

Fabolous, Exodus

My youngins get it fucked up when yall talk about the game
Like its designed in their favor
Like it aint outlined for them to waiver
Their rights for a lil bit of fame
Get in bullshit fights for a lil name
To get noticed by some niggas that dont give two fucks about you
Tell em you dont do the jives and shucks, and they route you to the shelf
See theres no money in good health
So they need you to be sick with it, ill content and delivery niggas
This nation thrives off misery niggas
So if you aint trying to let your hard times increase your wealth
Niggas keep that progressive shit to yourself
This is the business of buying souls, and we only tryin to fuck with those who trying to sell them
See, they may see me as an adversary cuz they know Im tryin to tell them
About the forest of artists who grow only to meet industry axes
How they take niggas dreams and write then off in their taxes
Contracts is confusing, but dont worry theyll appoint you a lawyer for you whore you
Loan you funds to fuck your soul make you pay it back and still maintain control of your stroll
Your tracks and your hot ass slow flow
Theyll keep you looking good and all that, but no dough
You see when that get a bitch, they got a bitch
And contrary to popular opinion it aint my sistas that switch
Its my brothers
We the dumb motherfuckers
Hardest niggas in the streets turned industry suckers
Cuz we refused to do the knowledge
Nigga, you cant learn this music game in the streets or in college
So you betta pick up a book or something
Or fuck it, Black Ice will put it in a hook or something
Hope that you listen to it
Got you pumpin that poison while they paint them illusionary parades and keep pissin thru it
You pussies dont know the price or the sacrifices that this industry makes real niggas walk