

# Masta ace, Dear diary

[Man]

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

[Singing]

Dear diary, what a day its been

Dear diary, its been just like a dream

[Masta Ace]

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

[Chorus]

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?

[Masta Ace]

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