

F.a.y.

Masta Ace

I'm startin' to think that my skill is a waste
Still in the race with an ice grille on my face
Mad at the world, mad at you, mad at my girl
Mad at my friends and anybody drivin' a Benz
I really hate this nigga that delivers my mail
But if I hit him they gonna send me up the river to jail
I hate my neighbors, they always askin' for late night favors
Hate indie labels, especially hate majors
I don't give a fuck no more, fuck this tour
Fuck these shows and these groupies, they all ho's
Hate these rude people stayin' all in my face
And hate the fact that Visa always callin' my place
So all you mean creditors and magazine editors
Same ones that debted us and put niggaz ahead of us
I'm a mad dog who sits in the dark
I'm fixin' to bark watchin' 106 And Park
What a mess, I guess I'm sorta stressed
Turn on the radio and I get more depressed
No wonder I'm kinda bitter
Strick told me I should quit player hating, but fuck that I'm not a quitter
Had a few cats betray me, try to play me
Bail and try to blame me, fuck you pay me
If y'all could, y'all would finish me
That's why this finger here is for everybody in the industry

When you tryin' to hustle for pay and people get in your way
That's when you ready to say "Fuck all y'all"
When the job is givin' ya hell and pay is minimum scale
That's when you ready to yell "Fuck all y'all"
When it's really starting to seem that people killing your dream
That's when you ready to scream "Fuck all y'all"
I'm talkin' to you, and I'm talking to you, and I'm talking to you nigga

Yo I'm simply trying to eat 'til my belly is fat
And I rest in the Midwest where R. Kelly and Nelly be at
Where my name ring bells like "Who's celly is that?"
And "Yo Strick you about to blow!" yo stop telling me that
Cuz at the end of the day I'm still just a nobody
Cuz nobody knows me no record label chose me
But Tommy Boy did and look where that got me
A bad attitude and a reason not to be cocky
A huge debt, three lawyers, and two managers
A bullshit advance that didn't recoup the damages
A couple of singles that wasn't really chartin'
Yo Ace I got a Cherokee! "Bow Wow got an Aston Martin"
That motherfucker got a mansion with a swimming pool
A rec room with many games and plenty women too
He prolly got his own chef and a fuckin' hot tub
I got a truck with four rims but yo they not dubs
Speakin' of nots yo, I'm not a happy camper
Not gettin' no younger, feeling like a grandpa
Yo I got low self esteem
Just like a nigga running in place tryin' to chase his own selfish dream
And fuck my girl, soon I'll be startin' to creep
She's a slob and don't care if her carpet is neat
She got a slick mouth and always gets smart when she speak
And can't cook a lick and the bitch fart in her sleep

I got a dog that don't bark and cat that don't meow
Everybody else is rich and I don't fuckin' see how
Sometimes I wonder why even bother waking up
Should just end it and give back the spot I'm takin' up

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