

Notorious B.I.G. F/ Too \$hort "State of the Art"

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[Verse One: Tom Rockwell - Sudden Death]

I took a look at the state of hip-hop, and it made my jaw
drop

Ccause it's mostly just sloppy pop

I've watched the quality drop over the years

Even the rap pioneers managed to bring me to tears

It's like everybody stopped trying, but people keep
buying

which keeps the record companies complying

And rappers gettin high and puttin out this crap

It's pathetic what passes on the radio as rap

I'm flippin down the dial then I flip it the bird

Cause every song that I hear is just totally absurd

It's about as fresh as a turd

Festerin on the sidewalk as I sit there gesturin

at the radio like the DJ's can see me

I'm screamin so my windows got steamy

Every song sounds the same, if they're lookin for fame

why do their records sound so damn lame?

The beat is a cheesy remix or a cheap rip off

And the rappers come off soundin soft

Cause none of it rhymes and it sounds all wrong

It's like they're rappin over the beat from the previous
song

I get the impression that they really don't care

what it sounds like as long as it's played on the air

And the record companies'll take care of that part

It's sad, but that's state of the art

[Verse Two: Tom Rockwell - Sudden Death]

Every album that comes out is worse than the last one

Curses and a verse about how they're gonna blast one

Mumblin the lyrics off instead of really handlin

That way you can't tell that they're really just ramblin

And most rappers can't even handle that part

So they get a guest appearance by ever rapper on the
charts

And when that leaves you feelin all cold and empty

They just add another verse by a dead MC

Rappers nowadays come a dozen for a dime

But true lyricists are nearly impossible to find

I remember a time when I would hear Rakim
And go damn, I wanna be just like him
Today it's all about bein gangsters and pimps
In real life most of 'em are pranksters and wimps
The real gangsters are out there buying the CD's
The real pimps are the people in the record companies
So don't tell me you keep it real cause you come off
About as real as the integrity at Microsoft
And like them you jam it down our throat every day
But what kills me is it never used to be this way
I ain't sayin that rap should stay the same for all time
But the least they can do is make an attempt to rhyme
It's like they got their lyrics on sale at the Qwik-E-Mart
It's pretty sad, but that's the state of the art

[Verse Three: Tom Rockwell - Sudden Death]

What happen to the rappers who could freestyle
Flow off the heads of the dome for a little while, goin
wild
Off of the dome flowin for a long time
And hey how about that - they would actually rhyme!
Legends of the game have faded away
They can't rip it like they used to back in the day
And nobody stepped up to take their place
So now the race continues on at a lumbering pace
Run-D.M.C. ain't the kings no more
LL's about as funky as a canker sore
Whodini disappeared and Doug E. Fresh went stale
And I think Sir Mix-A-Lot got into some bad ale
The Fat Boys broke up and then one of 'em died
And when I heard that, I sat down and cried
Cause I realized I'd never get to see them perform
It was the end of an era that I had to mourn
Today's rappers can't cut it like they used to
There's a couple that I like but I won't say who
Cause by the time this song is done those people might
suck
So I'm not gonna press my luck
I'm not trying to preach, I'm just ventin my frustration
At the sense of apathy in the hip-hop nation
It's spreadin all Hova like a rancid fart
It's pretty sad, but that's the state of the art

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