

## Field Music

# "Industry Shakedown"

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Yeah  
"Industry Shakedown"  
I call this one  
The Industry Shakedown  
Word up  
Uh huh  
"Industry Shakedown"  
Now the reason I call it... the Industry Shakedown  
Is 'cause a lot of niggas have fucked up  
"Word up, Industry Shakedown"  
Now what I mean by fucked up is  
They don't wanna see the game played right  
"Word up, word up"  
So me and my nigga Pete Rock  
Gon show y'all how to play the game right  
"Get ready for the Industry Shakedown"  
"Word up, word up"  
Word up, word up"

[Verse 1]

Uh, uh  
I can't stop rockin I was born to keep it hot  
Fought through miles of pain just to get what I got  
Without crying, took mad shots without dying  
Man they know when I'm in town mad heads start flyin  
Who ever thought that I would be dealt the hand  
That would make me the most feared lyrical man  
Ask Tone how it feel not to be able to sleep  
I was layin on him in his dream squeezing on the heat  
I kept the pressure on him, now, I'm Universal  
Now he played this money game called hand, reversal  
I remember when I thought that I could rock at Def Jam  
While I was watching other niggas caught up in a def  
scam  
I remember when I stepped to Lyor, I should've blown  
him  
'cause that cracker been a crook, ever since I first  
known him  
Thought I'd sale to Atlantic  
But there's niggas workin for 'em that'll sink the whole  
label

Like the fucking Titanic  
What I gotta do is run some dick up in Sylvia Rhone  
So she can hear Bumpy rockin on this microphone  
Maybe I can Elektra - fy her brain  
Show her how I take love and turn it to pain  
I never been an ass kisser  
I call it if it's right, if rappers aint gay or dikes  
Then they unpluggin your mic  
My shit is cordless, I'm thugged out and wild as shit  
And I'm comin for my crown, it's Bumpy Knuckles baby  
And it's... [scratches]  
The Industry Shakedown

"Word up, word up"  
Ha!  
"Word up, word up"  
"Ready for the Industry Shakedown"  
Yeah!  
"Word up, word up"  
"Industry Shakedown"  
"Word up, word up"  
That's right nigga  
Me and my nigga Pete Rock gon show you  
motherfuckers how to shake it down  
You ready for this one? Check it out

[Verse 2]  
When I spit hot potato, I was peepin Tommy Boy  
But didn't wanna be the the next act that they would  
destroy  
See labels be all on your dick, when they see you have  
some paper  
But I flip the game, 'cause I pull the capers  
Got way more nut, than date rapers  
You better be tryin to get yourself an office  
Way on top of that skyscraper  
I bring the ruckus, your money lookin proper  
Have you ever been stuck up by a hardcore hip hopper  
Forgot ya signed to Cappa, a real Donnie Brasco  
A nigga wit mics and tape recorders, all up in his  
asshole  
Speakin of police, I found a Interscope  
And when I looked through the hole what I saw was  
dope  
I saw a new nigga, sittin behind a big desk  
Wit a big head and a big chest  
And a big belly, talkin on a celly  
Hatin real players, cuttin niggas throats  
Like he was tryin to be the mayor  
Then some niggas rushed in, punched him in his  
mouth

Threw him down on the floor and started stompin him  
out  
Screamin fuck Steve Stoute, serve street justice  
Cryin on the floor wit your lip all busted  
You went out like a pussy, fuck the dough you got  
'cause wit all that money nigga, you still can't buy a  
heart  
Only gangstas play the part  
I'm still around, to bring you, the Industry Shakedown

Ha!  
"Word up, word up"  
To the Pete Rock, and you don't stop  
To the Pete Rock, and you don't stop  
My nigga Pete Rock, and you don't stop

[Verse 3]  
I never felt like I should have to hold back anything I  
say  
So I make the kinda records Red Alert don't play  
Because I flow too hard, my voice is penetratin  
Or maybe your crate needs renovatin, I'm used to hatin  
That's why I'm hockey on you niggas, stickin and skatin  
I heard about the Blaze Battle, they asked me to be in it  
But to not consider me one of the 50 great  
So I reviewed my tapes, figured my position  
Sat and thought for a minute, grabbed the phone and  
said listen  
I sell less records than some niggas out wit a deal  
Gettin more cash and all my diamonds is real  
And you want me to battle for a Rolie, that I'ma take  
anyway  
Better leave me the fuck alone Bumpy Knucks don't  
play  
It made me laugh when I think about how Gary Harris  
Tried to play me than got fired and all fuckin  
embarrassed  
Fly shit is that he saw me, wit a smile, at a club  
Reached to shake my fuckin hand and, brought back a  
nub  
All them temporary spots will be filled time again  
You can hate me now but I will rhyme again  
Fall down climb again, more wild, more corrupt  
Still spittin more shit, more fire, more abrupt  
And I'll never put my two guns down  
Why's that  
'cause I need 'em... for the Industry Shakedown

"Word up, word up"  
C'mon!  
"Word up, word up"

Yeah!  
"Industry Shakedown"  
That's right  
That's what the fuck I call, a Industry Shakedown  
"Word up, word up"  
And it's a lotta motherfuckers out there that I didn't  
name in this  
Motherfucking song but I tell you this much  
"Get ready for the Industry Shakedown"  
Don't think I forgot motherfuckers, 'cause I reserve my  
options  
It's Bumpy Knuckles baby, ha  
"Word up, word up"  
And the Chocolate Boy Wonder  
I show you niggas a fast way, to six feet

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