

Don't Believe the Hype

Nicolas Jaar

Don't, don't, don't, don't
Don't, don't, don't
Now here's what I want you all to do for me
Back caught you lookin' for the same thing
It's a new thing-check out this I bring
Uhh, oh, the roll below the level, 'cause I'm livin' low
Next to the bass, c'mon, turn up the radio
They claimin' I'm a criminal
By now I wonder how, some people never know
The enemy could be their friend, guardian
I'm not a hooligan, I rock the party and clear all the madness
I'm not a racist, preach to teach to all
'Cause some they never had this
Number one, not born to run about the gun
I wasn't licensed to have one
The minute they see me, fear me
I'm the epitome, of Public Enemy
Used, abused, without clues
I refused to blow a fuse
They even had it on the news
Don't believe the hype
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Yes was the start of my last jam, so here it is again
Another def jam, but since I gave you all a little something
That I knew you lacked, they still consider me a new jack
All the critics you can hang 'em, I'll hold the rope
But they hope to the Pope, and pray it ain't dope
The follower of Farrakhan, don't tell me that you understand
Until you hear the man, the book of the new school rap game
Writers treat me like Coltrane, insane
Yes to them but to me I'm a different kind
We're brothers of the same mind, unblind
Caught in the middle and not surrenderin'
I don't rhyme for the sake of of riddlin', some claim that I'm a smuggler
Some say I never heard of ya, a rap burglar, false media
We don't need it do we? It's fake that's what it be to ya, dig me?
Yo, Terminator X, step up on the stand
And show these people what time it is boy

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Don't believe the hype, it's a sequel
As an equal, can I get this through to you
My ninety-eight's boomin' with a trunk of funk
All the jealous punks can't stop the dunk
Comin' from the school of hard knocks
Some perpetrate, they drink Clorox
Attack the Black, because I know they lack exact
The cold facts, and still they try to Xerox
The leader of the new school, uncool
Never played the fool, just made the rules
Remember there's a need to get alarmed
Again I said I was a time bomb
In the daytime radio's scared of me
'Cause I'm mad, 'cause I'm the enemy

They can't come on and play me in prime time
'Cause I know the time, plus I'm gettin' mine
I get on the mix late in the night
They know I'm livin' right, so here go the mike, psych
Before I let it go, don't rush my show
You try to reach and grab and get elbowed
Word to Herb, yo if you can't swing this
Learn the words, you might sing this
Just a little bit of the taste of the bass for you
As you get up and dance at the LQ
When some deny it, defy it, I swing bolos
And then they clear the lane, I go solo
The meaning of all of that, some media is the wack
As you believe it's true
It blows me through the roof
Suckers, liars, get me a shovel
Some writers I know are damn devils
For them I say, don't believe the hype
Yo Chuck, they must be on a pipe, right?
Their pens and pads I'll snatch, 'cause I've had it
I'm not a addict, fiendin' for static
I'll see their tape recorder and I grab it
No, you can't have it back, silly rabbit
I'm going' to my media assassin', Harry Allen, I gotta ask him
Yo Harry, you're a writer, are we that type?
Don't believe the hype

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I got Flava and all those things you know
Yeah boy, part two bum rush and show
Yo Griff, get the green, black, red, and
Gold down, countdown to Armageddon
Eighty-eight to eight the S-One's will
Put the left in effect and I still will
Rock the hard jams, treat it like a seminar
Reach the bourgeois and rock the boulevard
Some say I'm negative, but they're not positive
But what I got to give, the media says this
Red black and green, you know what I mean
The media says this, yo don't believe the hype
They got to be beating that pipe you know what I'm sayin'
Yo the Megas got 'em goin' up to see Captain Kirk
Like a jerk and they outta work, let me tell you a lil' some'in' man
A lot of people on daytime radio scared of 'em
Bcoz they're too ignorant to understand the lyrics of the
[Incomprehensible] that we pumpin' into them clogs their brain cells
That just spun their little [Incomprehensible] skulls they call caps
You know what I'm sayin' but the S-One's are straightenin' it up
Quick fast in a hurry, don't worry Flava vision ain't blurry
You know what I'm sayin' yo Terminator X
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