

Masta Ace

"Together"

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Drop it
Ace and action
Steady pace by my side
The name of this one here is together
This is goin out to all those who some day reach that
fork in the road, you know?
Cause we all have the potential to get there together
Listen up

I got a problem, the ace is bubblin
Physically I?m fit as a fiddle, but somethin?s troublin
My mind, I?m in search of the find
A style that?s designed just for this kind
Of a raid, it?s a must to get paid
Or fade into the wack parade
And so you can?t wade
Through this groove, it?s as deep as a diver goes
As I proceed, the liver it grows
Then it reaches your ear, teaches you where
You are and where it should be, to each his share
Unadultared, dope, I made it to cope
With any that hope that I faded - nope
I?m still on the scene, kill all the mean
Stares, who cares, they hurtin nothin, when will you
fiend
For somethin attainable, somethin more gainable
I build and I?m filled with knowledge undrainable
It?s overflowin, before long you?re goin
To find out, you kept your mind out of growin
The way you did it, was you didn?t admit it was
Somethin that applied to you, you should bit it, cuz
But you chose to ignore, I suppose you explore
Only things with wings and a halo - sure
You?re not a saint, but you try to paint
A picture that?ll get you respect, don?t you know it ain?
t
How large you?re livin, or what you?re drivin
But what your goals are, so keep on strivin
And gainin, maintainin
Keep your brain intact, this is mental trainin
For the minds that have given up

Other are livin up, if you want a sip, then go get a cup
And we'll take a drink from the fountain
Of success, yo, let's all climb the mountain
Together

[chorus]

We're gonna get there
Oh yeah, we're gonna get there
Together (3x)

We got to, got to, got to
Get there together

Who's with me now, raise your hand
Need inspiration? the capital a's your man
I'll inspire you to strive a little higher
You won't tire, and not even barbwire
Will obstruct your progress, I guess
You wanna succeed? determination is what you need
Face your fears and place your tears aside
Raise your peers to the top, here's a guide
For you to follow by, try and swallow my
Food for thought, and you're short of an alibi
There's no excuses, the rhyme just spruces
And juices up a small mind, so call mine the loosest
Cause I get looser than mice in a basement
I grab the mic, and that's when the place went
Wild, steady smiled, I didn't crack one
Not that I'm mean or that I lack fun
But the topic is serious, listeners are curious
Rappers are serious, the ace and I'm furious
It's not the kinda rage that makes me wanna rant and
rave
Across the stage like a beast in a cage, I save
All the screamin and shoutin for the next man
The look on my face is the proof that I'm vexed, and
I don't yell, I don't swell, I tell facts
And simply stated I made it, sell tracks
But I want respect from those who chose to
Flap your rat traps, cause heaven knows you
Made a mistake when you chose to oppose
You tried to step on toes, now you're dissed - case
closed
Cause like it or not, action is gettin there
So keep on sittin there, riffin and splittin hair
And critizisin, I got my eyes in
An upward glance, and I see us all risin
Together

[chorus]

Listen up
Who says a brother can't get his with his
Eyes on the prize, realize that it is
Highly probable that someday he will
Believe and therefore achieve, but we will
Keep an eye out, cause he might try out
A quicker way to payday, but I doubt
The brother knows: the harder the wind blows
The faster the quick cash goes, and I suppose
Gettin paid everyday means improvement
Bust the movement on the floor as the groove went
(together) as the bass kicked, the ace picked
The mic up, and now I'm gonna strike up a taste licked
By a licker and bitten by a biter
Sucked by a sucker, I fought like a fighter
To get the meal rarely barely shared by
A brother of color, but I'm not scared, i
Don't wanna stop, to the top it's a rat race
Or should I say rap race, I wanna get that taste
My mouth is waterin, who's that orderin?
The ace'll slow a pace, I'm almost borderin
On breakin, cause it's there for the takin
And I'm not fakin, yo, I want the bacon
But I'm not hurryin or worryin, there's time for
Me to get mine, but I made a rhyme for
To use, so you score, it's more like food for
Empty spaces, now the ace is in the mood for
Seein the black with a tack with a feather
Cause we don't need a 2x4 just to get there together

Yeah, yeah stop

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