

## **B. Reith**

# **"2 Steps Forward"**

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I take 2 steps forward, 5 steps back  
Lately I've been lazy like the way Mase rapped  
Or lazy like the way Johnny Cash used to sing  
Maybe lately that's the reason cash ain't been comin' in

No excuses I'm learnin' how to lose 'cause  
That's the only way to fine tune and make  
improvements  
Critics keep on chippin' in their two cents  
But they got their record for free- shoot-  
Nowadays music's like sewage, nasty and polluted  
Over saturated I don't want nothin' to do with it  
So when they ask the question who my influence is  
I go back to the 90s and tell 'em Brand Nubian  
Gave radio a shot but got fooled again  
All it is is a bunch of hootin' hollerin' hooligans  
Cryin' like babies, actin' like they two again  
Pardon my rudeness but ya ruined my mood I don't just  
Do this for food there's more to it than the music  
So I got be intuitive to use this  
Gift, it's like fluid when it oozes  
But writers block will gridblock and leave you clueless  
My ambition's to use and not abuse it  
Me without grooves is like mechanics without their  
toolkits  
Can't work without my tools, man

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Industry tried to play me, left me with some bruises  
Must have thought I was stupider than the Three  
Stooges  
They tried to hang me I slipped out of their nooses  
So I pulled a Chris Brown, I'm throwin' up my deuces  
Downsized like rice to couscous  
Spit that lightweight bullet-proof truth in the booth  
Cooped up for months tryin' to spit fiyah they can ride  
to  
Pull up to that drive thru, tell 'e this dat new dude!

True, can I really get more clear?  
Make it boom so loud shake your rearview mirror  
Unless you got car speakers like the ones I owned  
Had to pain it to left 'cause the right one was blown  
You ridin on chrome? I was ridin' on plastic  
Two of 'em were cracked 'cause I hit a curb distracted  
Yea, but it ain't no big deal  
I may not have a nice whip but I still have whip appeal

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Alright alright I write raps for a livin', perhaps I've been  
given  
A gift that is envied by mathematicians  
But are we that different? We both work in labs  
While they dissect formulas I dissect rhythms  
But I don't get paid much and that'll keep you humble  
son  
Radio won't play me much, that's causin' me trouble  
some  
People wanna nay-say, play me like a dumby-dumb  
Tried to shut me down so I Dikembe Mutumbo'd 'em  
Backhand it right back at 'em like Wimbledon  
That's for trying to tell me what I shouldn't have or  
should have done  
Anyway my time it will come I can smell it from a mile  
away like  
Cinnabon

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