

## **Mase F/ Puff Daddy**

### **"The Music of Business"**

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(Xzibit): Yea. That's what I'm talking about  
(Ras K.): Yea  
(Xzibit): The homie John John up in this motherfucker  
(Ras K.): Yea  
(Xzibit): Mr. X to the Z with a public service  
announcement  
for all you faggot ass rappers  
(Ras K.): What's that?  
(Xzibit): They think just because a nigga's rapping  
with a label behind him, it's all great  
(Ras K.): Yep  
(Xzibit): It's modern day pimps and hoes going on

Ask EPMD, rap is still out of control  
Cause hip-hop plus glocks = Scott La Rock, Tupac and  
Biggie Smalls  
I figure y'all niggaz brawl for lack of protocol  
Now I'm gonna take matters into my own hands, like  
masturbation  
Another 39 suicidal rap is at heavens gate waiting to  
battle with Satan  
Rassassination: taking heads like decapitation (ching!)  
Trapped in infatuation (really)? Back up off me  
Kiss my ass. Then wake up n' smell the coffee  
See, when you're broke and unknown, your baby's  
mama clown you  
Your family down's you. Don't want your own kid  
around you  
You ain't shit. Don't do shit  
Ain't gone never be shit. So its quits  
Two video's later, she's on your dick (Bitch)  
When your albums selling, she "Don't Worry, Be  
Happy."  
Bragging to her friends: "That's just my babies  
daddy!"  
And sadly, niggaz start acting like they shit don't stink  
But wait: you getting cut like the wedding cake  
The music business is straight Mafioso:  
Jewish, Italiano, and Black  
My BMI/ASCAP platinum placque rap track  
Bootleg my shit to japan. At Swap Meets, sell my same

shit back

Long sharks break legs. We break beats state to state  
And record deals? That shit belong with a fucked up  
interest rate

(Chorus 2x):

(Parrish Smith sample): Music Please, music please

(Color Me Bad Sample): "Why you treat me so bad?"

(Parrish Smith sample): Music please..music please

(Other sample): "I don't know why baby!"

(Xzibit): Just handle your business

(Verse 2)

It's sort of like the label is the devil:

R&B, Pop, Gospel to Heavy Metal

They make doe pimping the ghet-to

Label mates: different rats in the same rat race

The production company is the nigga that you learn to  
hate

Management is your crimy. Your lawyer is your liar

And when your famous but po', you set your  
accountants office on fire

It's like this: they loan you \$1

For you just to break even, they stack \$10

When you finally make one dollar, their profit is Andrew  
Jack-son (\$20)

You skinny. They got plenty. The Benjamins? Before  
you see any

They getting G's: big cheese.

No Vaseline fucking dope M.C.'s, "so freeze"

Call the police chief? It takes a thief

Here's everything you need to know about the record  
industry,  
like a chief.

'Cause labels is doing \$300,000 deals;

Blowing coke smoke up my ass, but we both know crack  
kills.

Not very many, rappers ever see a penny

But double platinum is two million units. CD's cost \$20.

(Too true) So here's a clue

Somebody just make \$40,000,000 and it sho' wasn't  
you

(Chorus 2x):

(Parrish Smith sample): Music Please, music please

(Color Me Bad Sample): "Why you treat me so bad?"

(Parrish Smith sample): Music please..music please.

(Other sample): "I don't know why baby!"

(Xzibit): Just handle your business.

Want to know the relationship between hip-hop and

drugs?  
'Cause professional athletes, black actors, rappers,  
and thugs  
all sleep in the same bed together  
Rich black niggaz only kick it with other black people  
with cheddar  
Same lifestyle: legal or illegal  
It be us, swinging a three fuck getting skeed up with  
peanuts  
Which leads up to this: a high turnover ration  
Groupies turn tricks and be quick to give fellatio.  
MC's get the pussy and fame.  
Brothers essex floss with a corporate card  
and charge it to the rappers name  
But the label owners make all the real money  
Just ask David Geffrey, Barry Gordy, Russel, or Puffy  
(ching, ching!)  
Business? You don't get what you deserve. You  
negotiate  
And everything is renegotiable based on the sales you  
generate  
But hip-hop fans don't buy albums, and, then again,  
tend to player hate  
The rapper that went Pop. But before this, I never knew  
Skills don't pay the mother fucking bills. Money do  
Is you stupid? How nice I represent don't pay rent  
The R&B ho who jock Theo on the radio buy your CD  
doe.  
Rap magazines be screaming they keep it real  
but keep it fake on the cover  
Pulling tennis shoe and clothing advertisements. No  
wonder  
Like Common "I Used to Love H.E.R."  
Now I just fuck H.E.R. with two rubbers

(Chorus: repeats until end):  
(Parrish Smith sample): Music Please, music please  
(Color Me Bad Sample): "Why you treat me so bad?"  
(Parrish Smith sample): Music please..music please  
(Other sample): "I don't know why baby!"  
(Xzibit): Just handle your business

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