah, maybe  
But I can't sit home and write, 'Ice, Ice Baby'  
'Cause if it comes down to, I must have a pocket  
I go get a day job and rapping, I'll stop it

I'm never going out, so, yo, firm I am, standing  
'Cause my jams are fat like a cop named Canon  
My rap is for the mind, it's nutritious  
My word is final, the final is delicious

So face it as if it was a hot fudge sundae  
Or I'll come get mine, I guess maybe one day  
I gotta work hard and must use my head  
You'll never hit the point, I'm saying, "Wake me when  
I'm dead"

(Wake up)  
The Masta, the Ace and the Brand New, the Heavies  
(Wake up)  
The Masta, the Ace and the Brand New, the Heavies

(Wake up)  
The Masta, the Ace and the Brand New, the Heavies  
(Wake up)  
The Masta, the Ace and the Brand New, the Heavies

Wake me when I'm dead, hey yo, wake me when I'm  
dead  
This life is like a nightmare, I'm gonna lose my head  
So I make the jam that'll make me feel better  
I hear a lot of groups that come cheesier than cheddar

But this jam is well built like '57 Chevies  
The Masta, the Ace and the Brand New, the Heavies  
So weigh this on ya underground scaling  
We be prevailing while others be failing

I'm hailing from Brooklyn and I strive for the ends  
But I don't need a Beamer and I don't need a Benz  
Still I get respect for the style I'll be choosing  
Rapping to the soul kind of jazz like confusion

I'm cruising not for a bruising but I'll break up  
Anything that's broiling like an LA Laker  
So I rocks the West Coast as well as the city, yo  
I got crazy flavor like a PE video

Plus I got a lot of um, skill and that's word doc  
With battle, who me, G? You're crazier than Murdoch  
Instead of confronting, you oughta be checking  
The time 'cause it's wasting, second after second

You're so busy ripping and daring kids to shoot ya  
According to the Jetsons, there's no blacks in the future  
You better wake up before you're in over your head  
Tomorrow, you'll be screaming, "Wake me when I'm  
dead"

(Wake up)

The Masta, the Ace and the Brand New, the Heavies

(Wake up)

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(Wake up)

The Masta, the Masta, the Ace and the Brand New, the  
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(Wake up)

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(Wake up)

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