

## Hush f/ Bizarre

### "Real T.V"

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Bizarre: "Boys and girls... this is a broadcast brought to you by...  
some real ghetto Detroit shit..."

[Verse 1]

I tried to come up with a speech that heat seeks  
In a mans last stand with a heart that beats week  
Who each week turns on the tube to sneak peek  
And see the same dude on a screen in repeats (so)  
Consider every word that I spit  
Every song on my albums a movie and this is the pilot  
You're forced to eat rhymes and this a mere chapter of skills  
And here after you'll feel the FEAR FACTOR  
A lone diver in flows and more liver in shows  
With eye of the tiger like SURVIVOR  
You seen it all before I just inherit the title emcee  
Now it's me your new AMERICAN IDOL  
Without all of the bull or me in a seat rhyming  
I'll fuck Paula Abdul and beat the shit out of Simon  
I'm not your BIG BROTHER I'm JOE MILLIONAIRE  
With your bitch throwing hundred dollar bills in the air

[Chorus]

Back to life (hey yo I gotta take it)  
Back to reality (yeah)  
Back to the here and now (uh)  
Back to life (I gotta bring it)  
Back to reality (so I gotta take it)  
Back to the here and now (uh)

[Verse 2]

See I gotta change the channel in rap take it back as a hole  
One of these rappers try to act as THE MOLE  
Just an AVERAGE JOE or just a JACKASS  
Probably a BACHELOR with QUEER EYE for straight ass  
I'm no APPRENTICE I landed a DREAM JOB  
In a scene where each mob on the streets with teams rob  
We don't live A SIMPLE LIFE we live by ROAD RULES

TIL DEATH DO US PART and the tools are old school  
Fuck ELIMIDATE I should start elimi-fake emcee  
Who's career is just 1 big mistake cuz  
This is the REAL WORLD where you watch from cheap  
seats  
WEAKEST LINK's get killed over beats and defeats  
2 of the best died they don't find no murder weapon  
No suspects no TAXI CAB CONFESSION  
No search star killers the faces glazed over  
This entire case needs an EXTREME MAKEOVER (what)

Bizarre: "Don't touch that dial... we'll be right back after  
these messages...  
you dirty filthy ass nasty son of a bitch..."

(I gotta bring it)

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

I'm hot I don't stop when I'm taking a stand  
And keep my pockets Puffy like I'm MAKING THE BAND  
Won't be no TRADING SPACES or even A CHANGE OF  
HEART  
I don't use SCARE TACTICS I'll tear you apart  
This is reality to make it though BOOTCAMP  
WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE with a pocket of  
food stamps  
YOU GOTTA SEE THIS for THIRTY SECONDS OF FAME  
AMERICA'S MOST WANTED try and step in this game  
They water down the show with these hooks that just  
rival  
Ozzy OSBOURNE'S speech when he needs a sub-title  
I'm not in it for fame or even the props  
If I wasn't ripping mics you could find me on COPS  
Being chased by hands of fans for autographs  
And police who say I left them a trail of bloodbath  
For killing instrumentals from snares & kicks now  
To guitars & licks arrested and thrown in THE BIG  
HOUSE

[Chorus]

Bizarre: "This has been a public service  
announcement... from your man Hush...  
and I'm Bizarre from D-12... what the fuck...  
we about to shoot the club up... I'm gone... Rock City...  
Hush... Bizarre... Rap Guys  
Hahahaha... 2 rap guys... I'm out..."

