

Buck 65, The Bassment

Are you ready?

The Bassment, the transmission - Critical, consult a physician
Before you try to knock me outta position.
Diggin' in the top secret vaults where the vinyl's stored
To make you snap your neck so hard you break your spinal cord
The push-button DJs be getting all emotional
Because they going broke, but my copies are promotional.
You never see a wack piece of wax move in this direction
Heavy on the backspins to satisfy the disc-connection
Kids like gangsta rap, 'cause they desire violence
Others wanna hook up with the hoes, like fire hydrants
Few know the problems that the DJ uniquely faces
Even the troopers that tune in on a weekly basis
Companies act like they try to keep hardcore & live,
But really only want a record in the top four or five.
Y'all kiss ass to be all in the spots
But the radio DJs be calling the shots!

[scratched sample, sounds like Kool Keith]

Wack MCs, I'm in the basement! [x4]

The record label reps try to act like they're team players
But never set the focus any deeper than the CREAM layer
Every package sent comes with a notation
Saying "Give us a top five and heavy rotation"
I'd rather pressure my own fresh set of dub plates
Than push for a ten minute spot in the club dates
True indeed, though, sometimes I can't hide the fever,
The phattest joints get me open like a wide receiver
Some kid coming up clean with a unique flow
Is just enough to turn the whole shit into a freak show
Give me an a capela mix on the flip side,
And kids get - swept away with the riptide.
A wannabe, shit talkin' MC thinks he's allowed
To get live on air, and rhyme and yo, freeze a crowd.
From back in the get fresh, early days, I knew it was
A shitty-ass job at times...
But someone's gotta do it.

[Keith scratched]

Now everybody wants to be in the spot where it's real,
But they all just be riding my jock, like it's a Ferris wheel.
I mean, if you wanna freak-freak and stick the dick in it,
Get in the groove to bust a nut in a quick minute.
Better change the program, or take it to the doormat
To knock boots, 'cause slow jams ain't in the format
[Masta Ace sample]
"This be the hardcore, dirty street level shit"
YOU GOTTA BE DRUNK, LOOKING FOR G-FUNK!
All of that shit is up in the attic area,
So step back, unless you wanna break the static barrier.
You want mercy? Then look to the Lord and pray,
But if you wanna suffer, then just press record and play
The Bassment with two "s"s, classics and new presses,
No rest for the weary, or devils in blue dresses.
I'm breakin' backs of those fakin' jacks,
The underground station...
With no cracks in the foundation.