

Ultra, The Industry Is Wack

(Intro: Tim Dog)

Yeahhhhh..

I wanna get some shit off my chest, shit off my chest
I wanna get some shit off my chest, shit off my chest
I wanna get some shit off my chest

(Tim Dog)

I got this rap shit sewn, locked down, from the ground to the sky
From L.A., all the way to Long I
Who am I? That motherfuckin nigga who be dissin
I be rippin motherfuckers like I'm eatin on some chicken
Finger lickin, like I got you out of Sylvia's
Copeland's, Roscoe's, pollo, lo-co
Bo-jangles, Popeye's, even KFC
Yo MC's ain't got no wins when they fuck with D-O-G
I'm dramatic, emphatic - I'm charismatic
I'm down with my niggaz (magnetic, magnetic)
My people, keepin it real, fuckin up your mind
Representin to the fullest, yo I got another rhyme
SHOWTIME, pump more systems than the Alpine
I bet you're thinkin to yourself right now what's on my mind (word)
My mind's fed up, yo I'm dead up
These faggot-ass rappers and these punk bitches gonna get wet up
(WORD!) Runnin round the industry, frontin like they're jiggy
Just because you rap don't make you a piggy
Who is he? Some unknown sucka from the projects
Made a few demos, now you think you got it
Rhymin like Nas (what) lookin like Treach (word?)
Beats mad weak (wool!) hooker can't catch (ha!)
Sayin Def Jam's gonna sign you
You betta get a job and leave that bullshit behind you, WORD
You got some motherfuckin nerve
I shoulda left yo' ass on the god damn curb
But I'ma leave it all the motherfuckin same
And focus my attention on those rappers in the game
NOW, first you made a jam that's hot (hot)
Then you made another then that shit went pop (pop)
Then you made another then that shit had flopped
You deserve exactly what yo' ass got, motherfucker!
Tryin to run after the whites
You used to wear Timbs, now yo' ass is in tights
And every time I see you, all you wanna do is fight
Don't get mad cause my shit is right, aight?
I'm a motherfuckin man like you
You wanna be fake, while I gotta be true (word)
You wanna be the next when you shoulda been you
Now tell me what the FUCK am I supposed to do? BE-ATCH!

(Chorus 2X: Tim Dog) + (Kool Keith)

All I wanna do is rap
Get some trap, and live life kinda fat, that's that
But how could a man just rap
(When the whole fuckin industry is WAK!)

(Interlude: Kool Keith)

Yeah, Kool Keith checkin in
That's right, for you wak motherfuckers I got to show, SKILL
Tell you like it is, gotta get this shit off

(Kool Keith)

This ain't the Grammy awards, ass-tight tuxedos
Niggaz are phony, tryin to act like my peoples
TV stars, Mariah Carey, Janet Jackson
Her brother Michael, feelin babies for some rectum action

Niggaz like Al Green, you can't trust Little Richard..
.. little bitchard
Girls today slept with Rock Hudson
The NBA - your favorite ballplayer's turnin gay
Girls go nut, get attracted havin wild sex
In big mansions, Hollywood's unsafe sex
Sniffin coke, movie stars roll in fly cards
Everybody has a card, runs a fake business
I'm that O.J. who gives a fuck about his case
like Madonna, that devil wearin paint on her face
You know the industry has already crossed over sexually
A lot of people turned bumblebee
Sodom and Gomorr', it's time for information
Half of y'all sick sing at the AIDS Foundation
I lay it down clown and take your famous queer crown
Glamour and famous mixed up, you slept with Rod Stewart
Girls get caught, take off they heels for they record deals
Did you get the deal BITCH?

Got served
And you sayyyyyyyyyyy...

(Chorus)

(Tim Dog) Word up!