# Deception

## Dissipate

Don't let money change ya
Laah, di-dah, da-da-dee-dah
Lah-di-dah, da-da-dee-dah
Laah, di-dah, da-da-dee-dah
Lah-di-dah, da-da-dee-dah
Laah, di-dah, da-da-dee-dah
Lah-di-dah, da-da-dee-dah
Laah, di-dah, da-da-dee-dah
Lah-di-dah, da-da-dee-dah
This is a story of a kid
His name is Cisko
Who made more money
Than the Count of Monte Crisco
He lived a lavish style of life
Fast money, women, cars
And he liked to frequent bars, pubs and disco's
Made his livin' as a world famous rap star
When he first started mic respect's
What he was after
And so he got inside his mind
Day and night, and he'd write
Constantly his art and craft
He'd try to master
Started winnin' local battles
And his rep grew
Gave his crew a reputation
As the best crew
And what life would do to him
All the cards that was hard
Pen and pad, stress relief
Would be his refuge
Paid his dues, doing shows
Now he's on track
In the lab, pumping demos
Makin' songs fat
Then he quit his nine to five
Finally his time arrived
When he signed a major label record contract
Don't let money change ya

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His first single was a overnight success hit
And now he went from wearing rags to the best fits
All his new acquitances
Gassed his head, takin' it
To the point where he lost proper perspective
Started cuttin' off the people
He came up wit
Ego blown like his soul had been abducted
Though his heart was once real
Now material has filled
Up his world, and he couldn't get enough of it
Used to wanna be the best of the rap dons

Now his only one concern is goin' platinum
And his skills has since decreased
And the inner hunger ceased
Now content, just as long as fame and cash come
He's a big willie now, rappin' 'bout cars
Thousand dollar shoppin' sprees
Hangin' out with stars
I mean just a year ago, he was broke
Bummin' money, drinkin' out the 40 bottle, livin' outdoors
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Second L.P, my rap changes fast
Here today, gone tomorrow
Now his label passed
Now the new poster boy
With the hip now sound
Second time around everything isn't stable as

It once was, now he's lookin' for the same hit
But his sound is played
He forget to change wit
Them old hit rhymes, no one feelin' him
His rhymes ain't appealin' anymore
And his records ain't sellin' shit
Now he's dropped from his label
And he's goin' broke
Tried the underground return
Ghetto pass revoked
And the same faces that he dissed
On his way, to the top
Laughed as they watched him do the downstroke
Now the moral of the story is that some go
Why would money make the inner vision crumble?
So if you're blessed with the talent
Utilize it to the fullest
Be true to yourself and stay humble
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