

Madd Kapp

"Think About It"

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{*28 seconds of instrumental to open*}

[Madd Kapp]

I don't see no love around us, dirty ridin chunk of dirt
I see the devil lightin fires, see the world gettin worse
Watch the news and see the sufferin, enough of it can
hurt

Disappointment is my everyday, my neighborhood's
my church

How the hell can you just pass around the plate and
play blind

When the economical has astronomically declined
You can scream Thug Life and swear to God that you
hot

Just keep one thing in mind man, you ain't Tupac
Tupac got shot and that's the path that you travel?
Well that's a damn shame man, young lives unravelled
Sometimes the world's on my shoulders and I feel like
quittin

If I passed on, I wonder if somebody would listen
Cause nowadays, we identify pleasure with pain
Like every hero that we ever had died in vain
Will we change any time soon? I highly doubt it
This life is real that we live in, we should think about it

[Madd Kapp]

Sometimes the rhyme's like speakin in tongues
Dead language, undetected by the powerful ones
They get lucky and crack codes like fa'shizzle and such
And mass market it, livin off the blood in our nuts
Rapin hip-hop, molestin street music

Quote what they want to and misconstrued it
Live off Tupac and live off Big

And live off of the money of suburban kids
And make, murder attractive, tell 'em be thugs
Then tell 'em it's all glamorous and tell 'em it's love
But the damage is unanimous, half of us on drugs
One quarter deceased and one quarter just lost
If people would do the math I know they'd be pissed off
We tired of gettin nuttin, we ready for lift-off
God bless the dead and those who paved the way

Your voices are still ringin while the angels say
Think about it

[Madd Kapp]

We all hustlers~! Survivin hardships and struggles
Most rappers got ties with a friend in the bubble
It ain't the game that's deceased, it's the people
involved
It's the yes man, standin makin money from y'all
And you allow him, bow down and pay Satan allowance
For the ice and the mansions and the Porsche and the
prowess
Just a pawn in the game for the fame and cheddar
But your soul's in the flames cause you love this better
I'ma pray for your ignorant ass and ask mercy
And mash a whole album, you can't ever hurt thee
I'm Madd Kapp, I don't boast or brag
I got sixteen years with my nasty ass
Hahaha! I taught people how to rhyme and make beats
It ain't a mystery, down river belongs to me
Ha ha! So whatever man I love my kids
I love to see 'em strike a deal in the music biz
Think about it

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