

Ras Kass

"The Music of Business"

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(Xzibit): Yea. That's what I'm talking about

(Ras K.): Yea

(Xzibit): The homie John John up in this motherfucker

(Ras K.): Yea

(Xzibit): Mr. X to the Z with a public service
announcement

for all you faggot ass rappers

(Ras K.): What's that?

(Xzibit): They think just because a nigga's rapping
with a label behind him, it's all great

(Ras K.): Yep

(Xzibit): It's modern day pimps and hoes going on

Ask EPMD, rap is still out of control

Cause hip-hop plus glocks = Scott La Rock, Tupac and
Biggie Smalls

I figure y'all niggaz brawl for lack of protocol

Now I'm gonna take matters into my own hands, like
masturbation

Another 39 suicidal rap is at heavens gate waiting to
battle with Satan

Rassassination: taking heads like decapitation (ching!)

Trapped in infatuation (really)? Back up off me

Kiss my ass. Then wake up n' smell the coffee

See, when you're broke and unknown, your baby's
mama clown you

Your family down's you. Don't want your own kid
around you

You ain't shit. Don't do shit

Ain't gone never be shit. So its quits

Two video's later, she's on your dick (Bitch)

When your albums selling, she "Don't Worry, Be
Happy."

Bragging to her friends: "That's just my babies
daddy!"

And sadly, niggaz start acting like they shit don't stink

But wait: you getting cut like the wedding cake

The music business is straight Mafioso:

Jewish, Italiano, and Black

My BMI/ASCAP platinum placque rap track

Bootleg my shit to japan. At Swap Meets, sell my same
shit back

Long sharks break legs. We break beats state to state
And record deals? That shit belong with a fucked up
interest rate

(Chorus 2x):

(Parish Smith sample): Music Please, music please

(Color Me Bad Sample): "Why you treat me so bad?"

(Parish Smith sample): Music please..music please

(Other sample): "I don't know why baby!"

(Xzibit): Just handle your business

(Verse 2)

It's sort of like the label is the devil:

R&B, Pop, Gospel to Heavy Metal

They make doe pimping the ghet-to

Label mates: different rats in the same rat race

The production company is the nigga that you learn to
hate

Management is your crimy. Your lawyer is your liar

And when your famous but po', you set your
accountants office on fire

It's like this: they loan you \$1

For you just to break even, they stack \$10

When you finally make one dollar, your profit is Andrew
Jack-son (\$20)

You skinny. They got plenty. The Benjamins? Before
you see any

They getting G's: big cheese.

No Vaseline fucking dope M.C.'s, "so freeze"

Call the police chief? It takes a thief

Here's everything you need to know about the record
industry,
like a chief.

'Cause labels is doing \$300,000 deals;

Blowing coke smoke up my ass, but we both know crack
kills.

Not very many, rappers ever see a penny

But double platinum is two million units. CD's cost \$20.

(Too true) So here's a clue

Somebody just make \$40,000,000 and it sho' wasn't
you

(Chorus 2x):

(Parish Smith sample): Music Please, music please

(Color Me Bad Sample): "Why you treat me so bad?"

(Parish Smith sample): Music please..music please.

(Other sample): "I don't know why baby!"

(Xzibit): Just handle your business.

Want to know the relationship between hip-hop and
drugs?

'Cause professional athletes, black actors, rappers,
and thugs
all sleep in the same bed together
Rich black niggaz only kick it with other black people
with cheddar
Same lifestyle: legal or illegal
It be us, swinging a three fuck getting skeed up with
peanuts
Which leads up to this: a high turnover ration
Groupies turn tricks and be quick to give fellatio.
MC's get the pussy and fame.
Brothers Essex floss with a corporate card
and charge it to the rappers name
But the label owners make all the real money
Just ask David Geffrey, Barry Gordy, Russel, or Puffy
(ching, ching!)
Business? You don't get what you deserve. You
negotiate
And everything is renegotiable based on the sales you
generate
But hip-hop fans don't buy albums, and, then again,
tend to player hate
The rapper that went Pop. But before this, I never knew
Skills don't pay the mother fucking bills. Money do
Is you stupid? How nice I represent don't pay rent
The R&B ho who jock Theo on the radio buy your CD
doe.
Rap magazines be screaming they keep it real
but keep it fake on the cover
Pulling tennis shoe and clothing advertisements. No
wonder
Like Common "I Used to Love H.E.R."
Now I just fuck H.E.R. with two rubbers

(Chorus: repeats until end):

(Parish Smith sample): Music Please, music please

(Color Me Bad Sample): "Why you treat me so bad?"

(Parish Smith sample): Music please..music please

(Other sample): "I don't know why baby!"

(Xzibit): Just handle your business

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