

Dear Diary

Masta Ace

Do you ever sing a little song like this when you get up in the morning?

Dear diary, what a day its been
Dear diary, its been just like a dream

Aiyyo Ace, don't tell me your thinkin about a return
I'm kinda concerned, when will you old cats ever learn?
It's time to hang it up when you stand on your last leg
when you don't right on the reg' and your future is
past dead
I'mma tell you cause none of these cats will
You can't still try and rely on your rap skill
You ain't got nothin behind you and believe me
not a label out that gonna find you and wanna sign you
Write your rhymes in the shower, you washed up
If there was a law against wack shit, you'd be locked
up
These cats in the game pretend that they your friend
but as soon as you walk away, they talkin about you
again
Half of your old group don't like you and wanna fight
you
and even made songs about you to try to spite you
Big Beat dropped you and said that you can't sell
and they ain't had a hit since before Pac was in jail
It's like the shit is up under your nose and you can't
smell
hell, you probably older than Blu Cantrell
You can't tell? It's over, captial O-V-E-R
and that's just in case you can't spell, c'mon

Dear diary, what a day its been
Dear diary, its been just like a dream
Woke up too late, wasn't where I should've been
For goodness sake, what's happening to me?

Yeah I heard all of your prayers but I doubt that God
got 'em
So break out the suits and ties, and the hard bottoms
and get yourself a job with a desk in a nice office
and learn to enjoy all of the garbage that life offers
And don't ever again show your face on the stage
or write the name Masta Ace on the page, kid ya done
Whoever let you back in the door should get a smack in
the jaw
'cause you sure shouldn't be rappin no more
You already proved that at the Lyricist Lounge affair
tryin to battle with rhymes you wrote on the way there
Maybe next time you'll know not to play fair
Say your best written shit and school 'em like daycare
But through the sad mess and all of the bad press
I can't recall a time in the past when you had less
Ain't nobody out there who gon' keep it realer than me
We one in the same sincerely, your diary