

Angie Martinez F/ Busta Rhymes**"Crayola"**

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Stax of wax 55 high fulla tracks
New cats jackin beats from way back
Pay for play only way to get them platinum plaques
Clear the racks jobbers slobbin you for tax
Robbery a&r snobbery
Shit is killin me softly wit that same damn song
Makin folk dumber in the summer
A bumper when they shot willie in that hummer
Keep it simple stupid means numbers
Payola dough white owned black radio
Runnin on empty help go the desperado
So i bomb the toms and negros who pray to cash flow
No info to the masses as they shake their asses
No clue but i can't get my shit up in to you

Crayola with that same same ol shit
Crayola with that played playa shit
Crayola with that kid crayon shit
Crayola with them ol spray on hits

All fucked up ways must fall
Now the industry can't stop me
A vendetta to make the whole game better
They get the cheddar
All i got is a fuckin letter
What i owe? What am i
Another number and a ho, they don't know
Time to see em go like dominoes
About time cause they endorsed the crime up in the rhyme
Got these new souls controlled goin outta their mind
Missed what i said cause they don't even own their own heads
Go one go all i forgot they made robots outta some of yall
Today all fucked up ways must fall
Today is up against the wall
Misled in the head fucked by quiet storms and love songs
Noddin heads too hollow forgotten tomorrow
Swallowing all that shit that's shallow

Give the baby anything the baby wants
But that's how them bastards get us up in them
caskets
Try to get me where they want me
Before some of them jump me
Go tell em i'm a start a rebellion
Educate the felons easy on yeah
Tell em what the fuck am i yellin
No tellin you got them artists and artificials
If it ain't right i don't give a damn if it's sellin
Recruits chasin and racin for that loot
Usin usual drum loops so i salute my troops
I don't socialize or mingle, fuck the promotionals
And you know what and that g-damn single
And the marketing team for that matter
It don't matter
Dj's gettin dimes for time on a platter
I ain't gotta be high to jack so i hijack
Fm - radio - eff em turn it around muthafucka
Gods to niggas, queens to bitches
Race against time see em all runnin for the riches
Everything had its chance last dance
Some things change like them weather forecasts
Ha funny how shit don't last

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