

## **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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