

Danja Mowf "Question"

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[mowf's grandfather]

I've never had any uhh..

Healthy degree of respect for, rappers

Because they was rappin the wrong kind of thing..

Or that old bad language, foul language

I never cared for that.. bad language

I don't care if you make ten million dollars a day

It ain't worth it

What does it profit a man to gain the whole world

And lose his soul? nothing

Rap about that

[danja mowf]

Yo, just a thought but I was wondering

What if underground were to hit, would commercial be the shit?

A universal role-reversal -- imagine that

Where a cipher's too commercial and some corny rap is fat

Would hammer then get props, and did ras kass sell out?

Your moms pumping organized konfusion through the house?

St. ide's was a soda and they legalized the blunts

And everybody smoked em and the president had fronts

Would niggaz sportin afros and dreads and the braids

Switch to jheri curls, and high-top fades?

And rappin bout the streets wasn't cool

The underground would pump non-violence, safe sex, stay in school

So who? be real, could you choose? (nah)

When re-al-ity and commercial-ity both fuse?

But I've got news check it out we're on the way (what?)

To making this happen everyday, so I say

Question: do you have to be from the hood

In order, to know, how to rap good?

Question: do you have to pack a tec-9

Serve jail time, to learn how to rhyme?

Question: do you you have to be a gang banger

Or drug slanger, to be a rap singer?

Question: do you have to be an alcoholic
Or a drug fiend, to make green on the rap scene?

Check it out, I was chillin in my crib
With my hand on the dial, bout to watch a video for a
while
Freestyle rules, yes indeed
The song's about hustlers, smokin mad weed
And how many gats you can tote in your coat
And how quick you pull it, and discharge the bullet
Are real o.g.'s, the real mc's?
A brother out the pen with the pen writin sin
Can you tell me then -- if you knows why the do's
always close
When I shows with my demos, suppose it's the clothes
(nah)
Shoulda choose those timbo's
Or talked about some hoes in my flows (that's how it
goes)
Yo it's cool if you live that
If I can't relate, are my rhymes less fat?
Cause I'm not a hustler, a gangster, a player or a g
I'm just an mc bein me, so I ask

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I don't wanna sell my soul to go gold
Or pack a gat to umm, go plat-i-numm
If my pockets fat then umm, let it be from how I come
A smart intellectu-al, poet of the streets
Recitin over beats, representin with the pen
I don't pack nines, but known to carry tens
In fingers, ten funk bringers, they known to bring
Funk to a punk like a trunk full of skunk, pee-eww
I see you, peek-a-boo, who
Got a weaker crew, here's a technique or two
Pay-per-view nigga, for the true niggaz, not the ones
Pullin triggers but the ones whose the father figures
Whoa, that's a radical idea, imagine that
But who would wanna hear
Somethin in they ear positive
Instead of somethin glorifyin just how triflin they live,
so..

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