

Rap 2k1

Masta Ace

Last month I spent two weeks on a vacation
I had a dream that I was inside of my PlayStation
Did you ever lay down, take a nap and lose it?
I dreamt I was stuck in this game called Rap Music
I started off underground in a dark room
With a freestyle, a sawed-off pump and a harpoon
That transform to a pen in case of a words war
And opened the first door that led to the first floor
I got attacked by a couple of rap acts
They wore dreads, these army pants and these backpacks
I hit one over the head with a broken verb
The motherfucker tried to hit me with some spoken word
But it didn't work, and I finished him and his boys
And disappeared from the scene without making a noise
I used up four bars but I earned a punchline
And proceeded to Level 2: Land of the Unsigned

We don't play those games
Would you listen here?
What I'm doing here?
Get me outta here
We don't play those games
This is getting wild
Can you tell me how?
Let me out now
We don't play those games
How'd I get in here?
Let me outta here
What I'm doing here?
We don't play those games
This is no fun
Got me on the run
Rap 2K1

I got attacked right away when I walked in
By a four-foot manager with a contract and a pen
I put up my force shield to block any attempt
At this shrimp draining my life twenty percent
The floor opened up and I almost fell inside
But I used my mic right, I swung to the other side
And just when I thought I avoided the booby trap
I got slapped by a female MC with a doobie rag
And this chick was trying to be herd like she raised cattle
But I remembered something I seen on the Blaze Battle
Whoever sold you them shoes, they fooled you
I killed her with a verse about her fucked up weave and her fake FUBU
A record exec then appeared in a black limo
And started to attack with a bag full of wack demos
And I will admit: it was hard as hell to kill
So I stabbed him with an invoice and a studio bill

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I made it to the next level: Above Ground
My sound scanner then picks up on this bug sound
I pull out the sawed-off pump and I get it cocked
And that's when this A&R crawled from under a rock
And start shooting opinions, I stop, drop and I roll
'Cause if they was to hit me, they'd penetrate to my soul
I hid behind some trees and I held my weapon tightly
His street team was up on the roof trying to snipe me
It took a while to finish em all but I finally did it
Then out comes this powerful beast known as the critic
With a fully loaded magazine and mad drama
My harpoon shots just bounced off of his armor
Now I wish I would've stayed down in the dark caves
I'm running towards these big-ass fans with these sharp blades
But he was right behind me holding a flame thrower
So I jumped through the blades and I died, game over

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