

Ice Cube "Record Company Pimpin'"

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Please listen to my demo
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A nigga told me the record company's the pimp
The artist is the hoe, the stage is the corner
And the audience is the trip, goddamn

Incredible young nigga
You can't believe I'm just one nigga
Goddamn, I've gotten bigger, intellect superior
Walk in a room and make the whole interior inferior

If you look me in my eyes you might fuck around
And loose control of your mind, body and your soul
Grab a hold, undisputed on the microphone
What you think, if you wink, I'll make you itch think

Did you blink, did you ever drink your own brain
matter?
Shotgun enema, this ain't no cinema
All praises due to the creator
For this man here, that can't no nigga stand near

True, inventor of the W
What you wanna do, I got the red and the blue
Show me one nigga dedicated to raps
I'll show you ten niggas dedicated to snaps

Record company death traps settin' decoys
Just to pimp young b-boys
With a cup full of yak, studio contact
Maniac with a contract

Well turn up the bass and the motherfuckin' treble
About to do a deal with the devil for my vocal level
Bullshit points, plus he want to rub it in
And take all my publishin', goddamn

Do I take it up the rectum just to rock the spectrum?
Give up a right arm, just to do a form?
Hell no, all you motherfuckers gon' leave this bitch

limpin'
No more, record company pimpin'

No more, no more record company pimpin'
No more, no more record company pimpin'
No more, no more record company pimpin'
No more, no more, no more, no more

You ain't pimpin' me, uh uhh, uh uhh
I ain't pimpin' you, uh uhh, uh uhh
I just wanna be free, I just wanna be free
So what we gonna do? Can I holla at you, holla at you?

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I ain't pimpin' you, please listen to my demo
I just wanna be free, I just wanna be free
So what we gonna do? Can I holla at you, holla at you?

I'ma keep it simple
It went from 'Please listen to my demo'
To 'Get your ass out my limo'
Stretch presidential it's essential
'Cause the record company'll have your ass in a rental

If you let 'em, you have to behead 'em
Contracts you never read 'em, CEO's you never met
'em
Sent to an attorney, Bernstein and Burney
Nigga, that's his lawyer, ain't got nothin' for ya

Treat ya like they employ ya, I'm a warrior
Bite you in the ass like a Georgetown Hoya
When they ignore ya calls, you got to hold your balls
Catch a motherfucker slippin' in bathroom stalls

And then you show 'em that you ain't a rookie
Let 'em know that you'd rather have
More points than more pussy, pimp turned bookie
Now how the fuck I get in so much debt, goddamn, we
just met

He said, "Welcome to the rap game"
Motherfucker be confused and broke
Before he know what's happenin'
You can be the star and fuck women
I'ma just play ya back and keep pimpin'

No more, no more record company pimpin'
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Mamas, don't let your kids grow up to be rappers
Unless you tell them if they gonna get in this business
They better learn this business or they gon' get fucked
Simple as that, simple as that

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