

The Call

Masta Ace

What up son? I just called up to put you on
Out in New York the same shit is going on
Cops stil bustin' there cats for no reason
Whether in the summer or fourty below season
Yellow cab's stil don't stop for black faces
Fiends stil runnin' the block in crack races
No more Union Square or Lang Corner
Club's now, change everyday like battin order
As far as hip hop out here, you might figure
That every young cat wanna rap just like Jigga
I be richer than Shaquille O'Neal
If I had a dollar for every cat
With a deal that I don't feel
Labels run to sign these dudes, like track meets
I can't barely find my Vinyl at Fat Beats
I'm desperate, I'm thinkin' bout calling Nelly up
Ever since J called I went belly up

(What?!)

Oh, I ain't tell you bout the label [?]

(Nah)

Yo... they phony

(Yo what happened man?)

I'ma tell you kid, hold it
Long story so I hope you got time
I never got the hear my song on Hot'9
Guess I should have a little more bling on it
Maybe I should have got Ashanti to sing on it
My bad to take me so long to get with ya
I'm out here looking for ways to get richer
Some nights I lay awake for ten hours
Ever since that shit went down with the twin towers
I really bin' thinkin' bout taking a year off
My bad, I don't mean to talk your ear off
What's up with you?

I just figured I'll give you a call
See what's going on and how you been and all
Everything is cool, just doing my thing
Next time I'm home I'll give you a ring

(I'm in the crib...)

(I'm in the crib with a phone to my ear...)

Aiyyo "Ace", so glad you called us
It's been a minute since we last spoke
I keep in track, I saw your record on the rack do
Men I'm just trying to stay aflood, doing the backstroke
It's moving mad slow but it's time for cash flow
I got a situation doggerty to quick solution
I got an album droppin' and I need some distribution
The times I think of blowing up, it's just a big illusion

I try to learn it but the business sides has been confusing
It's like J called, I ain't try to stay poor
I want a lot of things
That I ain't had the time to wait for
Like Hot 97, it's sad but it's mad funny
Here, all they play is Ja Rule and Cash Money
And gear is not poppin' it off

(What's you mean?)

You wanna cop something hot, you got to shop at the mall
And that's the shit y'all was rocking last fall
Is that small?
Men I had to quit like last fall
It's a bitch going to class and working a full week
Then at night I do the label thing I'm barely getting sleep
But I stil gotta eat, so instead of rocking beats
I'm what busy laying low, getting do up in these streets
It's nothing mayor I'll explain a little later
A couple little hustles just to get a little paper
And this is from the hearth cause we fam like soul food
You all don't need to take a brake that's what the game owns you
That thing about the state of hip/hop is so true
An artist that ain't payed no dues will go to
This fake gangsta image in rap is runnin' rampin'
Men let me calm down before I get off on detention
Yo I gotta bounce I gotta pick Junior Dredd up
Do your thing man and don't forget keep your head up...

(Aight... on three...)

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