

Masta Ace Incorporated

"No Regrets"

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Woman interviewing 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 mall

If theres 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 theres never a chance again to be seen

On the pages inside of another magazine

If the luxuries in life I can't ? 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

Its considered the first verse I ever spitted

I release I'm still apart of history

I learned the key to victory, its not a mystery

See I got alotta 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 somthin' 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 it
And 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 you
I don't know if its 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 denim
No 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 Cardiae frames with colored lenses
No more chains and bracelete, and no baguettes
But for what its worth yo, I got no regrets

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