

Literates

"We The Ones"

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A lot of people don't know what goes on behind the scenes...

Gotta let you know

[Verse 1]

Here it is now we let it be known

This rap games is filled with look alike and wack ass clones

Enter the zone where the flows become original

We bomb on the pitiful and make them look invisible

It's been a minute since you heard that heat

You turn the channel never findin' what you crave and the beat

Most that sh*t they play is f*ckin' weak

The radio is oblivious to what happens in the streets

We understand you and we feel that pain

That's why we make the hype sh*t to make you feel that reign

Why you think we don't roll with the fame

Could it be we stay true and never go with the grain?

Read the books, this music is all business

Without the right support we become non existent

So I'ma keep it ill, keep it sick, keep it nice

Keep it on the underground and enjoy the light

[Hook (x2)]

We the ones that be keepin' hot

When we rock on ya block feel the shock don't stop

We the ones that be keepin' it tight

All day, all night, that's ill, that's right

[Verse 2]

When we dropped up on the scene couldn't cop a better team

The Literates got skills that every person needs

We learned right away, what it takes to make it in this

We chose not to talk about sh*t that was ridiculous

You hear it all the time, it's gettin' lame

I'm sick of hearing people yap about platinum thangs

I guess it's cool cause it's rap and it sells

But it's monkey see monkey do with no original skills

We know the deal it's not personal it's business
Fans hold the final word on whether we stay in this
Never took the time to drop in at the warehouse
And then you wonder why your favorite rapper seemed
to sell out
It makes me question, why I'm in this to begin with
F*ck it I'ma talk about rims get me a gimmick
I'ma be the illest rapper on the streets
Talkin' bout I keep it real, check the diamonds on my
teeth

[Interlude]

Yeah that's right recognize the real
Not that fake sh*t you hear on the radio every day
You know what I'm sayin' come on

[Hook (x2)]

We the ones that be keepin' hot
When we rock on ya block feel the shock don't stop
We the ones that be keepin' it tight
All day, all night, that's ill, that's right

[Verse 3]

It's not my fault that they spinnin' all that bullsh*t
There they go again followin' the foolish
All these wack rappers soundin' so obnoxious
Talk about the hits they got and don't know how to rock
sh*t
Let's be honest you couldn't harm this
If my eyes were gauged out and my brain left
unconscious
I'm on some sh*t that got your whole conscious
nauseous
You can't lock this we break down ya offense
It's only one way we know to fight back
We got to make that I'll sh*t that makes ya head snap
back
Yeah
But even then we gotta get in within
Put a stop to the sin of wack radio spins
And to remind those, the ones that rhyme minimal
Spend a lil time when you write and be original
It's not difficult listen it's called skill
We the ones that be rockin' the spot and keepin' it I'll

[Hook (x2)]

We the ones that be keepin' hot
When we rock on ya block feel the shock don't stop
We the ones that be keepin' it tight
All day' all night' that's ill, that's right

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