

# Together

Masta Ace

Drop it  
Ace and Action  
Steady Pace by my side  
The name of this one here is Together  
This is goin out to all those who some day reach that  
fork in the road, you know?  
Cause we all have the potential to get there together  
Listen up

I got a problem, the Ace is bubblin  
Physically I'm fit as a fiddle, but somethin's troublin  
My mind, I'm in search of the find  
A style that's designed just for this kind  
Of a raid, it's a must to get paid  
Or fade into the wack parade  
And so you can't wade  
Through this groove, it's as deep as a diver goes  
As I proceed, the liver it grows  
Then it reaches your ear, teaches you where  
You are and where it should be, to each his share  
Unadultared, dope, I made it to cope  
With any that hope that I faded - nope  
I'm still on the scene, kill all the mean  
Stares, who cares, they hurtin nothin, when will you  
fiend  
For somethin attainable, somethin more gainable  
I build and I'm filled with knowledge undrainable  
It's overflowin, before long you're goin  
To find out, you kept your mind out of growin  
The way you did it, was you didn't admit it was  
Somethin that applied to you, you should bit it, 'cause  
But you chose to ignore, I suppose you explore  
Only things with wings and a halo - sure  
You're not a saint, but you try to paint  
A picture that'll get you respect, don't you know it  
ain't  
How large you're livin, or what you're drivin  
But what your goals are, so keep on strivin  
And gainin, maintainin  
Keep your brain intact, this is mental trainin  
For the minds that have given up  
Other are livin up, if you want a sip, then go get a  
cup  
And we'll take a drink from the fountain  
Of success, yo, let's all climb the mountain  
Together  
  
We're gonna get there  
Oh yeah, we're gonna get there  
Together

We got to, got to, got to  
Get there together

Who's with me now, raise your hand  
Need inspiration? The capital A's your man  
I'll inspire you to strive a little higher

You won't tire, and not even barbwire  
Will obstruct your progress, I guess  
You want to succeed? Determination is what you need  
Face your fears and place your tears aside  
Raise your peers to the top, here's a guide  
For you to follow by, try and swallow my  
Food for thought, and you're short of an alibi  
There's no excuses, the rhyme just spruces  
And juices up a small mind, so call mine the loosest  
Cause I get looser than mice in a basement  
I grab the mic, and that's when the place went  
Wild, Steady smiled, I didn't crack one  
Not that I'm mean or that I lack fun  
But the topic is serious, listeners are curious  
Rappers are lerious, the Ace and i'm furious  
It's not the kinda rage that makes me want to rant and  
rave  
Across the stage like a beast in a cage, I save  
All the screamin and shoutin for the next man  
The look on my face is the proof that I'm vexed, and  
I don't yell, I don't swell, I tell facts  
And simply stated I made it, sell tracks  
But I want respect from those who chose to  
Flap your rat traps, cause heaven knows you  
Made a mistake when you chose to oppose  
You tried to step on toes, now you're dissed - case  
closed  
Cause like it or not, Action is gettin there  
So keep on sittin there, riffin and splittin hair  
And critizisin, I got my eyes in  
An upward glance, and I see us all risin  
Together

Listen up

Who says a brother can't get his with his  
Eyes on the prize, realize that it is  
Highly probable that someday he will  
Believe and therefore achieve, but we will  
Keep an eye out, cause he might try out  
A quicker way to payday, but I doubt  
The brother knows: the harder the wind blows  
The faster the quick cash goes, and I suppose  
Gettin paid everyday means improvement  
Bust the movement on the floor as the groove went  
(Together) as the bass kicked, the Ace picked  
The mic up, and now I'm gonna strike up a taste licked  
By a lickier and bitten by a biter  
Sucked by a sucker, I fought like a fighter  
To get the meal rarely barely shared by  
A brother of color, but I'm not scared, I  
Don't want to stop, to the top it's a rat race  
Or should I say rap race, I want to get that taste  
My mouth is waterin, who's that orderin?  
The Ace'll slow a pace, I'm almost borderin  
On breakin, cause it's there for the takin  
And I'm not fakin, yo, I want the bacon  
But I'm not hurryin or worryin, there's time for  
Me to get mine, but I made a rhyme for  
To use, so you score, it's more like food for  
Empty spaces, now the Ace is in the mood for  
Seein the black with a tack with a feather  
Cause we don't need a 2x4 just to get there together  
Yeah, yeah stop