

Krumb Snatcha, Gangsta Disease

How many glocks can you cock on one record?
Videos of hoes naked, hip hop's been infected
Now lets correct it, before it's too late
To fix our mistake of lettin record labels infiltrate (for real)
Cause if there's money to make
Then there's an artist they create,
ignorate to hip hop, meanin he's fake
Now lets take the average emcee for example
They lacin with the same used bullshit samples
I watch and construct a rapper bout his conduct
And about, how many niggaz he done bucked
But ask the question, you carry gats and rock knives?
But ask yourself, can you rock the motherfuckin mic?
All this gangsta advocatin is aggravatin
And aggitatin, it's time for us to stop confiscatin
With wack rapper with that emcees
Thats plagued by the gangsta disease

(Chorus: x2)

Now everybody wants to be a mobster
Big gold chain, ghetto fame, eatin lobster
Lexus keys, vacations over seas
Hip hop got infected by the gangstga disease

Wanna be drug incorporator, street life narrator
But nothin but a bullshit immitator
Exagerrator with the bust-shot chatter, that don't flatter
That mean you need to change your subject matter
You scatter like mice, when I read life
Into a microphone device, nothin nice
I'm livin once a year plus the annual
Don't need instructions for bustin percussions
I rock without the manual
Like a cannibal, watch Krumb eat
Up any self-proclaimed killer comin from the streets
Cause his speech don't move me
Thats like watchin one of them old John Wayne western movies
The Fugees said it loud and clear
"Wack emcees in the rear" cause hip hop is out here

(Chorus x2)

So what? You carry hot glocks and rocks
So what? That type of rap is number one on the charts
So what? Your video was on MTV
You still ain't an emcee to me
So whether you toke nines or bust rhymes to me it's no interest
While I distribute lyrics and pump the cracks on your Benz's
Part time rapper, part time gun clapper
But what you really are is just a full-time actor
Crumb snatchers, pullin niggaz cards
Cause if y'all was really hard, your ass'd be barred
It's kind of odd, your gettin pimped by your label
A and R's tellin you fables on why he don't pay you
So while you kick rhymes of doin crime and bustin nines
Your record company's robbin your stupid-ass blind
So now your fired, a job flippin burgers
Or back to the lab writin them fantasy murders

(Chorus x2)

Niggaz pleeeaaase!