

Xzibit, The Music Of Business

(xzibit): yea. that's what I'm talking about
(ras k.): yea
(xzibit): the homie john john up in this motherf**ker
(ras k.): yea
(xzibit): mr. x to the z with a public service announcement
For all you faggot ass rappers
(ras k.): what's that?
(xzibit): they think just because a nigga's rapping
With a label behind him, it's all great
(ras k.): yep
(xzibit): it's modern day pimps and hoes going on

Ask epmd, rap is still out of control
Cause hip-hop plus glocks = scott la rock, tupac and biggie smalls
I figure y'all niggaz brawl for lack of protocol
Now I'm gonna take matters into my own hands, like masturbation
Another 39 suicidal rap is at heavens gate waiting to battle with satan
Rassassination: taking heads like decapitation (ching!)
Trapped in infatuation (really)? □back up off me
Kiss my ass. then wake up n' smell the coffee
See, when you're broke and unknown, your baby's mama clown you
Your family down's you. don't want your own kid around you
You ain't shit. don't do shit
Ain't gone never be shit. □so it's quits
Two video's later, she's on your dick (bitch)
When your albums selling, she "don't worry, be happy."
Bragging to her friends: "that's just my babies daddy!"
And sadly, niggaz start acting like they shit don't stink
But wait: you getting cut like the wedding cake
The music business is straight mafioso:
Jewish, italiano, and black
My bmi/ascap platinum placque rap track
Bootleg my shit to japan. at swap meets, sell my same shit back
Long sharks break legs. we break beats state to state
And record deals? that shit belong with a f**ked up interest rate

(chorus 2x):
(parish smith sample): □music please, music please
(color me bad sample): □"why you treat me so bad? "
(parish smith sample): □music please..music please
(other sample): □"i don't know why baby!"
(xzibit): □□just handle your business

(verse 2)
It's sort of like the label is the devil:
R&b, pop, gospel to heavy metal
They make doe pimping the ghet-to
Label mates: different rats in the same rat race
The production company is the nigga that you learn to hate
Management is your crimy. your lawyer is your liar
And when your famous but po', you set your accountants office on fire
It's like this: they loan you \$1
For you just to break even, they stack \$10

When you finally make one dollar, your profit is andrew jack-son (\$20)
You skinny. they got plenty. the benjamins? before you see any
They getting g's: big cheese.
No vaseline f**king dope m.c.'s, "so freeze"
Call the police chief? it takes a thief
Here's everything you need to know about the record industry,
Like a chief.
'cause labels is doing \$300,000 deals;
Blowing coke smoke up my ass, but we both know crack kills.

Not very many, rappers ever see a penny
But double platinum is two million units. cd's cost \$20.
(too true) so here's a clue
Somebody just make \$40,000,000 and it sho' wasn't you

(chorus 2x):
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(parish smith sample): □music please..music please.
(other sample): □□"i don't know why baby!"
(xzibit): □□just handle your business.

Want to know the relationship between hip-hop and drugs?
'cause professional athletes, black actors, rappers, and thugs
All sleep in the same bed together
Rich black niggaz only kick it with other black people with cheddar
Same lifestyle: legal or illegal
It be us, swinging a three f**k getting skeed up with peanuts
Which leads up to this: a high turnover ration
Groupies turn tricks and be quick to give fellatio.
Mc's get the pussy and fame.
Brothers essex floss with a corporate card
And charge it to the rappers name
But the label owners make all the real money
Just ask david geffrey, barry gordy, russel, or puffy (ching, ching!)
Business? you don't get what you deserve. □you negotiate
And everything is renegotiable based on the sales you generate
But hip-hop fans don't buy albums, and, then again, tend to player hate
The rapper that went pop. but before this, I never knew
Skills don't pay the mother f**king bills. □money do
Is you stupid? how nice I represent don't pay rent
The r&b ho who jock theo on the radio buy your cd doe.
Rap magazines be screaming they keep it real
But keep it fake on the cover
Pulling tennis shoe and clothing advertisements. no wonder
Like common "i used to love h.e.r."
Now I just f**k h.e.r. with two rubbers

(chorus: repeats until end):
(parish smith sample): music please, music please
(color me bad sample): □"why you treat me so bad? "
(parish smith sample): □music please..music please
(other sample): □□"i don't know why baby!"
(xzibit): □just handle your business