

Noreaga F/ Musolini

"Negro League Baseball"

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Check it, check it

"First batter up, first-first batter up" --> Grand Puba

Now, entering the batter's box

is a guy who wears Champion socks and likes rings
with rocks

Throw up my middle finger to the umpire

cause niggaz just choosin the new talent just, need to
retire

Check the signals from my manager, the first base
coach

He's throwin signs, tellin me the label's just, playin
cutthroat

Yo, I hit em with a tape or should I say I take a check
swing

I hear the crowd sing, go meet Plug and the telephone
ring

He says I need more beats, wait a minute, no doubt

My temper runs out, three pitches later, I strike the fuck
out

Yo, shit like this happens to the real MC's

Because the labels wanna sign up the commercial
wannabes

and if, it ain't that, it's just a little bit more, sayin

"Umm, can you put on a screwface and scream lyrics
that's hardcore?"

I adore, this whole rap persona, but some of you A&R's
must be mixin coke witcha marijuana, talkin

sniff "Oooh, he got the new shit

I'm on his dick but that's an MC that come out with one
baby hit"

I split atoms, blow up as if I was atomic

Labels talk so much shit yo I laugh at them like they
was comics

Check the scoreboard, we're up by one

Two more hitters to go, and the song ain't even done,
Baseball..

"First batter up well here's the pitch that's a curve

Second batter up because the first got served" -->

Grand Puba

(repeat 2X)

[What What]

From the kids in the batting cages to the pro players

(What What)

to the labels and the mob and the beaches making waves (What What)

Looking at the pitcher like, "Man what gives?"

They got one-arm fugitives throwin with prosthetic limbs ("Ewww!")

? look from the team to the umpire means that the man got demoted from stadiums to refereein gyms
Synonyms from big cheese to the independent label couldn't

pay up they debt so they got cut like unpaid cable
B.. E.. I.. S..

B-O-L, accent on the 'O', GOALLLL!

Feel the sweat trickling down the back of my neck

Tighten my grip on the bat, take a swing

and it's a technical foul... (wait a minute)

Nah... that's... basketball... whatever, good call

How come when black men hit the field, they were throwin bottles

now they throwin million dollar deals

When I steal bases I do it with pride

for Jackie Robinson certified, forerunner for us

Homeruns we must, hit em straight out the ballpark

I'm not patriotic, so I won't sing the National

Underlying stipulations playing underhanded ways

It pays to have your representative stay

or you'll have, top executives gettin all possessive of your money, and it's not funny

But when uhh loot is involved all problems get solved

Umm, maybe because you supply they cocaine fetish?

To finish this, this business ain't nothin but corrupt

Forget all this garbage, I'd rather play tennis

"First batter up well here's the pitch that's a curve

Second batter up because the first got served" -->

Grand Puba

(repeat 2X)

Baseball was never for blacks (what?)

It used to be a pasttime for whites (That's true)

Now it has mad Puerto Ricans

but that's not the point of the song (A-ight)

The point of the song and I make it mad simple

when I be flippin this script

is that the industry is all over the mound

pitchin but nobody's makin any hits, hmm

Baseball is not just a sport

It's the verbal, mental, physical, spiritual
emotional level that we are on
It's about time that all you devils was gone
? like charm, I said it and meant it
If you can not handle it then for your ears it's not
intended
You can play the documented, all athletes quoted
Cause when you speak to be exploited then your spot
will get exploded
Bases are loaded, but there is no RBI's in the stadium
where players try, to be hard as titanium
I got your cranium movin, when I be showin and provin
Now you fear, that your career, is goin down the tubes
and it'll be, along industry, that's withering
and was left oceans, about to blow to smithereens
I bring, lyrical formats that you'll admire
And to the Hall of Fame I'm going when I retire
They'll set your world afire, there is nobody to fear
when every umpire and A&R is screamin that YOU'RE
OUTTA HERE
And to your amazement, a tax writeoff is your
replacement
You gotta face it, there is no other crew adjacent
With sounds from the basement, we rise
We energize, to take up the whole enterprise
By now you realize, that when we're in the place
That we will come fat, over piano and the bass
If you're lookin for security then you can end your
chase
Come home, to Negro League, and you'll be safe..
Baseball

No doubt, Negro League is in the house
No doubt, no doubt, knockin runs outs
Cause we do it like this, we do it like that
(?)I was rockin stage just like to a bat(?)
(?)Sent to home back when umm, be doing my thing(?)
Hit a homerun, with the Negro League theme
Do it like this, do it like that
(?)I was rockin stage just like to a bat(?)
(?)Sent to home back when umm, be doing my thing(?)
Hit the homerun with the Negro League swing

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