

## Blueprint

### "1988"

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Uh-huh, yeah  
Printmatic, you know the name  
Behind the curtain like the Hunchback of Notre Dame  
I'll steal the show, then your dame  
This nigga down like dropping off in the pouring rain  
My mind stays stuck on filth  
Black cheerleaders ain't trying to fuck a mill  
It's only cause I got your moms on tilt  
You found out it wasn't toothpaste on her quilt  
Sue me, I told you that you sorry  
But Billy Blanks got you thinkin' that you know Karate  
I need to know I play matchmaker as a hobby  
I can introduce speed knots, to your body  
You wanna playa hate, we can take it back to '88  
My catalogue's an epilogue dog, all can set tapes  
And I hope to god you're a scholar  
Cause before I test your rhymes I'm a test your  
knowledge  
Crush any attempts to act brolic  
You the kinda dude I used to lift up in college  
Hands around you, fucked like a dome collar  
Over some small shit like 50 dollars  
You don't want that dude to come outside again  
For real... You better stay in the pocket

Uh huh, yeah... hah  
I used to be a purist  
About the records I've been coppin'  
Don't nobody care about that shit unless the beat  
knocks  
Sometimes I'm on some bassline, 808 shit  
Now I'm on some old dirty drum-break shit  
No denyin'  
Most people listen to their music while they're drivin  
So the next time you think you got a classic  
Throw it all around and listen to it in some traffic  
Make sure you roll the windows down  
Be honest about yourself about how your shit sounds  
Life would be better if more people did that  
I wouldn't have to wait through demo's full of crap  
Too many wack rappers fuckin' up the game

Too many independant acts sounding the same  
Poppin' shit on the net to get a name  
Give props to eachother, sit around and complain  
Your whole philosophy is flawed when your top 10  
Is full of cats you know, and nobody that I heard before  
I need to understand I'm not new to this  
You are for 2 bars I know all your influences  
And ain't none of them tight  
You all need to put down the fuckin' mic  
Sounding corny shit..  
Stay in the pocket

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