

# 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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