

## Weeping Willows

# "Fuck You And Your Filthy A&r Department"

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It's so simple  
Got a whole list of issues  
Inside of my brain  
Gathered right next to the temple

Write all my rhymes in pencil  
So I can erase 'em  
The morning after I write em  
I wake up, read them and hate them

Remember later, lay them down  
And made them understand  
Sometimes a rapper suck  
There's nothing I can do to change them

Man, it's like I told you before  
You don't listen to me  
So I don't listen no more

Give me a huge label advance  
And a chance at fame  
And I, I'll sing and dance  
Go right with the grain

Sponsor soda companies  
Promote with no shame  
Smile, shake hands  
Damn, I love this game

But just when you think that I'm your best friend  
I'ma stab you in your fucking back, time and time again  
Till the blood soaks through your sports coat  
And with my Pepsi money, I'ma drink Coke

You'll be stifle to trifle my cycling  
Ease the pain of the knife  
That's in my fucking back  
Or is that a hose?

They siphonin' my spirit, man  
Got to attack

Counter they blows with blocks  
In the name of all that is not wack

Kick my motherfuckin system  
Into Auto-Rap  
White or black, slap your face  
Till your head's not attached

Rocket blast, feel the slap  
Back of payback hurts  
But I've had to nurse wounds  
That are so much worse

Now first, I would like to call attention to your verse  
The reason I'm so fucked, and I'm about to burst  
Cause you keep feeding me nothing but shit  
And tell what I'm gosh darn tired of it

First, I would like to call attention to your verse  
The reason I'm so fucked, and I'm about to burst  
Cause you keep feeding me nothing but shit  
And tell what I'm gosh darn tired of it

Damn skippy

Fission, fusion using the brand of raps  
Not currently used in hip hop  
Lips lock, never was part of my agenda  
To bend over and open up my ass cheeks  
So ya'll could dip cock

On the radar, making other emcees jealous and green  
Like they name was Ralph Nader  
Yeah, I'm broke as fuck and I got no paper  
Shoulda just stuck with rock, it'a have been much safer

Trying to make a dent in the world like a crater  
The illest of traitors, it's me, Darth Vader  
Nothing can save you, peace out, see ya later  
The dollar fifty in my wallet forcing me to hate you

Take you on a little journey through my life  
Where dad slept on the sofa, never with his wife  
Even as a toddler, man, it struck me as odd  
But it only getting odder, I never looked to God

I just wrote rhymes on paper that's lined  
And everyone of my lines reflects on times  
That I live in, giving a shit, not me  
Like metal band guitars  
Every one of my lyrics lately's in dropped E

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Now you can't force a revolution, choosing sides  
Offer a helping hand to the dumb and blind  
Use my record like the guideline, for you to follow  
along  
Speak up and then swallow your tongue

You hardcore, I'm hollow core  
My blue collar tour  
Working class hero  
Shit gets piled on

I really hate all these  
Motherfuckers I smiled on  
I'm lying on a cold table  
But feel like I'm dying on a rope or a cable

I'm unable to breath the air through my nasal passage  
hole  
Masses don't believe me, nobody believes me  
Oh, ya'll think it's easy to move up like George and  
Weezy, exsqueeze me?

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