

## Azeem

### "Show Business"

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[ VERSE 1 ] This is dedicated to my favorite, dead or livin From rappers to the master turntable technicians We haunted, all of us, lost in inner vision Brittle condition, some of the best are stuck in prison Most of us don't know what else to do except the business We only went to school special days they took the pictures Police-ophobic, I suffer lack of patience I'm sort of crazy, but can't afford no medication I face a high percentage my success will never be Cause if I threw a rock I'd hit a rapper, guaranteed Thieves never love the sunny days above the seas The minute that you make it ( ? ) leave [ CHORUS ] That's what sucks about That's what sucks about That's what sucks about rap music I love what sucks about I love what sucks about I love what sucks about Doin it and doin it [ VERSE 2 ] Stoppin for some donuts 80 miles outside of Dallas On a tourbus, everybody thinks I'm Lenny Kravitz We laughin up in Denny's, causin traffic signin napkins And hats with 'Lenny K' - with a peace sign after it It just so happens I haven't showered in like 48 hours I'm rollin wrappers, someone booked this tour backwards Tonight we in New York, then circle to Atlanta Then up to Philly, and then some joint in Alabama Dressing room smellin like a fresh can of anus There's a fly in my potatos and the soundman is ancient Talkin 'bout a show in '88 with Rick James? He loves reggae music, it's "irie" we came? In the middle of the set my speaker get to mufflin My DJ soundin like some alley cats fuckin Over feedback, believe that, it always happens with us And the worst four letter word I've ever heard is show business [ CHORUS ] [ VERSE 3 ] Put out a couple records, do some shows, make impressions And you're just another name on the grapewine naked People like, "I know him" - You don't know me "Aiyo Zeem, 'member me from them Woodworth Street days, gee?" They keep you restin and they play you all accessible Frontin on your schedule, actin all professional They be like, "Gimme your number and ah, well, we'll do this" Meanwhile you can't remember who the hell is Do-This Talkin 'bout a blunt and we should take it to the cuts Shit, y'all ain't stickin me up I don't want that That's how

a brother end up sleepin where the swamps at I'll be at  
the party dancin naughty with some wombat [ CHORUS  
2x ]

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