

Godfather Don, Voices

(Kool Kieth)

Yeah....Dr. Strange love...once again I gotta tell you how it is....

Verse 1: (Kool Kieth)

I used to check out, use the mad route
stare at these ugly bitches, sit at the table with frowns with their
stomachs out
cellulite for weeks, rules in these NewYork streets
with mad Babies, big heads movin' in the stroller
you gettin' older while that dress hangs off your shoulder
you stupid bitch
he's sick, the kids got the shits
you walkin' wack with those problems in your ass crack
you chose this nigga, he's a zero girl, doin' nothin'
you was buggin' because the bum had curly hair
you got psyched, the baby came out with some nappy hair
you was a fine freak, thoroughbred dumb with no head
I seen you screamin' with your panties up in B.B.Q's
your friends are fat with guts, breakin' all the rules
you choose to lose, no cheers, recievin' booes
rent is due with some old crab nigga fuckin' you
it's true, it's summertime, what you gonna do?
every winter you got this gay man screwin' you
this bitch is a problem, no money, fuckin' dummy
she's from the slum actin' fly eatin' bread crumbs
shoplifted programs out on the boulevard
stretch marks leak out your tight dress, your legs are scarred
yeah....

Chorus (singing)

Voices inside my head
problems keeping you fed

Verse 2: (Godfather Don)

This bullshit needs to cease
rappers rappin' for cheese
it's like a disease the way niggas be snatchin' your fees
executives, even accountants playin' artists like chips
the last time you were legit I was suckin' on nips
up in my shit like a Dog checkin' the sex
maybe to get in the Lex
hey, they forget, all the doors slammin'
they crammin', eye jammin'
wait, "My shows slammin'"
cash up your nose Hammond
landin' deals ain't shit if your label ain't shit
nitwits spit for sips while I flip scripts legit
commit to whippin' ass on the mic, it's like a fuckin' runway
these niggas is like bitches fleein' from gunplay
one day when lyrical finesse is stressed instead of dress I'll compress
compression and hate, blow out the best
but it's cool, fools like you makin' crews thats blue stay true
one-Thousand lyrical orators, pay dues
so snooze and get dissed
bust in the head with Cris', fake ice on your wrist
I'm nice and you on my dick like piss
you wish you was half the lyricist that I persist to be
don't say shit to me
Godfather like cicily
the misery's consistency through similes will blemish these
abnormalities in the industry.

Chorus (singing)

Voices inside my head

problems keeping you fed
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