

## Jimmy Witherspoon

### "No More Fans"

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The Emcee.  
Golden Child.  
We Crafty...  
Yo G I had this crazy dream last night man.  
The world was upside down yo.  
Everybody was tryin' to get in the industry.  
All I could say was...

I swear ya'll where's the fans ya'll  
Ain't nobody even sittin' in the stands ya'll  
You rap? manage? produce? what?  
Aw shut the fuck up

Its like I went to sleep last night and things were all fine  
Woke up all of a sudden everybody rhymes  
That's how the shit seems  
Everytime I turn around all I hear is "yo let me spit  
sixteen"  
Is it me or do I gotta sign on my forehead  
That says "wanna get signed? just rhyme go head!"  
All this rappin got me stressin  
I wonder if this only happens in my profession  
Like when Jordan had the number one spot  
You think they ran up on him like you gotta see my  
jumpshot  
I don't know maybe it's just me  
But you should need a license to call yaself a emcee  
You must be jokin right you aint dope or tight  
And peep what happened last night at the open mic  
When they called for heads to go up and spit  
The whole club got on stage aint that some shit

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I'd be platinum believe ya ears  
If I sold every demo I received in the last three years  
I aint braggin but I been around the world tourin  
You never left ya house you just stay on the forums  
Open for criticism everytime I spit it  
But who the fuck died and made you the head critic  
Be the ones with no talent whinin how  
Always got somethin to complain about like Simon  
Cowell  
I woulda made the first verse the third  
More ad libs and before the chorus add a bridge  
Like you got the formula for makin a hit  
Only time you ever drop somethin nasty is takin a shit  
If you got somethin to say make it legit  
But it seems like these bastards aint gonna quit  
See they'll dis you knowin that their raps aint official  
Turn around and be like can I do a track with you

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I know you feel like everyday you get a bit closer  
In your room dolo spittin to Jay's poster  
Its cools to chase dreams but I'd advise  
You play it safe don't quit ya 9 to 5  
That's just reality stop duckin it  
Like eatin steak with a butterknife you aint cuttin it  
Oh cause he ya cousin you got him on the track  
Demo didn't even make it to the bottom of the stack  
Sick of so-called producers yall get tired  
Kick the same sales pitch "yo my shit is fire"  
If that's true get ya turn to see me  
But ya beats aint even hot enough to burn a cd  
They never fail to blow my high  
Talkin bout I manage so and so and did blah blah blah  
I sign autographs shake hands and never think  
Cause nowadays fans are damn near extinct

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Where they at...

Nobody...

Where they at...

Nobody...

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