

Master

"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 2 guys, no 3 guys, no fourth, yo, this posse
Try to fake a move and bumrush me like a Nazi
Underground club where the kids are like rolling
I almost got an avalanche dropped on my show and
'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 suppose 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
Alot of record labels been trying to get the bacon
By making a brother into something he is not and
You're better of and dammer 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 dis
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

(Chorus)

(Wake up) The Masta, the Ace and the Brand New, the
Heavies (2x)

If this was an opera, I'll probably say Figaro
Black kid from Brooklyn but don't call me Nigga tho'
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, yea, 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 dayjob 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, devinyl and 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

Chorus (2x)

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 Beemer and I don't need a Benz
Still I got 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

Chorus (2x)

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