

Ken Broke

"Starving Artists"

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{*scratched: "Do what I believe"*

[Verse 1: Justme]

Yeah, yo this is Justme on this track here with Syntax
The Terrific
We're just two struggling artists; you know what I'm
saying, but uh

I'm sick of everything these rap stars producing
From optical illusions to pop sonic pollution
Introducing confusion to what hip-hop is
Now Americans gotta learn that from foreign kids
I'm warning kids, they don't wanna know what morning
is
Afraid they won't learn if they don't feel the storm in it
Getting harder to do the right things
With so much goin wrong up on the bright screen
As is shines in they eyes like the skies above
From stargazing, it's amazing they don't see the sun
But they fighting at night, with no guiding light
Outta heart, outta mind if it ain't in sight
So many twinkles in their eyes replaced by dollar signs
But I'ma shine mine regardless of primetime
It's a fine line between fine night and forever
But the true light will burn out never, whatever

[Chorus: Justme] X 2

It's ill being a starving artist (for real)
Regardless of what the art is (but still)
Some kill to be a starving artist (sooooo)
So then it all depends on where your heart is (for real)

[Verse 2: Syntax]

Yo, I reject the king's table spread with Babylon stones
Syntax The Terrific not to live by bread alone
So give me a diet of quiet and solitude
Revolution is a riot with nothing to prove
And yet everything to lose, like never before
If we are what we eat then what are we starving for?
I mean you must have a reason, don't say it's respect
Props ain't worth the drops of sweat on daps you collect

Don't say to keep it real, the culture doesn't need you
Plus you wouldn't have the skill, dude, to sell out if you
willing to

Don't say to represent, you ain't a freakin' diplomat
Rapping never asked for you to snap on its path
I'm just trying to keep it abstract, pack some t-shirts
Sacrificing cream doesn't get you just desserts
Flirting with the burden, working fingers to the bone
Sown a gravel pit a mustard, admit the spot was never
blown

And let's be honest, you give me a hundred G's
I'll dress like Ricky Martin singing ABBA outta key
Don't flatter your own artistry, it's not that important
Got another people that what matters the most's each
morning

While you're sacrificing secret, keeping obtuse
metaphors

Get back to me when hungry isn't trendy anymore
Syntax and Justme, we're hungry for the title
While some just keep it real, we're trying to keep it vital

[Chorus] X 2

[Verse 3: Syntax]

I threw a party at the crib to see if I could have one
Hit the local store, bought food just to flash from
Went back to school, see if I could act dumb
Kicked my own crotch and tried to fight the reaction
Went to Scribble Jam, wouldn't start snappin'
Joined a B-Boy crew, wouldn't do the backspin
Bought a 22, refused to put a cap in
Tempted every appetite to starve every passion
Why? You're probably asking, please everlasting
Laughing while I'm rapping but I'm crying through this
pen

Be lucky to get a two, in your internet review
And a comment like "He's aight for a Christian dude"
Well, here's a point of view and I hope that ya like
You do a good review for a dude who can't write
Just joking, 'cause cats have been cruel
But if a diamond is a diamond don't qualify it a jewel
Independent rule number 9 or maybe 6
Doesn't matter just remember: they think God is a
gimmick

But pot is legit and glocks make you legitimate
I represent the rock that is higher than my critics
"Syntax is dope", that's what Pac and Biggie said
Quoting dead rappers just to cop some street cred
I go without bread, take this cross instead
'Cause if believers are behind then I'm ashamed to be
ahead

Syntax and who? (Just me) Just you
Just two struggling artists just doin what we do
Syntax and who? (Just me) Just you
Just two struggling artists just doin what we do

{*scratched: "Down to the chromosomes, I'm the
purest to this art form
Down to the chromosomes, I'm the purest to this art
form
Enlight your hope, I touch and let the world catch on"*}

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