

Gumz f/ Versatile

"In the Beginning"

Visit "[In the Beginning](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Intro) Gumz

Yeah, Versatile, Gumz

We 'bout to take it back to the slums

(Chorus) Gumz X2

In the beginning back when rappers were just an infant
Cats used to kick the wisdom, now it's all about the
ignorance

Rapping on the street corner wasn't about the beat
format

You kick the facts and get the crowd to react

[Gumz]

Ayo, back in the days when the Bronx had the streets
locked

With graffiti artists, block parties and the beat-box
Hip-Hop was just a new invention, unintentional
They started making break-beat records

I reminisce for a second, on where it all started

'Cause nowadays it seems leer, long lost art

When shit hit the market, music fans ate it up

Corporations noticed the shit and they wanna make a
buck

When shit is marketed, the artistry diminishes

They have to spread the shit across the country to the
businesses

For more leverage and the advertising rights

To keep the rigid, all position, it's a vicious cycle

The only thing that suffers is the music quality

Honestly, but provides jobs to help out the economy

The most important thing should be the culture

But the vultures wanna leech off the trends

So follow me

(Chorus) Gumz X2

[Gumz]

Since when did Hip-Hop become about selling shit?

Selling kicks, selling clothes, selling drinks, selling
souls

Videos hoes and them weak ass flows

It's like anything for celebrity, they need to be known
Flown around the country, just another cheap ass clone
Spit a poem as I hear another pop song
Someone please explain that shit to me 'cause I don't
get it
I think it's estrogen, they all kinda feminem, but
whateva
It's just me, I like that hard-core shit
Stick-up a middle finger, fuck the world music
'Cause lyricism, is a dying breed, we need to bring it
back
And I'm just tryna plant a seed with my raps
Can't you see I'm suffering for my cause?
What's the cause? Fuck the money
I just want the fucking crowd to applaud
Is you doubting me dawg? You better bow to the floor
'Cause I'm the realest mothafucka that was ever born

(Chorus) Gumz X2

[Versatile]

Yo, yo, it's the degree that made the piggy fatter
The ladder, demonic seeds that make a biggie platter
And shatter part of the soul of Hip-Hop
They lack the sense of history
Like spitting a sixteen with a beat-box in a battle rap
circle
And paying respect, and a gold chain to the victor
Blistering lyrics of fury that's out to bury
Nowadays it's more that of a haze, a cloud around a
proud
A hole inside the souls of these merciless hoes out for
gold
And hoping a blood, well they can blow me
And hopefully they see that it's not to be
Eventually the cycle comes around and bites you
Despite the record sale, the heckler's hail
And love & war if you can juggle both you will prevail
So that's my testament to the ones who made it from
the slums
I represent them, first and foremost
The music movement, something you can groove to
This pertains the rooster that once made the Hip-Hop
That you hear today, that simply sinking, in the
beginning

(Chorus) Gumz X2

