

Paul Davis

"Bass Akwards"

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[KatchPhraze]

"It's like nowadays all this hip hop is all about getting paid and letting everyone else know about it. (It's wack.) We forgot where it all started, where it's supposed to be going But I'm here to change all that... because it has to be done. So without further adieux.."

"Lemme introduce myself" -> Pharoahe Monch

When this mic's in my hand it's like grains for sand
Time is ticking so I'm moving 'to bigger and better plans
With my name up in lights scrolled across billboards
While gun clappin' happy crowds are doing rounds of applause
Emcees flap their jaws and still reep the bennifits
Since 95' and they're the reason that hip hops turned to shit
From the moment that I stepped on the stage I got my wreck on
Expressing what up until now wsa getting slept on
I opened up your eyes to late sessions in the parks
when the only light we had was off the Blunts that we sparked
Moved on to new misions between the fake and the real
Record deal hungry artists 'got the wrong crowd appeal, in they' sights
Ain't it funny dirty money's turnin' Honest Ed
into a thief, sleepin' on my record release
Date, wait till your putting down a sound of your own
Then vacate cause this ain't home no more, so get gone
It's all wrong and Bass Akwards
These wack rappers want a tip?go off roading in a Geo Tracker
It's hip hop
It's mic turntables and beat box
It's the breakers in the circles pumping up they' reebox

In my name in grafitti scrolled across the walls
And it's the love that I'm gettin' from all of ya'll
Keep the thugs in the clubs , we'll keep the image legit
I dedicate this song to everyone who said you ain't shit,
word up

[Chorus]

"Holler For a Dolla" (L da Head Toucha)
"Shut the Hell Up" (Juice)
"Half these rappers started rappin' a couple a' gold
chains ago" (Planet Asia)
"It's Hip Hop" (Akbar)
"So who the fuck are you?" (Mad Skillz)
"exploited by many, understood by few" (J-Live)

This is my life
This is what I strive for
The only thing I'd die for
The reason that I opened up my eye for'
I live it, breath it, feel it, need it, fall asleep to it
Wake up in the morning with my clock bumpin' music
Frequent my job's bathroom, HandyCap Stalls
Writin' songs down on toilet paper pressed against the
wall
Or recitin' rhymes at three in the morn' on school nights
with the system thumpin on my way to meet you in the
park fights
Hit up shows left and right to get my name known
Rhyming in the basement on a 20 dollar microphone
I drove my parents nuts with my walk man, head
nodding
Trailing off during the lectures while they're still talking
At times in life I wrote songs of broken hearts
And battles won by reputation 'fore the verse even
starts
And I...put my heart into it when I press it to wax
Forever, I keeps it baggy with my hat to the back
Finally the long awaited let tha whole world peep it
And Lemmie let you in on a secret yo

[Chorus]

"Holler For a Dolla" (L da Head Toucha)
"Shut the Hell Up" (Juice)
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chains ago" (Planet Asia)
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"exploited by many, understood by few" (J-Live)

I remember back in the days when I was first starting

out
Writing songs not even I knew what the fuck they' about
Oh how I've come along since over other's
instrumentals
Paying for open mics so I could boost my credentials
Like a basement chemist, making moves independent
It's slow as hell, especially when your face is blemished
And with candy coated bullshit flooding our magazines
That's the furthest thing from hip hop I've ever seen
I hate to crush dreams like castles of plastacine
But trends go up and down like kids on trampolines
Stand on the finest green and watch my neighbours
starrin' jealous
While fellow emcees fall behind because they acted
over zealous
I grew up on the right side of town left handed
Stuck here to fend for my own, left stranded
Spending overtime with this shit just like you
Hate on me, I dedicate this right back to spite you
A brand new jack rappin for the does? I'm not
I'm gettin' slept on for lack of dreadlocks when I rock
Who woulda' thought all this talk would play out to real
life?
Maybe the time in that basement wasn't wasted with a
mic
In my hand it's precise where it happens son
Come one day, gone the next like fashion
Whatcha gonna' do when your computer starts
crashin'?
Or someone sees through your weak threats with lack
of action
Shit that don't matter, your topics are too soft?
I release my bloated bladder the moment I'm pissed
off
I'm sick of hearing circa early 80's ripped off
By these corny mutherfuckers too scared to lip off
My soul is not for sale, I don't need to hear the cost
Katch me rhymin' over beats that's produced by
ambiance...there you go

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