

## 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