# Acknowledge

## Masta Ace

[Nas] "Pay homage, respect .."
Yeah, one-two..
[Nas] "..Acknowledge the rep"
Uhnnh.. I don't know what you cats was thinking..
[Nas] "Pay homage, respect .."
Musta been crazy..
[Nas] "..Acknowledge the rep"
To step up on stage, at CMJ, mention my name?

[Verse One]
I hear these cats, but I ain't listening
A little faint dissing, a little scratch, a little paint missin'
But I still gleam and glisten, hot like a stream of piss 'n
I'm about to have ya 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 mention, try'na gain attention
Now I'm runnin' through this game lynchin'
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, ya'll just sound like a couple of High Whities
You had to be on mad coke and XTC,
To think for a second, you can stand next to me
Look, don't ever again mention my name in ya freestyles
Or I cut off ya transmission faster than Lee Miles
And I heard ya album, this must be something you're new at
'Cause I rather hear a Lil' Wayne/Lil' Zane duet
My cellphone stay ringin', 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 burnin'
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

[Guru] "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 rapcats, in the game
[Nas] "Pay homage, respect"

[Nas] "Acknowledge the rep"
[Guru] "Another fake jack I slay with my spectac' rap display"
And believe me, I ain't forget about him, naw
[Nas] "Pay homage, respect"
Nope.. [Nas] "Acknowledge the rep"
Just you wait..
[Nas] "Acknowledge the rep"

[Verse Two]
Yo, 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, no pot to piss in? How you dissin'
You group holmes are about to report that you missing
And I don't know who 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 to 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'ma diss you by two-way, I ain't gon' never relax
I'ma diss you over fast, slow track or no track
If your shit wasn't so wack, I dissed you to yo' 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
Fuckin' 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 swollow, motherfucker..

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Lyrics submitted by jeffrey.

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