

Shad**"Hot Dog Garbage"**

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They say he's like the new K-os, cause I got a band and
a brain, I guess
Every black man is the same. Growing up I was nothing
but a fan of the
Game, with a spark a friend said let it fan into flames...
Stoked I spoke
From the heart I figured listen this is art, If I'm lame I'll
advance with
A cane, If I'm trippin' I'll stop, if I'm not invited into the
club then
I'll dance in the rain... But my brain playin' PYT, but
since that Pamela
Line, I'm not on VIP. Shame. Some entertainment got
me feelin' cold chills,
I could point to some cases like deal or no deal... It's
crazy like Tracy,
Jordan on NBC, that they will show The Hills, but not
Lauren performing on
MTV, switch converters, hands wave to my mp3. They
say you need a vid to
Get big, No Lie! But the video games not for kids! Did
both sides of the
Math but it's more like trig... Can't figure who'll cosine,
Dig? Cause no loan
Equals low +++... Cause low like me has barely seen a
cut like low rise
Jeans, I mean by my means, I can't afford this. Look I
ain't the Mike
Jordan of recordings... But even Michael got a grant like
chrous... Yeah and I
Know what the board says, We'll show you love when
you show us a chorus...
But man I can't force it! Yo, they say I heard you gave
up rap music to be
A grad student, Dog, I'm a grad student, I ain't that
stupid... In Vancouver
Where the sand is smoother than Cancun, and the
water is safe so you can't
Scuba, cause it's fresh! No canned tuna on the West
Coast, But the grand
Poobah in the land cruiser lets it go... Get the special

van buddah says no,
Only guy on the whole coast with no supply, Where they
smoke and they lie
'Till their bones are dry, Or they rename the Rockies the
Stonies, Why?
Because west of the range folks is always high! At least
that's the
Stereotype... But I could say the same thing for what
Ontario is like! Now
Hold up, how long am I gonna talk this nonsense it's
liked I blacked out,
Man, I thought I was conscious... Some kind of com
sense, some kind of black
Thought, one of God's men in chilla, Amen... Look, I
ain't the Christ but if
You want to know what my faith is like, it's like too
much, I can't portray
It when I write... God said, Son try and say it with your
life, convey a
Living right in the way that you love people, and shun
evil, become
Peaceful, and be slow to speak because the tongue is
more lethal than the
Gun when it's all said and done. It's not who won,
WE'RE one! So even if
One is lost than our sum is none. Yo, I ain't mean to get
deep all of a
Sudden... Hold up, I can talk on all the superstar
stuntin', cats frontin' to
The point, they can hardly even go to the wash room
without a costume... Who
Told you it was cool to make pop tunes and brag about
gunshot wounds? They
Need to stop soon +++ Yo, Hold up, hold up, I'm
spazzing out like Kanye or
Like my little brother, and I ain't talking about Fonte, My
songs, the
Regularly do the Sean peyton, smooth as Andre, lay
nude as Ron J (Jeremy)...
I just mean that I'm raw don't take it the wrong way,
Double entendre if
You want to play. Bring strong game, Bring over Lebron
James, been a long
Way locked in my enclave written', till the paper filled
more than the
Paper mill made. No paper they had to make scrill out
of old, stale, paper
Mache... They told me Shad K, don't treat paper that
way, cause we can't
Breath if you kill them trees. That's a roundabout way
that I kill MC's...

Dog, I'm twisted, the business of this linguist is
mischief... I've got'cha
Holding on these bars, like a gymnast, more bars than
a Guinness pint... I
Like that second bar metaphor more, I ain't the fitness
type, now who's the
Sickest? Tell me who could spit this hype, this type, this
black and still
Rap this bright, not bright like the color like, write what I
write, it's
Colorless, it's right... It's just like I want brothers in
gangs giving up
They colors like Mike... I want dudes in suits in coupes
in tune, so they can
Use the cash to bring life, I want women in gyms,
thinking slim isn't in...
Nahh haha, let me begin that again... But I want women
to begin to see in and
Not thinking as much of what men think of them. Or
giving into the trends,
Big or slim, feminine limbs, cause the real gym is
within... I want women in
(Cough) I don't know, I just want women, man... Nah,
I'm just playing with my
Women friends there, this is sincere, gentleman,
sentiment here! Now if I
Ain't the greatest on the day I die, my last words will be
laughter like
"Why ya'll lie?" I'm just a nerve writing raps on my
laptop, quit, close
It, make it go flat like bad pop... And Shads' pop always
played bad cop, had
No badge, though we didn't give him mad props... But
now I respect it,
Perspective, spectacles, and hindsight, seeing it's
corrective... So when I
Get kids, if they get arrested, they gonna get licks like
breathmints,
Check it! I ain't abusive but I do make a few hits... on
charts, leave a
Mark, like bruises... Without the new whips, just a cut of
real music... This
Is for my wool kid, D.J. Who dig, pullin' out wax like
Qtips... Find it
Loose, it's sick like Mr. Qtips... The new Biz Mark this
kid's stupid... But
Spit sharp like toothpicks on an all inclusive cruise
ship... As my crew sips
On a cocktail, like that cruise flick, like clockwork, like
cupric. Eyes
Wide shut, bye bye, I'm all in the game let me try my

luck. Now I'm living
Off shooked ice, dreams of the good life hanging by a
foot, like dudes
Working for Suge Knight, books heavy like kush
everynight, dreams, I'm
Trying to give life, I'm trying to give life, with no
midwife, to help
Through the rigger, so I just gotta push myself to the
liver, On my own, on
My sudogrown, all alone livin', on alone, but given', I
gotta home, I
Wonder what I should give to the homeless, to love all
men, like the stone
Says, I'm trippin' out, forgive me, I live with doubts, and
the voice that
Tells me that I should take a different route, all the
rings and things you
Sing about, give them out, it's hard to yell with hellfire
in your mouth,
And I'm out...

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