

Leila Negra & Peter Alexander

"Dedication"

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[Tajai]

To everyone who bit material and ran with it
Punk I see you
None of you can escape my view
To all the off beat rappers, fuck your lyrics
Learn your lyrics for you bust your lyrics
Especially to niggaz who front like they freestylin'
With that rearranged rehearsed verse you fuckin lames
This goes to fake niggaz with corny shows
I paid 40 bones just to watch you front and pose
To all these wannabe dyke bitches actin like bitches
All I wanted was some fire for this weed I twisted
To the cats thinkin they touchin me
That's absurd
Oakland, Cali, perhaps you heard
To the so-called theorists
This here is about vibes and spirit
And anybody can feel it when they hear it
To the rap critic
You fuckin herb
Fuck you, your review and your SAT verb

[Goapele - chorus]

Fakers
Hosers
Losers
Haters

[Tajai]

To these ol' new booty rappers screamin' back in the
day
You think old school is Special Ed and Big Daddy Kane
To these video hoes swearin' that you models
Then why you suckin for cash and gettin fucked with
champagne bottles
To the whiteboy rappers
Keep it true
I ain't forgot, there was a time when yo ass would get
mine
To this head claimin freestyle king, write a song
I ain't tryin to hear you rhyme about the crowd all night

long

To the wannabe thug, thinkin' cornrows and tats
Would it keep me, from breakin my foot up in yo ass?
To these record execs hidin behind contracts
Watch ya back, stay strapped, you snakes, you rats
To these hangers-on and yes men
Screamin about the guests list
Guess what, you can get this dick
To these revolutionaries who ain't went to Training Day
You think the block's innocents can keep you out of
harm's way?

[Goapele - chorus]

[Tajai]

To these cowards posin with guns thinkin that's going
to stop me
Your soul is now my property, you should've shot me
To these half naked hookers, man be starin
Put some clothes on then we won't have nothing to
stare at
To these rappin ass show promoters, please don't flow
Just introduce me and collect my dough
To these ol' internet busters, come up and speak
In fact, don't come up and speak, you might get your
ass beat
To the hype man, who don't know his rapper's rhymes
Got 'em runnin' out of breath or leavin' blank spots half
the time
To these cats with these heavy chains heavyweight
tools
I went to college I'm tryin to pay to graduate school
To these players, these hoe payers
You ain't a pimp, you a trick
We make 'em pay for the dick
Now to these hoes that think they gonna get some of
my bread
I made this money and I'ma keep it right there

[Goapele - chorus]

[Tajai]

To these quote an quote underground cats
Guess what, you went commercial soon as you sold
your first rap
To the stations claimin there where hip hop lives
Hip hop lives in the streets, you be the dick
To the cat in the crowd who wanna wear a flown
Why don't you go home or something, you're a fuckin
clown
To these Pac immitators, I hate to be a hater

But he was one of the greatest, and you can never
duplicate him
To the dead beat daddies, you're not a man
How you gone have your kids runnin 'round without a
dad
To the baby momma's tryna find a man
Find yourself, you got more prince and matters in hand
To anyone who got a problem with what I say
The name is Tajai
Send all drama this way
To these jada folks screamin fuck hip hop
Fuck you motherfucka, I love hip hop

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