No Regrets

Masta Ace

Okay Ace, one more question before we rap this one up is
Considering how long you've been in the game
All the places you been and all the songs that you've done
And all the cats you've worked with
Is there anything you'd do differently?
What I mean to say is, do you have any regrets?If I never recorded another song
If I was wrong and nothin' I spitted was ever strong
If I never perform at another venue
If this genuine love doesn't continue
If none of my records was ever sold
If I fold and I never see platinum or even gold
If no one ever again can recall, if I stalled
And start workin' part time at the mallIf there's no more shows for be to dabble in
No more travelin', leavin' the show in Maryland
If none of my songs that ever been never spin
In heavy rotation ever again
If I don't do a song to insight millions
Or get a video done by Hype Williams
If there's never a chance again to be seen
On the pages inside of another magazineIf the luxuries in life I can't [unverified] or afford
If I never win the Billboard or the Source award
I wouldn't want ya pity or ya sympathy
Even if Marley never put me on 'The Symphony'
But I gotta admit it I'm glad he did it
It's considered the first verse I ever spitted
I release I'm still apart of history
I learned the key to victory, its not a mysterySee I got a lotta love for what I do in life
And after this I'm then I'ma find somethin' new in life
I guarantee ya it'll be somethin' that I really love
I give thanks for my life to God up above
That I'm blessed to have a job I enjoy doin'
And now as a man doin' what I was a boy doin'
The only difference is now I get to eat from it
I never though I would be known on the street from itAnd if not one fan that shows gratitude
And if they see me they walk by with an attitude
It was still an enjoyable ride
Yeah, big up to Kane, Biz Mark and The Pharcyde
And of course to all of my past labelmates
Y'all keep on risin' like the cable rates

Ay yo, Premier and Guru, this goes out to you
Special Ed and Buckshot, this a shout to youI don't know if it's the end but yo, it might be
Big up to Q-Tip, Alicia Heed and Spike Lee
And everybody in the game I ever worked with
And all the chicks up in the game I used to flirt with
But if I never get another piece of show coochie
Never see no Louie Vattone or no Gucci
No more suede and linen or designer denimNo more Jeeps with 1,000 watt systems in 'em
No more sittin' on chrome with those Parelli shoes
No more gettin' my name up in the daily news
No more Lexus, Coups, Beamers and Benzes
No more Cardiac frames with colored lenses
No more chains and bracelet, and no baguettes
But for what it's worth yo, I got no regrets

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