Makin Records

Maestro Fresh Wes

Intro [maestro fresh wes - talking]
Yeah, yeah yeah. I got my man in the studio, mac. what's going on money?
[mac] yo what's up? chill
[maestro] word. I remember back in the days, you know. I be thinking, you
Go in the studio, you drop a record, you know what i"m saying. that's all
I'm saying. you get your porps an dloot the whole nine. word (word). i
Think brothers gotta wake up and smell the coffee you know what I'm saying.
[mac] brothers gotta wake up man
[maestro] word, word manChorus x4
[studio people] you gotta wake up, you gotta gotta wake up
[maestro] check it, it's all about makin' records[maestro]
Everyday I wake up, I thank god
'cause I never had to kill, never had to rob
Always had a job
The industry's hard, full of frauds
But I never pulled a card on the boulevard
I just work hard
Ask a vet about disaster, you hafta
Be able to get a label to blast your procraster-
Nating the laughter, has to wait
After you pass the snake, stay awake hobbes
That's the breaks
You wanna make a record, check it
You need more than your boys around your way giving you credit
'cause you can have a spectacular, vernacular
But take your contract to a lawyer to look after ya
'cause labels have mastered the
Skill of gassing ya, after ya, dropped the flip like a spatula
Snatch your acura
And all the bitches you wanted
Are flaunted your riches are laugh at ya
Cut you off like a dagger, support you like a laddere
Your pockets ain't fatter, you be sadder
So you better have a better strate-gy
Can't you see
It ain't healthy, nobody could tell me it's hell see
Takes more than a dope lp to be wealthy
Let me show you the path, you're going too fast
You're choking your promotional staff, ain't no knowing the half

They look and they laugh, and take time off
Cut ya off, no loss you're just a write off
Now you're feeling neglected and rejected
Check it, it's all about makin' recordsChorus x2[maestro fresh wes]
You want to see pandemonia rip
Well you're melodious shit
You shackle and tackle by chicks, packing like appleonia(?) six
Having the hoes on your jock
A smooth individual, your videos on yo! and the box
Collecting your props, you think you're getting your nots
Forgetting black man attacks man's upsetting and sweating ya pops
Ringing the bell, ringing 'em hell
I'm telling them facts, black be clever you better rebel
You're outta here like flash dance
You and your wack stance
Regroup from your advance, fat chance!
You're say that you're only playing with your soul
You're innovative, but they got creative control
You're a puppet on a string, ain't got a fucking thing
You can sing so they cling, 'cause they know thay going to bring
Money with your rhyme but you're def dumb and blind
Don't waste time nigger, sign that dotted lineChorus x4[maestro fresh wes]
Now in the studio, you got the stupid flow
It doesn't matter tho, it's who you know
You think you got it bad, girls got it the harder way
Labels love to see a black woman in lingerie
What's a broad to say when a label say we'll make you millions
Buy clothes for your children, you know she hit the ceiling
They sing for me, we'll bring you g's
But injuries in the industry, could come instantly
I see the way they make a g a day, but what a fee to pay
Throwing and showing your t and a
You're taking a blow, your ass you shake it to show
Is raking the dough, but they played you and make you a ho
You're a piece of meat, between the sheets
'nuff brothers seek to reach you, to freak or so to speak
Your moms can't believe this, her daughter showing cleavage
She's speachless, and says oh help me sweet jesus
Exposing the punanny, just to win a grammy
But when that ass is flabby, you gone, word to daddy
Stop the degradation you're facing
This information I'm raising to the queens of my nation
The shit can't prolong, goes strong
And when you sing a slow song (baby keep your clothes on)
Times are hard, many hearts are broken

Some start to smoke, farrakhan ain't joking
When he said we're being setup
So black men and women keep your head up
When you're makin' recordsChorus x4Outro - farrakhan sample
"the greatest musicians, the greatest rap stars. the greatest black
Artists, are sitting here today. but I want you to know, you're being
Setup. by the smarter that is coming down."

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