

DJ K.O. f/ K-Hill, Masta Ace, Phonte, Wordsworth

"Ladder of Success"

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[Intro] Yes, the game {*echoes*} Analogic Yes, uh
Let's make a move "Here we go" [Phonte] It's Phonte
and K.O. Delivering that new born shit This verse is a
day old So handle with care and keep your hands in the
air When I'm on stage Hand in my face, doin' the Yayo
Soul seductive if you say so But so productive cause I
lay low Back in the days before the laptops and trails
Niggas had nothin' Now it's cribs and trucks and fam
on the pay roll All cause we make the crowd say "Ho"
With no tour support or major label backin' I mean
without no up front money just back ends Now the
check is cut even before the bus back in Niggas see me
in the magazines like "Tay your verse was Murder Dog"
Funny, that's the first time I heard of y'all And that's
exactly why this track I put a hurtin' on Until my ungodly
flow have converted y'all [Chorus: K-Hill] Ayo, we rose
from the bottom now we major Look at where we goin'
now Look at where we came from Holes in the walls to
the sold out palladiums Grow, never fall, stand fall till
we ancient bro "C'mon!" And to the fan base we gotta
give appreciations To the critics from the magazines
and publications To the DJs that spun our jams across
the nation Thank you for the loyalty, love and the
dedication [Masta Ace] Truthfully, I'm glad some rap
fans remember me I read all the letters and e-mails
you sendin' me Honestly, the game don't feel like a
friend to me It feels more like I'm sleepin' with the
enemy Cause payin' dues really feels like a penalty The
shit feels like, a big waste of energy Because cruel is
what this rap game has been to me That's why I'm bout
to get out Like it's ten to three Every now and then I do
have the tendency To treat my injury, and drink a little
Hennessy But I don't have an alcohol dependency
Some dudes do, from fuckin' with this industry That's
why a lot of rappers smoke like a chimney The game
got 'em sick They tryin' to find a remedy In the
meanwhile From now til infinity I'm gonna try to
increase my wealth like a Kennedy [Chorus]
[Wordsworth] My verse is outstandin' Punchline knock
you on the canvas Like I'm boxin' in the title bout landin'
Keep the crowd standin' Come to see Not for free But

dollars, the freestyler that spits without plannin' Sold
CDs on the road without scannin' With cheap
promoters, arguin' to get my man in Photographers
Focus in their Fujis and Canons You see the fans in the
background usually standin' Words, Phonte and Ace
Give us a stage and dates Explorin', tourin' the states
like Amazing Race Talk opening My term and poetry is
like a sperm and ovaries Then in turn, you'll learn to
grow with me As old as we Get, folks will be Quotin' me
Socially discussin' each rhyme And each lines potency
My first impression is good I don't need no third But I'm
Words I always need a second chance to be heard
[Chorus] [K-Hill] Today they love me long time
Tomorrow, new rapper, new drink New coat tails to
latch on New ships to sink The game treat me like I
used to treat my old flame The irony Left me with a bad
taste, wrinkle my face and iron me Okay that was a bad
line And sadly enough, I've been writin' a lot of those
lately The fans notice and they start to hate me Damn
it, I tarnish my track record That hip hop song made my
album a wack record They used to cop my
merchandise At my shows Spit my verse, word for word
Cult followers knew I was nice But that wasn't enough, I
had to take a roll of that dice And cop nothing but a
snake eyes and to my surprise I returned home like the
prodigal Where niggas rob you Haters do they damn
best to abolish you Chickens slobbin' you for nickle
bags Swear they trickin' you Mad at them because the
game tricked me One song No album About 2:32 Which
means somebody owes me twelve more minutes of
fame No album About 2:32 Which means somebody
owes me twelve more minutes of fame [Chorus]

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