

## Masta Ace

### "F.A.Y"

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[Verse One: Masta Ace]

I'm startin' to think that my skill is a waste  
Still in the race with an ice grille on my face  
Mad at the world, mad at you, mad at my girl  
Mad at my friends and anybody drivin' a Benz  
I really hate this nigga that delivers my mail  
But if I hit him they gonna send me up the river to jail  
I hate my neighbors, they always askin' for late night favors  
Hate indie labels, especially hate majors  
I don't give a fuck no more, fuck this tour  
Fuck these shows and these groupies, they all ho's  
Hate these rude people stayin' all in my face  
And hate the fact that Visa always callin' my place  
So all you mean creditors and magazine editors  
Same ones that debted us and put niggaz ahead of us  
I'm a mad dog who sits in the dark  
I'm fixin' to bark watchin' 106 And Park  
What a mess, I guess I'm sorta stressed  
Turn on the radio and I get more depressed  
No wonder I'm kinda bitter  
Strick told me I should quit player hating, but fuck that  
I'm not a quitter  
Had a few cats betray me, try to play me  
Bail and try to blame me, fuck you pay me  
If y'all could, y'all would finish me  
That's why this finger here is for everybody in the industry

[Chorus]

When you tryin' to hustle for pay and people get in your way  
That's when you ready to say "Fuck all y'all"  
When the job is givin' ya hell and pay is minimum scale  
That's when you ready to yell "Fuck all y'all"  
When it's really starting to seem that people killing your dream  
That's when you ready to scream "Fuck all y'all"  
I'm talkin' to you, and I'm talking to you, and I'm talking to you nigga

[Verse Two: Strick]

Yo I'm simply trying to eat 'til my belly is fat  
And I rest in the Midwest where R. Kelly and Nelly be at  
Where my name ring bells like "Who's celly is that?"  
And "Yo Strick you about to blow!" yo stop telling me  
that

Cuz at the end of the day I'm still just a nobody  
Cuz nobody knows me no record label chose me  
But Tommy Boy did and look where that got me  
A bad attitude and a reason not to be cocky  
A huge debt, three lawyers, and two managers  
A bullshit advance that didn't recoup the damages  
A couple of singles that wasn't really chartin'  
Yo Ace I got a Cherokee! "Bow Wow got an Aston  
Martin"

That motherfucker got a mansion with a swimming pool  
A rec room with many games and plenty women too  
He prolly got his own chef and a fuckin' hot tub  
I got a truck with four rims but yo they not dubs  
Speakin' of nots yo, I'm not a happy camper  
Not gettin' no younger, feeling like a grandpa  
Yo I got low self esteem

Just like a nigga running in place tryin' to chase his own  
selfish dream

And fuck my girl, soon I'll be startin' to creep  
She's a slob and don't care if her carpet is neat  
She got a slick mouth and always gets smart when she  
speak

And can't cook a lick and the bitch fart in her sleep  
I got a dog that don't bark and cat that don't meow  
Everybody else is rich and I don't fuckin' see how  
Sometimes I wonder why even bother waking up  
Should just end it and give back the spot I'm takin' up

[Chorus]

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way

That's when you ready to say "Fuck all y'all"

When the job is givin' ya hell and pay is minimum scale

That's when you ready to yell "Fuck all y'all"

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That's when you ready to scream "Fuck all y'all"

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