

Acknowledge

Masta Ace

Pay homage, respect
Yeah, one-two
Acknowledge the rep
I don't know what you cats was thinking
Pay homage, respect
Musta been crazy
Acknowledge the rep
To step up on stage, at CMJ, mention my name

I hear these cats, but I ain't listening
A little faint dissing, a little scratch, a little paint missing
But I still gleam and glisten, hot like a stream of pissing
I'm about to have your whole team wishing
That you never got this shit started
You about to be dearly departed
You gotta be nearly retarded
To let me hear my name mentioned, tryna gain attention
Now I'm running through this game lynching
And I heard a few cats tryna take shots on the low
These XFL rappers tryna fuck with a real pro
One thing; who named y'all the High and the Mighty
To me, y'all just sound like a couple of high whities
You had to be on mad coke and ecstasy
To think for a second, you can stand next to me
Look don't ever again mention my name in your freestyles
Or I'll cut off your transmission faster than Lee Myles
And I heard your album, this must be something you're new at
Cause I'd rather hear a Lil' Wayne/Lil' Zane duet
My cellphone stay ringing like a slap in the ear
So I hope y'all don't plan on making rap a career
Cause ever since Heav' was in Vernon I been burning
Next year, y'all be up in Rawkus, interning
And I shoulda let it known what your government names are
To make sure you Take It Personal like Gang Starr, motherfuckers

I got one lyric, pointed at your head for start
Another one, is pointed at your weak ass heart
And that go for any other so called rap cats, in the game
Pay homage, respect
Acknowledge the rep
Another fake jack I slay with my spectac' rap display
And believe me, I ain't forget about him, naw
Pay homage, respect
Nope, acknowledge the rep
Just you wait
Acknowledge the rep

Yeah I heard of the Boogiemann when I was a youth, scary
And I found out that he was as fake as a tooth-fairy
Since my last mission this nigga's been ass-kissing
I took a minute, I gave your single a fast listen
Tell me this, with no pot to piss in, how you dissing
Your group homes are about to be reporting you missing
And I don't know what was worse, the track or the verse
I'ma get to your producer, but I'm smacking you first
See I couldn't even find one nigga that heard of you
I did find a few cats that wanted to murder you

But I told em chill, I let em know you was my son
And I promise I can pay support til' you twenty-one
Consider me the clothes on your back and a warm meal
Who knows, this might just get you a deal
And the day that your album go on sale for the first hour
Just remember like Nas nigga, I Gave You Power
I figured I give ya some help, cause you need lots
I make your producer change his name to Speed Nottz
Tell him I say fuck him for doing the tracks
Matter of fact, fuck Fat Beats, for doing the wax
I'ma diss you via e-mail and then through a fax
I'mma diss you by two-way, I ain't gon' never relax
I'mma diss you over fast, slow track or no track
If your shit wasn't so whack, I dissed you to your track
You that little fish that I catch and I throw back
And by the way, give 50 Cent his flow back
You that cat in the club that get hit with a bottle
Fucking with me, you better off trying to hit lotto
And don't answer back, this is hard shit to follow
And you can't spit nigga
So you obviously must swallow, motherfucker