

I Keep Calling

Masta Ace

I keep calling they don't listen when I speak
But the silence comforts me throughout my grief
I keep praying for the sun to touch my face
Let the music take me to another place
So I keep singin' ya...

It's Frankie...

Yo

I let the rhythm of the beat take me to another atmosphere
Have no fear the message is clear
Gather the atoms in the air the caress your ears
Hip-Hop is world wide from NY to Zaire
The flow so marvelous
Shield myself from the haters
A gladiator so I move like a Spartacus
I never go with the flow cause I be's the flow
Like the electricity on deathrow
God told me see what I carried you through
Just wait until you see what I carry you to
Nip showed me you gotta move in silence
Or they silence you meet me at the rendezvous
If they tryna purse squash the beef and put down the guns
Lets just keep it musical

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Every time I try to leave you keep calling for me
To make another work of art for your auditory
I can do it for the love or do it for the glory
Trying to do it for the dough that's a horror story
Lotta dudes when they move, they be out of line
They so slow they don't know when they out of time
They don't care about the art they just tryna shine
But it's real when you feel that you gotta rhyme

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Uh ya, I keep searching for the sun but I'm surrounded by the gloom
Surrounded by the doom, deficated by the constant, monotonous, monsterous ne
ws

Spring in my step, rebirth of the boom, infected from the womb from the crad
le to the tomb

Glorified goons, Mel Tourme crunes (bah, bah, bah)

Mac booms, cars zoom, fumes from my nostrils

Last supper treasonous, Jesus piece, apostles

Luke bringing the holy gospel (Amen)

Hospital, hospital, hospitable

It's pitiful that we only focus on the ugly instead of the beautiful

The beautiful

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