

## T Ice

### "Rap Games Hijacked"

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Yeah

Too many hardcore muthafuckas out here in this  
business

Ain't gettin their proper loot

You know what I'm sayin?

(Right)

Check the technique

(Aha)

[ VERSE 1 ]

Everybody talkin 'bout the way hip-hop ain't the same

Suckers kidnapped the game

I know the biggest in the business, and no joke

Half of em broke - and none of em smoke

(Bust the facts, loc)

I got into this hip-hop game

Just to try to get a girl and get some light-weight fame

There'd never been no cash made in it

So who thought you could get paid with it?

Just crash the club with my crew and then I'm outta  
there

Hit some skins, act bugged, that was a rap career

Then Run-D.M.C. jumped the fuck off

Got mad paid, word, kicked the bucks off  
There wasn't many rappers out there rockin the streets  
When hip-hop was just cuts and beats  
I seen \_Wildstyle\_, dug the scene  
I wanna be an MC, rock, rock on - know what I mean?  
I started crashin rap contests  
Shootin hardcore rhymes through wack MC's chests  
I signed on the lines of a wack contract  
Didn't even read it, fuck that  
They gonna put my record out  
I'm gonna be large, know what I'm talkin about?  
In the first 2 years I made about 300 bucks  
Yo, this business sucks  
But I got another chance and I came correct  
Got a lawyer and accountant, now my shit's legit  
But many won't get no second chance  
And get fucked in this biz without a kiss or a dance  
The game is to exploit young ghetto kids  
A straight pimp game, and there ain't no shame  
And the shit's gone too far  
100 hip-hop labels with all white A&R's  
The game's hijacked  
The rap game's hijacked  
Let me tell you how it happened  
[ VERSE 2 ]

Now while every MC in the game  
Was worryin about a white boy gettin the fame  
They dug out the foundation  
Now let me give a demonstration  
Say you got a dope group from the hood  
Talkin mad shit like they're up to no good  
You take em to a label  
Now who sits behind the table?  
Some jewish muthafucka that don't know shit  
Tryin to tell y'all what's a fuckin street hit  
The shit's way off course  
It's like me tellin Johnny Cash how to sing about his  
horse  
You go on tour, the white agency says you're wild  
Tone down your style  
The radio jocks are all pop  
So how the fuck this nigga know what shit to rock?  
The shit that make your face turn green  
Is when you get dissed by a kidnap magazine  
I give a fuck about these muthafuckas  
I'm doin this jam to save my hip-hop brothers  
Get your paperwork straight, kid  
Get a lawyer and accountant just like I did  
Don't blow your dough, cause you will see g's  
But this game has no guarantees  
Learn about publishing points, so you won't be blind

Learn to read everything you sign

Then you might have a chance

If not, bend over, pull down your pants

The game's hijacked

(Yeah

I don't they hear you, brother)

Yo, the rap game's hijacked

(Word)

I'm talkin 'bout a hijack

(Say it one more time, baby)

The rap game's hijacked

Check it

(Break it down for these niggas)

[ VERSE 3 ]

You can go gold and still owe the record label cash

Yo kid, check the math

Learn about the word 'recoup', troop

And stop walkin round all hyped and souped

You ain't nothin but somethin to be used and worked

You ain't nothin but a sucker to be duped and jerked

Cause the fuckin record label don't love ya, pal

They didn't love ya on the street and don't love ya now

They're out to make an end, friend

Cause every dollar you make, they damn near make 10

They'll take you for everything you got

Or else they'll sign you and they put on the shelf to rot

I'm tryin to tell you what's up

You best to listen to this record even if you hate my  
fucking guts

Cause I just can't stand around and watch rap get done

And my brothers ain't gettin none

A nigga like me has gotta spit game

Nigga, get that cash flow. fuck that muthafuckin fame

Cause the white man's rippin us off once again

Real hip-hop, my man

Fool, the rap game's hijacked

You need to listen, nigga

The rap game's hijacked

Need to play this record about ten times

The rap game's hijacked

Black people don't own shit

The rap game's hijacked

Check it

R&B's hijacked

Black acting is hijacked

Just being black is hijacked

(Build, my nigga, build, my nigga)

Nigga

Stupid muthafuckas, they rippin us off

You better get a end..

While the money's there, boy

Silly-ass bitch runnin around with a gold chain

All niggas gotta get some real estate

Muthafucka

Come up

Fuck a bitch

Better get somethin you can own, asshole

White man ain't givin up shit

Word o' life

Although I got a white engineer

But he's gettin minimum wage

So it's cool...

Yeah

Shit's been hijacked

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