

## PackFM

### "I Fucking Hate Rappers"

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I fucking hate rappers, you fuck and date rappers I do a show, peep the crowd, fucking great- rappers Anyone who ain't rappers, let's have a show of hands Cause there's too many emcees, not enough fans Used to be about the posses, crews, cliques, and the clans Now these 'Lil-Young-Boyz' thinkin' they the fuckin' man They're the reason fans only gave Lupe a chance Cause they thought "Kick, Push" was the name of a dance Well my click, clack, spray ain't the wave of the hands Its the way of the land - while I stay in demand Now they say I'm the man. I'm beginning to be The PackFM in his prime you're pretending to be So when you see that nigga me, recognize the history Ever since I hit the scene I've been deemed an entity Even did this shit for free, dawg, do your research Hip hop changed my life, Dilla changed your t-shirt Whats the big deal, I just say what y'all thinkin You're stompin with your mind, but tip toe with the inkpen And wont shit change, except for niggas steady 'riffing Shit ain't funny, I'm a stand up guy like Eddie Griffin So if you hear a name mentioned, it ain't to gain attention My intention is the same even if I'm blacklisted So dead all that talk about "Ooh Pack dissed em" There's a lot of shit we're about to get out of Pack's system I try to black it out stay in a zone of my own y'all But then some little bitch gets a text or a phone call And won't pick it up, she let's it ring for the whole song And next thing I find my self singing along Like hold on.. BITCH, IF YOU DONT PICK UP YOUR FUCKIN' PHONE DON'T YOU SEE ME TALKIN' HERE? GODDAMMIT! We gotta hold someone accountable for this absurd amount of bull They tell me words are powerful but this is insurmountable So call me a hater, say im mad, it wont phase me Cause the first step to changing things is getting people angry So when I'm on this fuckin mic, speakin' through the wire I'ma get an 'Amen' because I'm preaching to the choir But I know my voice is reaching, when the heathens call me Sire And they leave behind the legions of the demons in the fire The fans don't demand it stops, the standards drop The second they accept it, shit, its gettin' hectic Supporters turn skeptic when the talent is neglected

They don't know what to expect from the nigga's they respected  
The mark of the artist is who pushes the hardest Not who strays the farthest, but stays true regardless  
I step outside the box, you'll never question where my heart is  
Like certain heads who try to set themselves apart for starters  
If you played Common now, for Common Sense in '92  
The 'Bitch In Yoo' woulda been the 'Bitch In Yoo Part Two'  
But when the main aim is fame, you can't kick the same shit  
When no one's listening, you gotta make some changes  
Pride gets you nowhere, niggas become shameless  
Used to go against the grain, now you ride the wavelength  
At the end of the day, stand by your statements  
"If I don't like it, I don't like it - that don't mean I'm hating"  
You gotta be more than ill to make green like Chlorophyll  
You can take all the skill, invent some sort of pill  
Throw it in a bottle, slap a sticker on it  
And its STILL irrelevant, thats why you need a model to sell the shit  
I'm beating a dead horse! So, I'ma scream til I'm hoarse  
From tellin these dead beats get lost  
Just abandon ship, lets ban this bitch  
A sellout can't exist if he can't get rich  
I just can't stand this shit! Hit the panic switch!  
And put an end to this chapter, from here on after  
Then no one will have to deal with the wrath of  
These half-assed fucking bandwagon riding rappers

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