

Tech N9ne, F.T.I.

Kutt go show how it feels
to be voided but listen
First I'll make you miss it,
like the senate was missin
Patricia Hearst cause I been in it for a minute
Put minutes in till it hurt, not for minute will I let
you diminish my men at work
And I been hurting trying to fathom the burden
But grieved not I put in work, inside and out
I'm deserving a clean shot
You people nursing every NERD
you encourage to speak not
Or you'll get murdered, you ain't heard
how the industry seized Pac

Verse 2

Somebody help the fame hurtin
I won't fall for the bullshit
So fuck ya'll wit a hard dick
drop jaws when we barge in ya turn bitch
In front of hard men most rappers are garbage
Mitch bade are target how soon de forget that
Strange is the hardest wit a line up of artists
Do it regardless
it's all about where your heart is
You can start this but Strange gonna finish it
Menice rhyme spoken
in every line it presented in

Chorus

To all you hataz in power we say
(Fuck the Industry, Fuck the Industry)
Jack yo placks put'em down on ebay
(Fuck the Industry, Fuck the Industry)
And all you boogie ass chumps can't touch us
The industry is some punk mutha fuckers
You tell'em FTI when anybody ask ya
Fuck the industry, they the enemy

Verse 3

Fuck this industry man
I'll make it happen boy
With fat change this rap thing
Full of hoes and hataz and hat gain
The CEO don't want no part to this do
Cuz if you're fuckin up against
My firm is squakin at you mean carkas is thru
The A.R. better stay in this car
cuz I'm parkin it to
Don't hate Brim cause I'm talking the truth
My dogs is barking at you
so you better get your mind right
Deuce clik representation we in the lime light

Verse 4

This rage is against the machine
Turn these pages and flip till they clean
And what remains is 4 Krizz 2 be seen
So I say "Fuck the Industry"
Cause da speech that u preach to do people
Is so evil so "fuck your ministry"
How they ever gon' say what we gon' say
How they ever gon' say what we gon' do
Here I come 4 the mon and I'm comin with a gun

Now tell me what I will and I won't do
F - Fear em they blast hoes
T - Tear 'em a new asshole
I - Infect their mind wit this lyrical blindness

Chorus

Verse 5

Hey Skatterman I heard you rollin' with Tech
But I still ain't signed
cuz I'm a problem for these record execs.
How can they market
a young black political target?
Who done took coca leaves
beacon soda and enlarged it
Into crack rocks selling crack rocks for a livin'
From the black top
where we jack cops for a livin'
So fuck the industry and damn the beats
I ain't just in the street
I'm Skatterman, I am the streets, Nigga

Verse 6

You got a smile glarin', cause you get it packed
I got yo gal starin', cause you minute mack
You go yo mouth swearing that yo hit is plack
You hatin' file-sharing cause your shit is wack
Sampled yo CD listened and it was cheesy
No cable box 4 your TV no label watch for your breezy
We ride feel the pain
from inside fuck yo fame cause it died
Said yo thang was about the game claimed
Then he banged but you lied
Bout yo artist but yo artist is the farthest
From the harest but you market
This bark at this bunk dirty carpet
Shit game is out smarted
Oops somebody farted bout to spark this shit
Niggas are retarded look what you've started
Cerami Mark is pissed
Imma break it down for you clowns
In the industry chain
(Fuck perspective Warner Bros., Qwest and JCOR's name)
Strange, we independent and you suckas
Are the enemy you fuckin up the industry
You bustas will remember me

Chorus

Repeat 2 times