

## Felipe Julian

### "Rap 2K1"

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[ VERSE 1: Masta Ace ]

Last month I spent two weeks on a vacation  
I had a dream that I was inside of my PlayStation  
Did you ever lay down, take a nap and loose it?  
I dreamt I was stuck in this game called Rap Music  
I started off underground in a dark room  
With a freestyle, a sawed-off pump and a harpoon  
That transform to a pen in case of a words war  
And opened the first door that led to the first floor  
I got attacked by a couple of rap acts  
They wore dreads, these army pants and these  
backpacks  
I hit one over the head with a broken verb  
The muthafucka tried to hit me with some spoken word  
But it didn't work, and I finished him and his boys  
And disappeared from the scene without makin a noise  
I used up four bars but I earned a punchline  
And proceeded to Level 2: Land of the Unsigned

[ CHORUS ]

We don't play those games  
Would you listen here?  
What I'm doin here?  
Get me outta here

We don't play those games  
This is gettin wild  
Can you tell me how?  
Let me out now

We don't play those games  
How'd I get in here?  
Let me outta here  
What I'm doin here?

We don't play those games  
This is no fun  
Got me on the run  
Rap 2K1

[ VERSE 2: Masta Ace ]

I got attacked right away when I walked in  
By a four-foot manager with a contract and a pen  
I put up my force shield to block any attempt  
At this shrimp drainin my life 20 percent  
The floor opened up and I almost fell inside  
But I used my mic right, I swung to the other side  
And just when I thought I avoided the booby trap  
I got slapped by a female MC with a doobie rag  
And this chick was tryin to be herd like she raised cattle  
But I remembered somethin I seen on the Blaze Battle  
Whoever sold you them shoes, they fooled you  
I killed her with a verse about her fucked up weave and  
her fake FUBU  
A record exec then appeared in a black limo  
And started to attack with a bag full of wack demos  
And I will admit: it was hard as hell to kill  
So I stabbed him with an invoice and a studio bill

[ CHORUS ]

[ VERSE 3: Masta Ace ]

I made it to the next level: Above Ground  
My soundscanner then picks up on this bug sound  
I pull out the sawed-off pump and I get it cocked  
And that's when this A&R crawled from under a rock  
And start shootin opinions, I stop, drop and I roll  
Cause if they was to hit me, they'd penetrate to my soul  
I hid behind some trees and I held my weapon tightly  
His street team was up on the roof tryin to snipe me  
It took a while to finish em all but I finally did it  
Then out comes this powerful beast known as the critic  
With a fully loaded magazine and mad drama  
My harpoon shots just bounced off of his armor  
Now I wish I would've stayed down in the dark caves  
I'm runnin towards these big-ass fans with these sharp  
blades  
But he was right behind me holdin a flame thrower  
So I jumped through the blades and I died - game over

[ CHORUS ]

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