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&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&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