

Tonedeff "Politics"

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Oh mercy, mercy me.
At this point of my career I should already be on my
third CD/
But every turn of the way has been met with adversity/
But I'm cursed, it seems, and I been disserved
purposely/
And it's herbs like these, that've got my blood
boiling to the third degree/
And I'm nervously avoiding this urge to just burst
and scream/
Feeling the thirst for revenge! I can no longer pretend/
That mentally I won't be plummeting off the deep
end/
I'm desperately seeking these trendy
motherfuckers,
Just so I can teach them never to speak on any of us/
There's something you wanna say?
Get that other rapper's cock out your throat! No
wonder he's been coming out your face/
Son, never doubt The Plague, cause we infect against
even the best/
medicines and vaccines, sedatives and bactrine/
I'm fed up with the rap scene/
As I'm Dealing with an amount of politics that would
even give the president bad dreams/

Every thing you see and hear was paid for/
So, don't try to discredit me, cause my shit isn't
played more/
Just imagine having to wait, bored, at the stage door/
Cause nothing aches worse than a name on the
marquis when it ain't yours/
And you're trying desperately to make noise, but
all you get's hate,
From biased record pools that'll chart anything for
their next crate/
Or elitist DJs that only spin vinyl "go get
pressed!" /
But give 'em a Nas exclusive MP3 and they'll
play the shit dead.
These vicious double-standards can be seen in many
arenas of the game/

From radio burn to video screens, the shitâ€™s the same/
From Magazines to mix DJs â€œ You give â€™em the green, they give the OK
Cause niggas are greedy leading the race, they sell you a dream and spit in your face/
And it isnâ€™t easy to look away, when youâ€™re focused on your Budden career/
Pumped up with potential, but you canâ€™t fire nothing from here/
Need anything done? Then you gotta do it yourself with no help/
When you make on your own? Then everyone shows to share the whole wealth.
But, Oh well â€œ Another day in a cold hell.
When everyone riding your coattails are the same cats thatâ€™ll pray your record donâ€™t sell/
I wonâ€™t settle for NO REMARKS about â€™room for improvementâ€™ /
When you boo at QN5 and refuse to review the music/
Bitch, youâ€™re fronting on the future, stop watching your back and face forward/
Reviewers best to listen to this like they paid for it/
Cause, what the fuck!?! Do I need to get shot to get props?
Do you need talent? I guess notâ€¦ but with drug money and a guest spot/
You can spend lots on a track from the producer of the month/
And thatâ€™ll induce you with the buzz, thatâ€™ll get you news-scoops and the pub/
But Buddy, Iâ€™m flat broke. So on that note, Iâ€™ll say goodbye to articles/
Bookings for college shows, distribution pushing us hard for dough/
Then you wondering why youâ€™re seeing the same niggas over and over/
The more original the flow, then, the colder the shoulder/
The same reason you canâ€™t stand that verse you heardâ€™s/
The same reason you know it word for word. Dog, itâ€™s Politics.

My patience is drifting/
Cause Iâ€™m in no political position or famous enough to state my opinion/
Of this game and itâ€™s minions, Iâ€™m staying silent and numb/
Cause you canâ€™t put your foot in your mouth or swallow your words while youâ€™re biting your tongue/

So with nice-guy reluctance, I'm fighting my
grudges/
And it's hard to be polite with others when
you'd rather take a knife to fuckers/
Here's my final shot at diplomacy " believe this/
Swing for your third strike, I'm calling you out on
the remix/

Chorus:

I can't breath
And I can't see
And I can't move
Cause I'm sick and tired of these politics

I can't sleep
And I can't think
And I can't live
Cause I'm sick and tired of these politics.

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