

## Cassidy

# "Interpretation Of The Industry"

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Okay.

This joint is knockin' right here  
I don't even need to write to this joint this easy  
I'mma just talk to 'em off the top, listen

My interpretation of what the game facin'  
I'm basin' my facts on ancient civilization  
And my proclamation plus the world and its foundation  
My education is statin' black unification  
Debatin' whether Satin is situatin'  
And placin' me in a state of mind that can't be shaken  
It's like a leech slurrin' my specch, energy taken  
It's brakin' my fiberglass thoughts that pass through  
my mental  
Lettin' off frustration through meditation in  
conventional  
Dimension in teleportation  
And like the length between words in the first grade my  
mind is spacin'  
Out on route like telephone communications through  
nations  
Give me 360 degree rotations my occupation  
Spittin' flows and creatin' a creation through  
experimental situations  
They drug me 'cause my thoughts bloody like  
menstruations  
Makin' my temperature heat up like incubation  
They tracin' and chasin' from location to location  
I'm stationed at a hotel accomidation  
Waitin' to start me and my squad organization  
But I'm hesitatin', too many outside irritations  
Makin' me pause and might cause altercations  
But I'm penetratin', surpassin' so-called limitations  
Dedication, motivation and concentration  
Manifestation is the key to escalation  
And fluctuation of cheese might cause MC's  
suffocation  
Or tax on cats 'cause no jacks is bein' fakin'  
They typically pissin' me off like urination  
Deflation and toleration is in consideration  
But me in my rankin' is like Bob Marley to Jamaicans  
I might be...slightly exaggeratin' but eliminatin'

These snakes wit affiliation got the system scared  
Like mice durin' extermination  
Erasin' the rhymes rapper's lines wit time and patience  
Takin' no shorts, thoughts like woo blunts I'm lacin'  
Comin' down like condensation givin' proper  
information  
My interpretation of the rap business  
Since my christenin' I wanted to be a rap technician  
Splittin' mics in half for my fans when I'm spittin'  
Never forgettin' how rap started from the beginnin'  
But most of these ignorant rappers talkin' 'bout money  
they gettin'  
Bars they spittin', cars they whippin', nice clothes they  
dipped in  
Hoes they hittin', 9's they grippin'  
But they gotta expand they mind and rhyme somethin'  
different  
For instance, that's what I be kickin' in my writtens  
But if you listen pay attention positivity's mentioned  
My composition has a 50 slash 50 division  
I can please both crowds no vocals is my intentions  
When I do that wit rap I expand my comprehension  
Extendin' my knowledge like goin' to college at  
Princeton  
The industry's missin' and interpretation that's  
sickenin'  
They was wishin' I presented so now I'm forever in it  
The business...

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