

Termanology f/ Ea\$y Money, Lil Fame

"Welcome to the Machine Remix"

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[Sample]

"Pink Floyd - Welcome To The Machine"

"You've been in the pipeline
Filling in time
Provided with toys and scouting for boys
You brought a guitar to punish your ma
You didn't like school
And you know you're nobody's fool"

[Chorus]

"Welcome to the machine" - 2X

[Termanology]

Ayo, Tommy ain't my motherfuckin' Boy
When you take food from a rapper you employ
Now you gotta hustle, baggin' up the boy
And it's No Limit to the lives he destroy
John Forte say nay to the ye
Not Kanye, but the ye that you take
When you stressed out cuz your girl ain't a Virgin
She a Capitol B, hotter than a furnish
Got that guy coldest, I hope you got insurance
She electrified you, now she got you nervous
Seen what it did to Pac, this rap game
She a dirty ho, did B.I.G. the same
TLC, Tony Braxton and them
Aces a record and you never see none
Millionaire dreams, but a dream you become
When you, when you, when when you see the machine
run, run, run

[Chorus] - 2X

[Lil Fame]

Yo it's thugs behind the music
But fuck that, when you cover behind the music

It ain't no love behind the music
Niggas shed blood behind the music
I start to feel the tension and grudge behind the music
The shit changed, it's all fucked up behind the music
It's new cats with big ass guns behind the music
Damn, it really ain't what it was behind the music
But we aight, we gonna do us behind the music
Got me feelin' like Biggie, coming out the club pissy
drunk
Hopping inside of the passenger seat
Before that car pulled up and started blastin' the heat
We was just in the hood slingin' crack in the street
With the slim homie O.G.
Crack the hatch on the Hatchback, sounds thumpin'
Had the whole hood bumpin'
Talkin' about how we gonna back outta this bitch
Get the money, that's it, stick to the script
And I watched the homie get that, but soon as a nigga
get that
Here come the goons, trying to push your shit back
But not me, this time it's the other way around
Now it's me behind the machine gunnin' your ass down
You're all welcome

[Chorus] - 2X

[Robot]

"Hi, I am your CEO, I am your friend"

[Ea\$y Money]

It's funny how these rappers be thinking they're so hot
But they have no guap, they're my little robots
I am mister machine, you and I will make a team
And we will get ourselves, I mean myself alot of cream
I'll get of anything, you'll be making me dumb funds
In other words i'll be porking you in your bum bum
You wanna get up out that ghetto that you come from
Well make a decision, and don't make it a dumb one
Think big, compromise your integrity
And I promise one day you'll become a celebrity
Trust me, I will never cross you like the letter "T"
Now do everything I tell you, and just let it be
I'll get you features and production from the bigshots
And you will forever in debt if your shit flops
Commercialized, don't try and save hip-hop
Matter fact, why don't you try something like Big Pop
Or Jay-Z, all the records fly up off the shelf
Just make sure that you sound like anybody, but
yourself

It's just the nature of the buisness, don't be mad at it
Now a make hit before I drop you like a bad habbit

[Chorus] - 3X

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