

Nino Bless

"Fuck The Rap Game"

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This rap game is in a dry spell
And every rapper asks the same questions to
themselves
"how can I sell?"
I go online to see how the sites feel
They post the shit they hate on the most, yet they cry
still
Whining all the time
"hip hop is dead these days an I wish it was '99"³
And I'm searching for better ways
Like u ain't gotta post a song everyday
A renegade who took sumthin from Jay
Just read a magazine that fucked up my day
How u tell folks who built a buzz on the net
They never was when I checked
Til their pub got a check
Blogs used to be for he who built rhyme clout
Now these labels wanna go the unsigned route
This shit is my house
Crook's and Saigon's
These suits seen our vehicle work and they hitched a
ride on
(right on) I tell it in rhyme form
Am I wrong?
U bicker while playing this guy's song
I log on and next thing see you bitchin about
The state of rap
And u blame it on some kids from the south
I admit this shit's in a drought
But how u helpin this out?
U the reason why they feelin the slouch
U keep givin em slots to be fair
That's how I'm out dapslyrics.com
Now here, I don't care I'm still airing em out
Hear me out now
Feel me, let me talk
Many doubt, there's a cloud hanging all over New York
I know The Source would say I'm next to take off
But I ain't tryin to pay to be on Off The Radar

Hook:

These days all I hear is (FUCK THE RAP GAME)
Everybody wanna cry (FUCK THE RAP GAME)
Everybody wanna scream (FUCK THE RAP GAME)
I'm tired of ya'll saying (FUCK THE RAP GAME)
"I Hate this shit!" (FUCK THE RAP GAME)
"Why is this on!" (FUCK THE RAP GAME)

Verse 2:

Rock a bye baby
If Pac's alive, save me
How could y'all hate me?
Hip hop's alive, thank me
I don't get a 5 cause I ain't Jay-Z
Plus all these lames sneaking under fake names rate
me
Wait, here's the best way to get up in the game
Get a chain then you pay a rapper with a little name
Get some bars and the hook?
Fuck it, get T-Payne, have him sing anything
That's all the radio is playing
Shit, do it yourself on Autotune
And you could watch your stock go boom!
Monkey see monkey do
I do me, fuck u dudes
oh these spicks comin through? Tuck your jewels!
DJ's will say that you're dope, that's great
But they need a few stacks from you to host your tape
Cuz you hold no weight
Even with your dope rhymes
That don't matter these days dog
You need a co-sign
Gotta go with the times
Ya music don't mean nothing
To get a buzz hit World Star, screen stuntin
E-thuggin, that's why the game is suckin
Damn I thought Obama said change was comin?
Now, what's the main lesson we've learned?
Look kids, cry all you want but you contribute to the
bullshit
And I know you don't think that I'm wrong
But even after this track you'll still sing that sad song
And you know how that goesâ€¦

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