

9th Wonder "Stop Rapping"

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Ft. Buckshot

Look up in the sky, where you'd rather be
Lie to yourself, you can't lie to me
You see lights, camera and action
Everything ain't for everyone, son, stop rapping
Look up in the sky, where you'd rather be
Lie to yourself, you can't lie to me
I see true careers collapsing
Everything ain't for everyone, son, stop rapping

Damn, you make it look easy
For me to get paid, but this shit crazy
I've been at it for five joints
And I still ain't make a profit or pocket one point
I paid for my trip to the UK
Even spent more than the grip in two days
I figured, ay, if I'mma blow right now
Then I'mma go right now, my dough low right now
But it'll, loosen up as I'm moving up the charts
But the only charts I see is a bus
My money feel cold like crush
But me and my niggas hot so I know it ain't us
We the shit and we ain't even sell a record yet
Every nigga on the block saying son a vet
The mixtape don, the father of the features
The problem is none of the features coming out neither
So you can now neither
Come forward or say "son, I ain't gonna blow, and I
know it"
I can't show it
I should have kept my nine to five
But hip hop had me believing that I should try

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Gucci, Louis, Louis, Gucci
Niggas kill me when they say they making movies
You're no Bruce Lee
Return of the dragon, enter the dragon
Enter the stage, y'all can imagine
It's no beauty pageant, you don't get picked
You put in work, and then they love you cause you
didn't quit
You don't make movies, you make skits
For little tricks in your neighborhood, then you
disappear quick
David Blaine, you can save the blame, for yourself
Cause you fucked up, boy, no one else
Telling yourself, yeah, we on tour
When you been around the world in your bullshit Honda
Accord
Ops, a minivan, do you get any fans?
Say you the best, not yet, change of plans
Go get another career
Cause hip hop is like a ball hea, for you it's not here

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