

Ras Kass

"Behind the Musick"

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[Ras Kass] I spit for the cabbage, grind with a mission
And put Capitol Records in missionary positions Used
to love H.E.R. like Common, but then you get signed
(Behind the Music) now I just fuck the music from
behind They wanna know how it feels, locked on
penitentiary tiers Shit I was locked down on Priority for
eight years At least I got good time, half time there
Now it's "Halftime," I'm kickin "Ether" like Nasir Not
here to be liked, came to redefine control of a mic Y'all
still stonin prophets in spite Not phased with my spot in
the light, let you tell it Ras bitter and jealous, no I'm just
better a spitter They try to paint my LP's as mistakes,
tell me How you judge the greatest by how many
records are sold I've got no regrets for the records I
make How can I disown my own "Soul"? This childhood
hobby, adult hustle Don't respect the God, mother
made you motherfuck you My {?} gospel pull video of
the year, presented to you I'm stuck in a contract, no
medical or dental boo I'm miserable, y'all niggaz think
it's all gravy? Stunt 'til they pay me, and I don't give a
fuck if I sold one or one million, but I see you do Only
good as your last record, bad first week you're through
Music is a business and the business of business is to
make money Creativity, they take from me I never
fopped, I just stayed hip-hop When y'all hijacked rap
music, crashed into pop Watch dudes go plat', and
overnight hot Then every clown run to use the same
producer he got And now your song ain't a hit if so-
and-so ain't make the beat Same dickriders used to
say that nigga's beats weak Just Blaze said it best -
collabo's happen now for strategy and marketing,
niggaz only doin features if your SoundScan sparklin
No more magic, pullin my leg like Go Go Gadget
[Chorus] One minute they hate you, next minute they
love you Next minute it's fuck you, then they forget you
You can play the coon, clown around this year Trust
me, you won't be around next year One minute they
hate you, next minute they love you Next minute it's
fuck you, then they forget you Think I've figured out
this hip-hop shit Hypocrites put you on a pedestal, just
to kick you down that bitch [Ras Kass] I'm still a rap fan,

"Microphone Fiend" An insider like Russell Crowe,
behind the scenes You can be the hottest MC, literally
the mic smokin No marketin promotion No 106 & Park,
no TRL Don't kill the messenger homey but don't expect
to sell Viacom own MTV, VH1 BET, five labels until BMG
merged with Sony, EMI, Universal and WEA Only four
labels in the music industry bruh All radio controlled by
two companies Just two rap magazines, read between
the lines Hip-Hop used to be the expression of struggle
with rhymes Corporate monopolized, only certain shit
shines Only way to get radio and video and blow They
control what you say, and the images you show CNN
owned by AOL, own Time Warner Trickle down effect of
the New World Order And you wonder why "Van Gogh"
was killed Same reason Dead Prez lost they deal, get
real I spit for the cabbage, grind with a mission And put
Capitol Records in missionary positions Used to love
H.E.R. like Common, but then you get signed (Behind
the Music) now I just fuck the music from behind
[Chorus] [Ras Kass] Magazine writers misprint you,
take words out of context And got the nerve to wonder
why I'm vexed When I read the publication I was like
"Damn, was we in the same conversation?" This for the
rap conniseurs, magazine critics Backpackers, rap
stars with bullshit gimmicks Fans, even the "Stans," the
groupies and label executives with corporate cards
trickin my budget on coochie Video chicks suckin dick
between takes Hopin to get saved, and thanks for the
ass shake Like Dave Chappelle in "Half Baked," need a
backyotomy And some of these thugs is into sodomy
Large print gimmicks, fine print taketh away Your
favorite rapper ain't recoup label take it away Have a
nigga tempted to take an AK, goin postal Rap made me
loco, hustle bicoastal (Why?) Because the West
monopolize Same ol' niggaz tellin the same ol' lies L.A.
radio, quick to suck out of town dick Sound support
they own create international hits out of regional
records, East coast create the bomb Music capitol of
the world, thought it wasn't when it was And somehow
manage to screw us Call West coast gangster rap
whack, then sold it back to us...

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