

Hush, Real T.V.

Bizarre: "Boys and girls... this is a broadcast brought to you by... some real ghetto Detroit shit..."

(Verse 1)

I tried to come up with a speech that heat seeks
In a mans last stand with a heart that beats week
Who each week turns on the tube to sneak peek
And see the same dude on a screen in repeats (so)
Consider every word that I spit
Every song on my albums a movie and this is the pilot
You're forced to eat rhymes and this a mere chapter of skills
And here after you'll feel the FEAR FACTOR
A lone diver in flows and more liver in shows
With eye of the tiger like SURVIVOR
You seen it all before I just inherit the title emcee
Now it's me your new AMERICAN IDOL
Without all of the bull or me in a seat rhyming
I'll fuck Paula Abdul and beat the shit out of Simon
I'm not your BIG BROTHER I'm JOE MILLIONAIRE
With your bitch throwing hundred dollar bills in the air

(Chorus)

Back to life (hey yo I gotta take it)
Back to reality (yeah)
Back to the here and now (uh)
Back to life (I gotta bring it)
Back to reality (so I gotta take it)
Back to the here and now (uh)

(Verse 2)

See I gotta change the channel in rap take it back as a hole
One of these rappers try to act as THE MOLE
Just an AVERAGE JOE or just a JACKASS
Probably a BACHELOR with QUEER EYE for straight ass
I'm no APPRENTICE I landed a DREAM JOB
In a scene where each mob on the streets with teams rob
We don't live A SIMPLE LIFE we live by ROAD RULES
TIL DEATH DO US PART and the tools are old school
Fuck ELIMIDATE I should start elimi-fake emcee
Who's career is just 1 big mistake cuz
This is the REAL WORLD where you watch from cheap seats
WEAKEST LINK's get killed over beats and defeats
2 of the best died they don't find no murder weapon
No suspects no TAXI CAB CONFESSION
No search star killers the faces glazed over
This entire case needs an EXTREME MAKEOVER (what)

Bizarre: "Don't touch that dial... we'll be right back after these messages... you dirty filthy ass nasty son of a bitch..."

(I gotta bring it)

(Chorus)

(Verse 3)

I'm hot I don't stop when I'm taking a stand
And keep my pockets Puffy like I'm MAKING THE BAND
Won't be no TRADING SPACES or even A CHANGE OF HEART
I don't use SCARE TACTICS I'll tear you apart
This is reality to make it though BOOTCAMP
WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE with a pocket of food stamps
YOU GOTTA SEE THIS for THIRTY SECONDS OF FAME
AMERICA'S MOST WANTED try and step in this game
They water down the show with these hooks that just rival

Ozzy OSBOURNE'S speech when he needs a sub-title
I'm not in it for fame or even the props
If I wasn't ripping mics you could find me on COPS
Being chased by hands of fans for autographs
And police who say I left them a trail of bloodbath
For killing instrumentals from snares & kicks now
To guitars & licks arrested and thrown in THE BIG HOUSE

(Chorus)

Bizarre: "This has been a public service announcement... from your man Hush...
and I'm Bizarre from D-12... what the fuck...
we about to shoot the club up... I'm gone... Rock City...
Hush... Bizarre... Rap Guys
Hahahaha... 2 rap guys... I'm out..."