

## **Masta Ace**

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

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featuring Brand New Heavies

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 alot of groups that come cheesier than cheddar  
But this jam is well bulit 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 alot 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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