

# 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