

Slow V & Retrospect

"The Message"

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[Verse 1: Slow V]

The Industry. A supreme large bond
Renowned profound grounds of commercial bounds
An extreme galore, mainstream dÃ©cor
Number one hit assassins of the hip hop core
A large empire known to release musical acts
Overseers, distributors of audio tracks
A large foundation, firmly position
Publicly influenced and driven by commission
IS. A noun or interjection
Adverb or verb, formed in a connection
Often found in sections, directions
Questions, actions piece of selections
One syllable, you often hear it
A vivid, descriptive, insisted lyric
Direct termination, a form of indication
A way to refer to yourself or word yourself
A Radio. What I've been know to play
Known to blast at times, and incorporate
The one device to change up the course of day
Powered by electromagnetic radio waves
Frequently the frequency causes indecency
From high to low the shit's tweaked
And you can spot one everywhere you go
It's crazy its like the industry is a Radio

[Chorus]

There's always a message involved
Don't get it confused, don't, don't, don't get it
confused
The industry just a better built cellblock
The message

[Verse 2: Retrospect]

And we are. One, one as a culture, swarming like
vultures
Unison raw orphans, we running with torches
We the future, hip-hop tops and law Cochrans
Watch when our shit's on top we all profit
We are the people, the fans, the weasels, the hustlers
the pimps

The pushers the nation, the plan, the leaders,
promoters, the soldiers
Command, the comfort in your luxury sedan
All. Symbolizes all the ones lacking
I want to call it rapping but really it's just acting
Reacting like a bunch of cavemen
Face it, it's just a façade
Niggaz don't really listen to y'all
You thinking you raw, you know better dawg
Pretending you're hard when there's 100 soft men in
your squad
I really don't understand how a rapper grips the mic to
his hand
Rhymes for hours and don't say a damn thing
Blown Speakers. It's really all I hear when you speak
Now nothing is unique, every line you kick is weak
Every word is muffled, it's poison
Money, cash, hoes, to the Porsches, distortion
Who really gives a fuck about the keys to your Jag
If rap was academics, y'all would need remedial class
And you would be the ones that say it's easy to pass
And be the same mother fucker with a D in the class
Rap is similar but with no teachers
The industry's a radio, and we're all blown speakers

[Chorus] - 2X

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