

Bronze Nazareth, Hear What I Say!

(Intro: kung fu sample)

You're here to learn kung fu, remember?

This is not a rest home...

Now go on, do some practice!

(Bronze Nazareth)

I'll prolly never be as big as Slim Shady or Jay-Z

Even though I write vivid like a home of the Greek

And study life like Socrates, without MTV

You think ya thugs, but for real, I sat offense with robbery

I'm try'nna walk the desert sands like RZA and Ringz

Gotta eat and beast, don't pay the bills, unless you got a name

Like The Neptunes, Jazze Pha or Kanye West

And if the album ain't five mics, don't front like it is

I got classic material without a mixtape host

Love Pac and B.I.G., but I miss Pun the most

I'm so underground, I play beats on the bowls, with mega errors

Sitting next to Murs, Immortal Technique and The Beggaz

Like Vernon Johnson with no voice, you'll never hear my message

Not on the block, selling cooked rocks to my sisters

Not in the club all hard with credit cards in your ass

Driving 86, got mad when Goodie Mob didn't last

Just wanted more "Soul Food" and an occassional "party"

Just wanted you to hear what I say, love it or disregard it

Just wanted Hot 97 to play my shit, like they promised

They never did, but probably payola was loudest

I'm like Van Gogh's paintings, you'll never hear my talents

It's the sound of neglect, that makes me green with malace

Search Kay found my music, he ain't answer me in a while

I was hoping The Unknown album got signed by Kevin Liles

But I never heard back from him, or Artist Direct

Sat in my room and watched Stagga Lee disrespect rap

While Khia got her neck and back, licked by the millions

I tried to tell you about history, mansions and killings

Like how the Wu-Tang gave the knowledge, but you just wanted to dance

Shame on family and friends, ain't buy Birth of a Prince

My debut, starting a war, but what's the fucking purpose?

You faggots rhyme weak, but everybody's spitting verses

We used to follow Martin Luther, up in Capitol Hill

Now you follow every rap artist whose throwback is ill

Albums weak now, internet didn't fuck up your sales

12 producers, on 12 songs, your shit can't gel

It's just a compilation album, full of your wack songs

And bitches dancin' all in your video with black thongs

All I wanted was for Steve Rifkind to listen, push play

And for those whose not listening, to hear what I say

Fuck, man....