## Promoe, Conspiracy

Shit son I got my notice of eviction next day they hit me with an unjust conviction What is this fiction? I ain't in to superstition but somebody's on a mission to fuck with me Everybody's in on it from record labels to travel agents to government agents and radio stations And people cancelling shows those damn silly hoes same cowards that won't air our videos Too hot for TV and banned from radio and when's the album droppin' fans are waiting yo This one is for yall I hope you're hearing me we all got a job to combat the conspiracy...

(Chorus)
Against DVSG's
every single industry always deceiving me
It's a conspiracy against DVSG's
they're out to get Embee, Cosmic, Supreme and me

After I wrote this rhyme I hade to eat the paper and after hearing this rhyme you might meet your maker Cus anybody with this knowledge is considered a risk so if you see the police kid get rid of the disc And if you're scared of getting family members murdered turn the music off right now pretend you never heard it Any brave soul still out there ready to hear my story about how the whole world is conspiratory Nah I'm not paranoid I always got a pair of boys in blue on the look out for me and my crew It's a fact the government consider our music a threat and they ain't happy until Loop Troop crew's in a net They want us losing our necks to keep the fool's in a check but yo schlooks and schlookettes they ain't ruling us yet They wanna stop our communication with the world's population cus on popular demand we bring hip hop emancipation

## (Chorus)

## (Bridge)

They wanna shoot us up they wanna shoot us down they wanna lock us up they wanna lock us down. They wanna bruck us up they wanna bruck us down they wanna fuck us up they bring the ruckus now.

They don't like the likes of us They don't like the lines I bust They do like to fight and fuss and claim that I don't have the right to cuss Well I keep spitting till the mike a rust I keep giving that type of rush I make the youths them hype enough for po po to pull out the nines and cuffs And I smash their face red like a blush I turn the crowd into psycho thugs I turn hip hop spots into biker clubs and make the scene explode like dynamite and such And they can't stop this fire burning they can't top this higher learning They got cops and sly attorneys foolish dogs keep barkin' at this flying bird it's...

## (Chorus)

(Bridge)

(Chorus)