

Ice-T "Rap Games Hijacked"

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Yeah

Too many hardcore muthafuckas out here in this
business

Ain't gettin their proper loot

You know what I'm sayin?

(Right)

Check the technique

(Aha)

[VERSE 1]

Everybody talkin 'bout the way hip-hop ain't the same
Suckers kidnapped the game

I know the biggest in the business, and no joke

Half of em broke - and none of em smoke

(Bust the facts, loc)

I got into this hip-hop game

Just to try to get a girl and get some light-weight fame

There'd never been no cash made in it

So who thought you could get paid with it?

Just crash the club with my crew and then I'm outta
there

Hit some skins, act bugged, that was a rap career

Then Run-D.M.C. jumped the fuck off

Got mad paid, word, kicked the bucks off

There wasn't many rappers out there rockin the streets

When hip-hop was just cuts and beats

I seen Wildstyle, dug the scene

I wanna be an MC, rock, rock on - know what I mean?

I started crashin rap contests

Shootin hardcore rhymes through wack MC's chests

I signed on the lines of a wack contract

Didn't even read it, fuck that

They gonna put my record out

I'm gonna be large, know what I'm talkin about?

In the first 2 years I made about 300 bucks

Yo, this business sucks

But I got another chance and I came correct

Got a lawyer and accountant, now my shit's legit

But many won't get no second chance

And get fucked in this biz without a kiss or a dance

The game is to exploit young ghetto kids

A straight pimp game, and there ain't no shame

And the shit's gone too far
100 hip-hop labels with all white A&R's
The game's hijacked

The rap game's hijacked

Let me tell you how it happened

[VERSE 2]

Now while every MC in the game
Was worryin about a white boy gettin the fame
They dug out the foundation
Now let me give a demonstration
Say you got a dope group from the hood
Talkin mad shit like they're up to no good
You take em to a label
Now who sits behind the table?
Some jewish muthafucka that don't know shit
Tryin to tell y'all what's a fuckin street hit
The shit's way off course
It's like me tellin Johnny Cash how to sing about his
horse
You go on tour, the white agency says you're wild
Tone down your style
The radio jocks are all pop
So how the fuck this nigga know what shit to rock?
The shit that make your face turn green
Is when you get dissed by a kidnap magazine

I give a fuck about these muthafuckas
I'm doin this jam to save my hip-hop brothers
Get your paperwork straight, kid
Get a lawyer and accountant just like I did
Don't blow your dough, cause you will see g's
But this game has no guarantees
Learn about publishing points, so you won't be blind
Learn to read everything you sign
Then you might have a chance
If not, bend over, pull down your pants
The game's hijacked

(Yeah
I don't they hear you, brother)
Yo, the rap game's hijacked
(Word)
I'm talkin 'bout a hijack
(Say it one more time, baby)
The rap game's hijacked
Check it
(Break it down for these niggas)

[VERSE 3]

You can go gold and still owe the record label cash
Yo kid, check the math
Learn about the word 'recoup', troop
And stop walkin round all hyped and souped
You ain't nothin but somethin to be used and worked
You ain't nothin but a sucker to be duped and jerked
Cause the fuckin record label don't love ya, pal
They didn't love ya on the street and don't love ya now
They're out to make an end, friend
Cause every dollar you make, they damn near make 10
They'll take you for everything you got
Or else they'll sign you and they put on the shelf to rot
I'm tryin to tell you what's up
You best to listen to this record even if you hate my
fucking guts
Cause I just can't stand around and watch rap get done
And my brothers ain't gettin none
A nigga like me has gotta spit game
Nigga, get that cash flow. fuck that muthafuckin fame
Cause the white man's rippin us off once again
Real hip-hop, my man

Fool, the rap game's hijacked
You need to listen, nigga
The rap game's hijacked
Need to play this record about ten times
The rap game's hijacked
Black people don't own shit
The rap game's hijacked
Check it

R&B's hijacked
Black acting is hijacked
Just being black is hijacked
(Build, my nigga, build, my nigga)
Nigga
Stupid muthafuckas, they rippin us off
You better get a end..
While the money's there, boy
Silly-ass bitch runnin around with a gold chain
All niggas gotta get some real estate
Muthafucka
Come up
Fuck a bitch
Better get somethin you can own, asshole
White man ain't givin up shit
Word o' life
Although I got a white engineer
But he's gettin minimum wage
So it's cool...

Yeah
Shit's been hijacked

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