

Swifty McVay "When The Music Stops"

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[Bizarre]

Music.. reality..

Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference

But we as entertainers.. have a responsibility

to these kids.. psyche!

[Eminem]

If I, were to die murdered in cold blood tomorrow

Would you feel sorrow or show love, or would it matter?

Could never be the lead-off batter

if there ain't shit for me to feed off, I'm see-saw battlin

But there's way too much at stake for me to be fake

There's too much on my plate, I done came way

too far in this game to turn and walk away

And not say what I got to say

What the fuck you take me for a joke? You smokin
crack?

'Fore I do that, I'd beg Mariah to take me back

I'll get up 'fore I get down, run myself in the ground

'Fore I put some wack shit out

I'm tryin to smack this one out the park, five-thousand
mark

Y'all steady tryin to drown a shark

Ain't gon' do nothin but piss me off, lid to the can of
whip-ass

Just twist me off, see me leap out, pull a piece out

Fuck shootin I'm just tryin to knock his teeth out

Fuck with me now bitch, let's see you freestyle

Talk is cheap, motherfucker if you really feelin froggish
leap

Yo Slim, you gon' let him get away with that?

He tried to play you, you can't let him skate with that

Man I hate this crap

This ain't rap, this is crazy the way we act

When we confuse hip-hop with real life when the music
stops

[Swifty McVay]

Ain't no gettin rid of McVay, if so you woulda tried

The only way I'm leavin this bitch is suicide

I have died clinically, arrived back at my enemies' crib
with Hennessy, got drunk then I finished it {*BLAM*}

I'm every nigga's favorite arch enemy
Physically fitted to be the most dangerous nigga with
beef
I spark willingly, with a dillinger in the dark dilligently
I'm not what you think
I appear to be fucked up, mentally endangered
I can't stay away from a razor
I just want my face in a paper
I wish a nigga had a grenade to squeeze tight
to awake neighbors for acres
I'll murder you, I gauge and have me turn into a mad
man
Son of sam bitch, I'm surgical
I'm allergic to dyin, you think not?
You got balls? We can see how large, when the music
stops

[Kon Artis]

I was happy havin a deal at first
Thought money would make me happy but it only made
my pain worse
It hurts when you see your friends turn their back on
you dog
And you ain't got nuttin left but your word and your
balls
And you're stressed from the calls of your new friends
Beggin with their hands out, checkin for your record
when it's sellin
When it ain't that's the end, no laughs, no friends
No girls, just the gin you drink, till your car spin you
think
DAMN! When you slam into the wall
and you fall out the car and try to crawl with one arm
I'm bout to lose it all in a pool of alcohol
If my funeral's tomorrow wonder would they even call?
When the music stops

[Kuniva]

Let's see how many of your men loyal
When I pull up lookin for you with a pistol, sippin a can
of penzoil
I'm revved up, who said what, when lead bust
your head just explode with red stuff, I'm handcuffed
Tossed in the paddywagon

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