

John Miles

"What???"

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Me and my girls were just sittin' around chillin'
or maybe we were drivin'...I don't remember
but we were listening to the radio
and we were talking about the state of black music
today
or maybe I should say the near non-existent state of
black music today
and we were also discussing the responsibility of music
artists
or shall I say the lack of responsibility...anyway
I put this tape in, and
we were listening to this track
and it made me wonder...

You think you can rhyme over this nigga
You think you can sing over this playa
What...you think you can flow over this hustler

You think you can rhyme over this nigga
You think you can sing over this playa
What...you think you can flow over this hustler

Oh yeah...I forgot to tell you the rules

By rhyme I don't mean nursery
Flow don't mean get your smoke on
sing means...well...nigga just sing the song

No Crissy, no thongs
no baby boos or baby daddys
no tricks, no whips, no weight pushin'
and absolutely no platinum or ice
no guns, no lies about your ghetto rep
and please...the term playa hater...
well I hate to tell you, but...
it's played...out

So now what you gonna do?
Well...let me show you an example of what you could
do

Yo, yo, yo, yo

U-love's about to kick this
Don't resist this
I'll take 8 bars and flip that shit
Don't get it twisted
Now watch me while I rock this
Naw, not the Casbah

I been watchin' you
and I got you
dead center
in the scope of my word rifle
you triflin'
your mediocrity is stiflin'
it's frightening
the way you mislead as you succeed

it's a crime
that in your rhyme
you can't be both consistent, as well as, diverse
in one line you fight adversity
the next find you perverse and shitty
with your verse she
reduced to ass and titty
and we be
watchin' the videos...like...ho

The million dollar glitz breed
is doing a Big Willie blitzkrieg
on the ass and ears
on the ass and ears
on the ass and ears...
of...America

Yeah that's what I'm talkin' about

So now what you gonna do
wit' your rhyme, wit' your flow?

So now what you gonna do
wit' your rhyme, wit' your flow?

Well how about
talkin' about the injustices
the numbers
the blunders
of black males in jail
Or
why not speak truth
about our misguided youth

their daily dying
from thugging and drug selling
that leaves them yelling
from behind bars
far...from the glamour you pimp
leaving scars
with that dope cut
You might as well be saying...
Fuck the masses
long as my ass is gettin' paid

Your mishandling of the mic...and music's power...is
played
it's time for change
so what you think...you up for the challenge?

You think you can rhyme over this nigga
You think you can sing over this playa
What...you think you can flow over this hustler

You think you can rhyme over this nigga
You think you can sing over this playa
You think you can flow over this hustler

I demand reparations
from all irresponsible
fake mogul
crap musicmakers and movefakers
your bad examples could kill my children's future
but we're here to supply the sutures needed
to close the bleeding hole...in the soul of black music

Don't misuse it or abuse it...use it
to send positive not negative messages
bless the kids with dope, but, heartfelt lyrics
they need to hear it

You can still be hard
and keep regard
for your sisters, and shorties and human life
See formidable minds pay the price
for your microphone mistakes

So it's either change...or be changed
Break the chains
Don't be slaves

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