

# Ice T, Rap Game's Hijacked

Yeah

Too many hardcore muthafuckas out here in this business

Ain't gettin their proper loot

You know what I'm sayin'?

(Right)

Check the technique

(Aha)

[ VERSE 1 ]

Everybody talkin 'bout the way hip-hop ain't the same

Suckers kidnapped the game

I know the biggest in the business, and no joke

Half of em broke - and none of em smoke

(Bust the facts, loc)

I got into this hip-hop game

Just to try to get a girl and get some light-weight fame

There'd never been no cash made in it

So who thought you could get paid with it?

Just crash the club with my crew and then I'm outta there

Hit some skins, act bugged, that was a rap career

Then Run-D.M.C. jumped the fuck off

Got mad paid, word, kicked the bucks off

There wasn't many rappers out there rockin the streets

When hip-hop was just cuts and beats

I seen Wildstyle , dug the scene

I wanna be an MC, rock, rock on - know what I mean?

I started crashin rap contests

Shootin hardcore rhymes through wack MC's chests

I signed on the lines of a wack contract

Didn't even read it, fuck that

They gonna put my record out

I'm gonna be large, know what I'm talkin about?

In the first 2 years I made about 300 bucks

Yo, this business sucks

But I got another chance and I came correct

Got a lawyer and accountant, now my shit's legit

But many won't get no second chance

And get fucked in this biz without a kiss or a dance

The game is to exploit young ghetto kids

A straight pimp game, and there ain't no shame

And the shit's gone too far

100 hip-hop labels with all white A&A&A&R's

The game's hijacked

The rap game's hijacked

Let me tell you how it happened

[ VERSE 2 ]

Now while every MC in the game

Was worryin about a white boy gettin the fame

They dug out the foundation

Now let me give a demonstration

Say you got a dope group from the hood

Talkin mad shit like they're up to no good

You take em to a label

Now who sits behind the table?

Some jewish muthafucka that don't know shit

Tryin to tell y'all what's a fuckin street hit

The shit's way off course

It's like me tellin Johnny Cash how to sing about his horse

You go on tour, the white agency says you're wild

Tone down your style

The radio jocks are all pop

So how the fuck this nigga know what shit to rock?  
The shit that make your face turn green  
Is when you get dissed by a kidnap magazine  
I give a fuck about these muthafuckas  
I'm doin this jam to save my hip-hop brothers  
Get your paperwork straight, kid  
Get a lawyer and accountant just like I did  
Don't blow your dough, cause you will see g's  
But this game has no guarantees  
Learn about publishing points, so you won't be blind  
Learn to read everything you sign  
Then you might have a chance  
If not, bend over, pull down your pants  
The game's hijacked

(Yeah  
I don't they hear you, brother)  
Yo, the rap game's hijacked  
(Word)  
I'm talkin 'bout a hijack  
(Say it one more time, baby)  
The rap game's hijacked  
Check it  
(Break it down for these niggas)

[ VERSE 3 ]

You can go gold and still owe the record label cash  
Yo kid, check the math  
Learn about the word 'recoup', troop  
And stop walkin round all hyped and souped  
You ain't nothin but somethin to be used and worked  
You ain't nothin but a sucker to be duped and jerked  
Cause the fuckin record label don't love ya, pal  
They didn't love ya on the street and don't love ya now  
They're out to make an end, friend  
Cause every dollar you make, they damn near make 10  
They'll take you for everything you got  
Or else they'll sign you and they put on the shelf to rot  
I'm tryin to tell you what's up  
You best to listen to this record even if you hate my fucking guts  
Cause I just can't stand around and watch rap get done  
And my brothers ain't gettin none  
A nigga like me has gotta spit game  
Nigga, get that cash flow. fuck that muthafuckin fame  
Cause the white man's rippin us off once again  
Real hip-hop, my man

Fool, the rap game's hijacked  
You need to listen, nigga  
The rap game's hijacked  
Need to play this record about ten times  
The rap game's hijacked  
Black people don't own shit  
The rap game's hijacked  
Check it

R&amp;amp;amp;B's hijacked  
Black acting is hijacked  
Just being black is hijacked  
(Build, my nigga, build, my nigga)  
Nigga  
Stupid muthafuckas, they rippin us off  
You better get a end..  
While the money's there, boy  
Silly-ass bitch runnin around with a gold chain

All niggas gotta get some real estate  
Muthafucka  
Come up  
Fuck a bitch  
Better get somethin you can own, asshole  
White man ain't givin up shit  
Word o' life  
Although I got a white engineer  
But he's gettin minimum wage  
So it's cool...

Yeah  
Shit's been hijacked