

Masta Ace

"Revelations"

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[Verse One]

At times I don't know who I be
And when I look in the mirror its like I don't know who I
see
Am I even moving at all?
Cuz I swear I can't tell if my life is improving at all
Every time I got a pen in my hand
I forget every time before that one has been in my
hand
And I write for the moment, get it tight how I want it
Get the right lawyer on it cuz I might wanna own it
I tussle and I fight, I hustle and I write
I struggle every night with every muscle in my mic
I'm in this rap race trying to eat the cheese
But y'all don't know my name like Alicia Keys
My face ain't familiar, neither is my music
If shit don't soon change I be the one to lose it
I drink a little liquor tryin' to heal my nerves
Cuz y'all don't listen here and feel my words
But something's wrong with y'all, ain't nuttin' wrong
with me
And happy in my life is what I long to be
And happy in my life is what I'm gonna be
What you see in me is what I was born to be
From the day that my moms first birthed a child
She didn't need the world to make it worth the while
So I don't need no magazine to reach the pinnacle
Screw a review and you can eat the interview
Cuz that's what y'all seem to tend to do
Them cats you cover all seem identical
Through it all I weave like the park was here
And shine underground cuz it's darkest there

[Chorus]

Keep movin' along, keep bringin' it on, and keep singin'
the song
Try and listen
Keep movin' along, keep bringin' it on, and keep singin'
the song
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[Verse Two]

Y'all industry niggaz should be feeling ashamed
Y'all like "he ain't still in the game, he's stealing the
name"
Oh wait just a sec that's straight disrespect
Take shit and get and don't be late with the check
I'm on the underground trying to scrape and scrounge
And sure it feel good to take a break and lounge
All these ups and downs like a roller coaster
Life is a bitch I'm trying to hold her closer
I'm killin' every nigga in sight
The bigger the dog, the bigger the fight
If you really say you know me then you'd figured I
might
Try to use my anger as a trigger to write
I put it down simple on the paper or pad
Try to take a stab at what is making me mad
I jump on the track and I ride it through
And do it for the people that are tried and true
But y'all so fickle y'all love me today
And tomorrow love another cat and shove me away
But most ain't committed to do it how I did it
In the way that I did it, in the way that I spit it
It's like my burst of truth and it might hurt the booth
But first the proof, it gave birth to youth
Rap's like trying to take a piss in the wind
I'm just glad to know that some of y'all are listenin' in

[Chorus]

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