

## **Masta Ase Inc.**

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

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Braniac dumb dumb bust the scientific  
Approach to the course and the force is centrifugal  
Can ya find ya way through the lyrics that be cathcin  
em  
Throw another rhyme across the room they be fetchin  
em  
And they take a loss take a loss to the Master and I  
Throws crazy blows and they knows I be plasterin  
All across the room on the ceilings and the walls to  
Punk little suckers didn't know I had the gall to  
Come around they block with my cocked diesel system  
and  
Turn it up to 10 and then start to dis em and  
They didn't wanna battle if they did when they saw me  
They'd a open up they trunk but they try to ignore me  
Hey little suckers I know you hear me callin you  
Cause you wanted some but I see that you ougta do  
Frontin ain't no future and you're frontin so let's get I  
on  
Like Marvin Gaye, take the cash and siti it on  
the hood of ya wick-wack low-ridin Cadillac  
Back up ya boys and let's start the battle  
act like, ya know, the Masta Ace don't play when it  
come to my bass, aahhhh

#### **CHORUS:**

Check it out baby, check it out y'all  
I was born to roll (repeat several)

Drivin down the block like what else should a brother do  
It's Saturday, it's Saturday, the heat might smother you  
Rollin down my windows yeah I have a air-conditioner  
But I got the sound I want the whole world to listen ta  
Waitin at a red light, Kentucky Fried Chicken in  
Low End Theory tape in, bass crazy kickin in  
See this Puerto Rican Latin Chico Rico Suave  
In a red Corolla eh yo does he wanna play  
Pullin up beside me, lookin like he want it  
Show me what ya got then watch me get up on it  
Holdin up traffic but we can't hear they horns  
Cause he music a grande yeah he got it goin on

Bit I think I better school him cause he don't know the  
time  
So I'm turnin up the boom cause he cannot mess with  
mine  
Brothers hear me hittin from like 50 blocks away I  
Wanna turn they heads so you know I gotta play  
High decibels passin through a residential district  
See a few cuties and I turn it up like this quick  
Mira, mira man don't sleep, I got tha, I got tha, I got tha  
woofers in my Jeep

Black boy, black boy turn that shit down  
You know that America don't wanna hear the sound  
Of the bass drum jungle music go back to Africa  
Nigga I'll arrest ya if ya holdin up trafffic  
I'll be damned if I listen, so cops save your breath and  
Write another ticket if ya have any left and  
I'm breakin ear drums while I'm breakin the law  
I'm disturbin all the peace cause Sister Souljah said war  
So catch me if ya can, if ya can here's a donut  
Cause once ya drive away, yo I'm gonna go nut  
And turn it up to where it was before nice try  
But ya can't stop the power of the bass in ya eye  
I wonder if I blasted a little Elvis Presley  
Would they pull me over and attempt to arrest me  
I really doubt doubt it, they probably start dancin  
Jumpin on my tip and pissin in they pants and  
Wigglin and jigglin and grabbin on they pelvis  
But you know my name so you never hear no Elvis  
Strictly the hardcore dirty street level hits  
God's on my side so watch what the devil gets  
Positivity hittin 50 levels deep  
Comin out, they comin out the woofers in my Jeep

#### CHORUS

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