

Observations

Masta Ace

"I observe things
Observe and learn, my friend, observe and learn..."

I observe (check it)
What's ya name? (What's ya name?)
The Masta (The Masta, check it out)
I observe (check it)
What's my name?
The Masta, Ace Coming through, represent
I observe...

I'm bout to teach these niggas a lesson
Cause they don't know who they be testing
Sit em down, make em sign a confession
Ask em a question, give em the answer
They still guessin'
Who the boss that nail MC's
To the cross
With no remorse
And never been on the front of the source
I send rappers of all grades
Into a small rage on stage
There's no such thing as the wrong age
I want a house with short butlers and tall maids with long braids
I can rhyme till the song fades
Listen, I say these lyrics, make them spread like rabies, gotta play these
Rappers like newborn babies
Young cats rapping bout a Mercedes, getting cash and ladies
Lotta old cats, still in the 80's
Or someway in between, I gleam and ignite the whole scene
Hip Hops lost, or so it seem
But I just keep the faith
And wait to set it off like strafe
These niggas weep, like the first to the eighth, ey yo

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I run these streets like a steeplechase
Gimme some space
Get out my face
Stay in your place
Look at them followin'
These drugs scholars tryina holla
Cartier watches for forty dollars
I'm a swift mover
I maneuver these evil streets like Krueger
To show these cats, that I'm a cougar
Why young girls who I pass
Shaking they ass
Instead of studying for that Algebra class they can't pass
Its hypocritic, but if I was eighteen

And they was with it, all things considered
I'd try to hit it
See, raps full of contradiction
Full of beef and friction
And half of these albums out, is fiction
I know it sounds controversial
But It goes for everything
From underground to the most commercial
Down to the independents that sell hundreds
Next year, I turn the tables like twelve hundreds
It's funny how money change the situation
Stagnation, no creation, my observation (Yo)

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See, I don't play many shades of Sheisty
Dirty hearts on the paper chase
Relate to being grimy
Since my life genesis
I had nothing but bruise memories
Whatever reality was sending me
Like the evils got plans of ending me
Stuck in a square
Hittin' four corners many times
Goin' nowhere
People half moon, wishing for light
Stressed the wrong, going way left
So fuck right
As long as I'm ducking at gun fights
I'll be alright
Streets literate, but home trin
Got me holdin' my head
Being considerate
Living off the laws of the land, survivin'
In this life thing, I ride shotgun with guard driving
Spit well because I'm starving
So pardon
Chasing dough like forbidden fruit
Rooted in the Eden Garden
Trying not to get bit by the snake
You know the game
Cats'll keep bending you till you break
So watch the jig

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The Masta, Ace coming through, represent
I observe (check it)
What's my name?
The Masta, represent...