

PackFM, The 2004 Rap Up

(PackFM)

Why is PackFM the definition of live
Why aint nobody touchin the Q in 2 thousand and 5
Why is VH1 playin more rap than B.E.T.
And why nobody gave Elite props for makin this beat
Why everything on TV be makin me sick
Why are people still lettin Michael Jackson babysit
And if Janet was surprised, why she dress up her titty
Why the black youth won't vote unless they hear it from Diddy
And did we really expect them to turn out? Oh hell no
The election was the same night as the David Chapelle Show
Why Kobe still beefin with Shaq?
Both of them rich, both of them rap, matter of fact both of them wack
Why clef fuck with Jin's career the way he did Canibus
Why Guerilla Black gettin more shine than Angelous
Why ain't music as Important as the he say she say
Why people still sleep on Wordsworth and Jean Grae
Why underground niggaz aint got not taste
Why sellin more records than Ghostface
Why Trump got a job tellin people they fired
And why did Mase comeback last longer than Jay-Z's retirement
Why ask why, I just wanna know how come
The Roc signed everybody, split up and ain't drop their albums
Why nothin in the Passion of Christ seem to surprise me
Why I still eat McDonald's after seeing Supersize Me
Now cocaine is a hell of a drug
But tell me why it took the lives of Rick James and ODB
Why Jessica Simpson's ass lookin fatter than Britney's
Why her little sister go and pull a Milli Vanilli
Why award shows with Suge Knight end up with good fights
And why do niggaz know what gay star Lloyd Banks look like
Why everybody got a Sidekick, even the toy phones
And why is Ron Artest hittin harder than Roy Jones
They both droppin albums, tryin to get crunk
And why the hell are these celebrities still fallin for Punk'd
Why do rappers gang bang up in video games
Why it seems like every year is exactly the same
Aint nothin new, it's all been said before
Now I know why Skillz aint wrap up 2 double oh 4

(PackFM)

I musta been outta my mind, sittin wastin my time
Writin like this line is the line that'd gettin me signed
Rockin beats on cassette steady pressing rewind
Couldn't finish rhymes, I cried when the batteries died
But fuck it
Just lock me in the booth and let me black out
Fuck a battle, I ain't walk 8 miles since the black out
Got a hold on this rap shit, my album will make you tap-out
Each track is the equivalent to viles from the crackhouse
Spit raps from the streets, and boost my sales in the 'burbs
The hood dont wanna hear it 'cause it's too many words
It's like get nice or get paid, I'm weighing my priorities
On either side of the game I stay in the minority
Who want this more than me? I don't rap just to rhyme
Fuck your top 4 MC's I'm at least 3 of mine
Industry rule 4,079
This whole game was designed by the blind leadin the blind

(Chorus)

So quit tryin to say you're
Down Down
Quit tryin to say you're
Down

And get out
Ya'll must have been blind
Or out of your mind
This year is mine
QThousaN'5
So quit tryin to say you're
Down Down
Quit tryin to say you're
Down
And get out
It's no surprise
Ya'll fallin for lies
Just wake the fuck up
And open your eyes

(PackFM)

My cell phone bill's due, my 2way's gone
P got styles on lock like a new Akon
Fuck a bitch, bust a nut bonus 2 acorns
Nigga retired last year, why's there new jay songs?
My god this nigga's floodin my iPod
niggaz tradin their throwbacks for button up Izods
Digi Cam and a tripod, reality show
Called "Why The Fuck These Lil niggaz Wanna Battle Me For?"
Head claim that they be diggin but they'd rather be told,
Who's hot, so niggaz lie about what they actually sold
It's to the point I gotta laugh at who be packin these shows
The bookbags be in effect, but they lackin the hoes
The only cat lookin like me patted you down at the door
And the only requisite to being classic is old
I don't know why I even bother puttin wax on the shelf
For the past 10 years all I hear is "Tried By Twelve"
Labels frontin so I put the shit out by myself
They want numbers, 'fuck I'm supposed to do? Go buy myself?
I spent about a grand for promo, record got played once
My spine hurts from leaning back for the past 8 months
I scrub my timbs, wash the same coat I rocked last winter
Bart Simpson's still 10 and the Knicks need a center
See the shit never change, I still hop the train
Broke as fuck, but I still rock my name on my chain
It's simple and plain, I just wanna entertain
I wanna tour, but I aint got enough sick days
I got better things to do than just sit and complain
So I'm out, fuck ya couch!
Rest in peace Rick James
BITCH!