

# Ultra, The Industry Is Wack

(Intro: Tim Dog)

Yeahhhhh..

I wanna get some shit off my chest, shit off my chest

I wanna get some shit off my chest, shit off my chest

I wanna get some shit off my chest

(Tim Dog)

I got this rap shit sewn, locked down, from the ground to the sky

From L.A., all the way to Long I

Who am I? That motherfuckin nigga who be dissin

I be rippin motherfuckers like I'm eatin on some chicken

Finger lickin, like I got you out of Sylvia's

Copeland's, Roscoe's, pollo, lo-co

Bo-jangles, Popeye's, even KFC

Yo MC's ain't got no wins when they fuck with D-O-G

I'm dramatic, emphatic - I'm charismatic

I'm down with my niggaz (magnetic, magnetic)

My people, keepin it real, fuckin up your mind

Representin to the fullest, yo I got another rhyme

SHOWTIME, pump more systems than the Alpine

I bet you're thinkin to yourself right now what's on my mind (word)

My mind's fed up, yo I'm dead up

These faggot-ass rappers and these punk bitches gonna get wet up

(WORD!) Runnin round the industry, frontin like they're jiggy

Just because you rap don't make you a piggy

Who is he? Some unknown sucka from the projects

Made a few demos, now you think you got it

Rhymin like Nas (what) lookin like Treach (word?)

Beats mad weak (wool!) hooker can't catch (ha!)

Sayin Def Jam's gonna sign you

You betta get a job and leave that bullshit behind you, WORD

You got some motherfuckin nerve

I shoulda left yo' ass on the god damn curb

But I'ma leave it all the motherfuckin same

And focus my attention on those rappers in the game

NOW, first you made a jam that's hot (hot)

Then you made another then that shit went pop (pop)

Then you made another then that shit had flopped

You deserve exactly what yo' ass got, motherfucker!

Tryin to run after the whites

You used to wear Timbs, now yo' ass is in tights

And every time I see you, all you wanna do is fight

Don't get mad cause my shit is right, aight?

I'm a motherfuckin man like you

You wanna be fake, while I gotta be true (word)

You wanna be the next when you shoulda been you

Now tell me what the FUCK am I supposed to do? BE-ATCH!

(Chorus 2X: Tim Dog) + (Kool Keith)

All I wanna do is rap

Get some trap, and live life kinda fat, that's that

But how could a man just rap

(When the whole fuckin industry is WAK!)

(Interlude: Kool Keith)

Yeah, Kool Keith checkin in

That's right, for you wak motherfuckers I got to show, SKILL

Tell you like it is, gotta get this shit off

(Kool Keith)

This ain't the Grammy awards, ass-tight tuxedos

Niggaz are phony, tryin to act like my peoples

TV stars, Mariah Carey, Janet Jackson

Her brother Michael, feelin babies for some rectum action

Niggaz like Al Green, you can't trust Little Richard..  
.. little bitchard  
Girls today slept with Rock Hudson  
The NBA - your favorite ballplayer's turnin gay  
Girls go nut, get attracted havin wild sex  
In big mansions, Hollywood's unsafe sex  
Sniffin coke, movie stars roll in fly cards  
Everybody has a card, runs a fake business  
I'm that O.J. who gives a fuck about his case  
like Madonna, that devil wearin paint on her face  
You know the industry has already crossed over sexually  
A lot of people turned bumblebee  
Sodom and Gomorr', it's time for information  
Half of y'all sick sing at the AIDS Foundation  
I lay it down clown and take your famous queer crown  
Glamour and famous mixed up, you slept with Rod Stewart  
Girls get caught, take off they heels for they record deals  
Did you get the deal BITCH?

Got served  
And you sayyyyyyyyyyy...

(Chorus)

(Tim Dog) Word up!