

## 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

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