

I Don't Understand It

Darondo

There are too many MC's who are overrated
You ask me, they wasn't even supposed to make it
In the rap biz, they don't know what rap is
So give it up, become a actor or a actress
Or a producer, 'cause you fail to use the
Mic right, so take flight before I bruise ya
For sayin' those bull crap wack raps on wax
You need to get smacked, sit back and rip that contract
Hey yo, I'm serious, Big L ain't playin' games
I should get foul and buck wild and start sayin' names
But deep down inside you know who you are
Your rhymes are not up to par, you fake superstar
And that really gets on my nerve
When a rapper gets the credit that he don't deserve
Goin' platinum and don't have no soul
Some rappers are mad nice and don't even go gold
I don't like the way it's goin' down
Because it should be the other way around
I don't understand it
(I don't understand it)
I don't understand it
(I don't understand it)
I don't understand it
(I don't understand it)
How MC's take this rap game for granted
MC's, what's goin' on?
I don't understand, man, how rappers cold transform
One minute you're hardcore and raw
That's what you was known for, but not no more
You changed, you rearranged, you're not the same, your raps are blame
That explain why you lost your fame
Used to be on top, then you fell like rain drops
You turned pop, now you no longer gain props
Who's fault is that? Nobody's but your own, black
Used to make fat tracks, jack, but now you're stone wack
So MC's, don't ever step out your range
Remain the same and only change with the time
Unless you get dropped like a dime
Go for yours like I'm goin' for mine

But if you're rough, stay rough, if you're dap, stay dapper
And never try to look or even sound like another rapper
Just fulfill your own needs
Some rappers wore gold chains, and now they're wearin' beads?

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How MC's take this rap game for granted

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This is how it should be done

I'm not the one, and my raps is strong like gum
But some MC's grab the mic and sound dumb
Plus slum, rap skills they have none
(How come?)

And I wonder how the hell they records sell

They raps are stale and frail

They're forced like fairy tales

Your technique and everything you speak's weak

You got a little airplay because of your beats

Your fame and your name, but your lyrics are lame, black

Step to this and get ran over like train tracks

Your raps border wack, and you went on tour with that

Crap, don't understand it, cause rhyme skills you lack

I got more soul that Nike Airs, givin' MC's nightmares

Rappers be frontin' hard, and rhymes they don't write theirs

But still call themselves MC's

Please, how could that be?

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