

## 8 Ball "Artist Pays The Price"

Visit "[Artist Pays The Price](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

How do you think it would feel to go around the world in a day? [repeat]

[Chorus:]

The artist pays the price so you won't have to pay  
(Around the world in a day)  
If only we would listen to what they have to say  
We all go through changes to get to where we're going  
We have to learn a life of sacrifice (yeah, yeah, yeah)  
To keep on growin'

Yeah..

Life is for learnin  
Remember this  
And learn from life  
Think about the players in the past who died in sacrifice  
Some died in wars for a country that oppressed them  
Some died preachin'—prayin for God to bless them  
I am one of the blessed, born to bring the world poetry  
Hip-hop, musically—expressing what's inside of me  
Some find me entertaining. Some find me marketable.  
A potential Black millionaire so that makes me  
targetable.  
Low-lifes and fork-tongued devils get easy access.  
Flashin me faces, making empty promises.  
Soggy niggas sign contracts and make deals,  
Rappin bout who they killed,  
Talking bout they keeping it real.  
Hardcore homicidal, kingpins of the century  
Need to quit rappin and leave this shit to the real MC's.  
But ain't no chance  
Opposing forces got the upper hand.  
Do as they command to keep them from suffering.

[Chorus]

See, I don't know everything  
But my opinion I will voice  
As long as I can choose  
I'll choose the right or the wrong choice.  
Addicted to Hip-hop beats  
And hoes that can't stay out the streets.

Tryin to make a dollar  
Without a nigga havin to rob and cheat.  
Got me hustling  
twenty-four-seven,  
Three-sixty-five  
Coast to coast  
Mic-checkin  
Keeping the party alive  
Engrave my name in the minds of those  
Who bob to this  
Slang and rob to this  
Jack and rob to this  
Herbs and meditation made a pill when I put it down  
But individual perception will change each phrase  
around  
Different towns  
Ain't none of this shit like Orange Mound  
Players unified, digging on my mellow sound  
Exec's  
Get big ole fat checks  
For makin deals  
While soldiers like me in the fields  
Down there getting killed  
When this is all over  
If I could do it again, I do it twice  
Before and after me, the artist will always pay the price

[Chorus]

The industry  
Full of broke niggas tryin to make a comeback  
Rappin bout that bullshit  
Over them weak-ass tracks  
Judging me  
When around the globe, ain't nothing the same  
Think how the world would be if none of this hit had  
ever changed  
Aint like it used to be when hip-hop belonged to you  
and me  
Shit got sugar coated—modified for tv  
Niggas like me, don't give a fuck about commercial air  
time  
Forced underground, ain't nothing commercial bout my  
rhymes  
Rather be broke or slinging dope than hold my tongue  
back  
Niggas who put on acts get they ass beat up and  
jacked  
I'm not a killer—just a poet tryin to survive, nigga  
Given the choice to ride or die, I chose to ride, nigga  
I'm paying the price for all the real MC's after me

Be a artist, not a slave for the industry  
I'm paying the price for all the real MC's after me  
Be a artist, not a slave for the industry

[Chorus]

Full of them trees  
On them Hennesy's  
Fuckin with them G's

Visit [8 Ball](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.