

## Dee-1 "Jay, 50, And Weezy"

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Intro:

Yea, so picture I had this dream right?  
That I walked into this office building,  
And the receptionist came downstairs and said:  
"Dee-1, your party is ready upstairs."  
So I hop off the elevator, and I see Jay-Z, 50 Cent, and  
Lil Wayne  
Sitting at a round table.

I hope they hear meeeeeee!

Verse:

What up Jay, what up Fif, what up Weezy, I'm Dee  
I 'preciate yall for having this conversation with me  
I know that I'm the brokest person in the room yo  
But money don't matter here, because I'm rich with  
ideas (Ooo! )  
First off, I grew up listening to all of yall  
From "The Block is Hot" to "Get Rich" to "Blueprint" I  
bought it all  
I paid twenty for "The Block is Hot" at 'Peaches' Wayne  
And Hov I bought Volume 2 because I loved "Money  
Ain't A Thang"  
Fif, you had it locked in high school, huh  
You're the reason I stopped buying Ja Rule  
But I graduated from that train of thought  
So that's why I'm here today, not to fuss but to talk.  
Here we go, look...

50: You're a marketing genius and you're stupid rich  
Let's come up with a scheme and give the game a  
super fix  
I seen you slaughter the careers of other men  
But they were all brothermen, so that's just another win  
For the other team, entertainment is what it seems  
But black on black hatred is the underlying theme  
Paid, powerful, and popular, you got it all  
Use that to fight the real enemies and make em fall  
Other rappers might not understand, but so what?  
The game probably got em bending over doing a toe

touch; it's raping em!  
So Fif, I know you got a heart, homie I don't doubt you  
But trust, the movement's gon move on with or without  
you.

Lil Weezy, flow off the heezy  
But we don't feel your presence down in the Big Easy  
Shouting out New Orleans at the Grammys, that's cool  
But how bout donating some cash money to help the  
schools  
Wealth is cool, but not if you're a selfish dude  
(Get at him Dee! ) --Nah, let's help this dude  
Every statement that I yell is true  
So take heed to it Weezy, this ain't coming from no  
jealous dude  
I know you're smart son, you went to McMain  
Now everything you say and do got kids trying to be  
Wayne  
Friend or foe, it all depends on how you manage your  
talents  
So what you gon do: Step up or step down from the  
challenge

Young Hov, Jigga, H to the Izzo  
It's truly an honor for me to meet you my nizzle  
It's impossible to belittle your impact on the game  
You got the hottest chick in the world wearing your  
wedding ring (That's right.)  
You know most of these lil rappers are wack  
They spitting poison, they hurting the culture, they're  
holding us back  
But I'm trying to see how you feel, cause when you  
speak, people listen  
Do you agree with me, disagree, or you feel  
indifferent?  
With all that you done sold, now you can afford to be  
Lyrically, Talib Kweli  
But truthfully you ain't gotta rhyme like Common Sense  
Just be down for the cause and don't ride the fence, ya  
heard?

Eh man, but hold up, while I got yall here right fast,  
Let me umm, let me look through my notebook.  
Cause see I was writing a rap about this same topic,  
I just didn't know yall was gonna show up to the  
meeting to day ya know?  
I know, I know yall busy. Hold up, hold up Wayne, hold  
up.  
But uhh, let me just, cause I'm still unsigned,  
So let me at least rap this for yall.  
Eh, but my stuff's on iTunes tho... Alright here we go...

Picture this, we got the blind leading the blind  
Man, how stupid can we get, I just couldn't let it slide  
this time  
Besides, my people need this  
And I ain't on a major label, so they can't delete this  
Ha, let's go in:

Now every rapper needs to lose their deals and earn  
em back  
Most of em done let the industry take em and turn em  
wack  
I be spitting from the soul, so they feel ya boy  
I want your EAR and your HEART, like Amelia, boy

Stop Snitching. That's the dumbest thing I ever heard  
of  
That's why nobody spoke up when my dawg got  
murdered  
Everybody trying to stay true to the rules  
Forget the rules if the rules was devised by fools

Most rappers is puppets, that can't be avoided  
Being used for their stupidity, then getting exploited  
By a man with a different color skin  
But homie we grown men, so that's why I blame us and  
them

Me and you, we're David; the industry's Goliath  
I'm here to fight it, & all that trash, I don't buy it  
When I was lost, I used to look up to these cats  
Now I pray for these cats,; How you love that?

A young, dumb, desperate, money hungry rapper  
First a label sees him, then they go in for the capture  
Precisely what they're after, another pawn  
Talking bout the people you killed, Pop pop pop pop...  
Hold on  
They also like it when you talk about your drugs  
How much you sell em for? 18.5, oh that's what's up  
I'm trying not to point, but I hope you get the point  
These cats ain't running the game right, I'ma get the  
point

Fight him, battle him, the media stay instigating  
To us it's real beef, to them it's instant ratings  
Then when somebody get shot, it's such a problem  
That same media's now saying WE should stop the  
violence  
Ancestors of ours are screaming from the grave  
Cause physically we're free, but we're still some mental

slaves

Ancestors of ours are SCREAMING from the grave,  
Cause physically we're free, but we're still some mental  
slaves...

So what yall think?

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