

# Revelations

Masta Ace

At times I don't know who I be  
And when I look in the mirror its like I don't know who I see  
Am I even moving at all?  
Cuz I swear I can't tell if my life is improving at all  
Every time I got a pen in my hand  
I forget every time before that one has been in my hand  
And I write for the moment, get it tight how I want it  
Get the right lawyer on it cuz I might wanna own it  
I tussle and I fight, I hustle and I write  
I struggle every night with every muscle in my mic  
I'm in this rap race trying to eat the cheese  
But y'all don't know my name like Alicia Keys  
My face ain't familiar, neither is my music  
If shit don't soon change I be the one to lose it  
I drink a little liquor tryin' to heal my nerves  
Cuz y'all don't listen here and feel my words  
But something's wrong with y'all, ain't nuttin' wrong with me  
And happy in my life is what I long to be  
And happy in my life is what I'm gonna be  
What you see in me is what I was born to be  
From the day that my moms first birthed a child  
She didn't need the world to make it worth the while  
So I don't need no magazine to reach the pinnacle  
Screw a review and you can eat the interview  
Cuz that's what y'all seem to tend to do  
Them cats you cover all seem identical  
Through it all I weave like the park was here  
And shine underground cuz it's darkest there

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Y'all industry niggaz should be feeling ashamed  
Y'all like "he ain't still in the game, he's stealing the name"  
Oh wait just a sec that's straight disrespect  
Take shit and get and don't be late with the check  
I'm on the underground trying to scrape and scrounge  
And sure it feel good to take a break and lounge  
All these ups and downs like a roller coaster  
Life is a bitch I'm trying to hold her closer  
I'm killin' every nigga in sight  
The bigger the dog, the bigger the fight  
If you really say you know me then you'd figured I might  
Try to use my anger as a trigger to write  
I put it down simple on the paper or pad  
Try to take a stab at what is making me mad  
I jump on the track and I ride it through  
And do it for the people that are tried and true  
But y'all so fickle y'all love me today  
And tomorrow love another cat and shove me away  
But most ain't committed to do it how I did it  
In the way that I did it, in the way that I spit it

It's like my burst of truth and it might hurt the booth  
But first the proof, it gave birth to youth  
Rap's like trying to take a piss in the wind  
I'm just glad to know that some of y'all are listenin' in

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