Politics

Tonedeff

Oh mercy, mercy me.
At this point of my career I should already be on my third CD/
But every turn of the way has been met with adversity/
But Im cursed, it seems, and I been disserviced purposely/
And its herbs like these, thatve got my blood boiling to the third degree/
And Im nervously avoiding this urge to just burst and scream/
Feeling the thirst for revenge! I can no longer pretend/
That mentally I wont be plummeting off the deep end/
Im desperately seeking these trendy motherfuckers,
Just so I can teach them never to speak on any of us/
Theres something you wanna say?
Get that other rappers cock out your throat! No wonder hes been coming out your face/
Son, never doubt The Plague, cause we infect against even the best/
medicines and vaccines, sedatives and bactrine/
Im fed up with the rap scene/
As Im Dealing with an amount of politics that would even give the president bad dreams/Every thing you see and hear was paid for/
So, dont try to discredit me, cause my shit isnt played more/
Just imagine having to wait, bored, at the stage door/
Cause nothing aches worse than a name on the marquis when it aint yours/
And youre trying desperately to make noise, but all you gets hate,
From biased record pools thatll chart anything for their next crate/
Or elitist DJs that only spin vinyl go get pressed!/
But give em a Nas exclusive MP3 and theyll play the shit dead.
These vicious double-standards can be seen in many arenas of the game/
From radio burn to video screens, the shits the same/
From Magazines to mix DJs You give em the green, they give the OK
Cause niggas are greedy leading the race, they sell you a dream and spit in your face/
And it isnt easy to look away, when youre focused on your Budden career/
Pumped up with potential, but you cant fire nothing from here/
Need anything done? Then you gotta do it yourself with no help/
When you make on your own? Then everyone shows to share the whole wealth.
But, Oh well Another day in a cold hell.
When everyone riding your coattails are the same cats thatll pray your record dont sell/
I wont settle for NO REMARKS about room for improvement/
When you boo at QN5 and refuse to review the music/
Bitch, youre fronting on the future, stop watching your back and face forward/
Reviewers best to listen to this like they paid for it/
Cause, what the fuck!? Do I need to get shot to get props?

Do you need talent? I guess not but with drug money and a guest spot/
You can spend lots on a track from the producer of the month/
And thatll induce you with the buzz, thatll get you news-scoops and the pub/
But Buddy, Im flat broke. So on that note, Ill say goodbye to articles/
Bookings for college shows, distribution pushing us hard for dough/
Then you wondering why youre seeing the same niggas over and over/
The more original the flow, then, the colder the shoulder/
The same reason you cant stand that verse you heards/
The same reason you know it word for word. Dog, its Politics.My patience is drifting/
Cause Im in no political position or famous enough to state my opinion/
Of this game and its minions, Im staying silent and numb/
Cause you cant put your foot in your mouth or swallow your words while youre biting your tongue/
So with nice-guy reluctance, Im fighting my grudges/
And its hard to be polite with others when youd rather take a knife to fuckers/
Heres my final shot at diplomacy believe this/
Swing for your third strike, Im calling you out on the remix/Chorus:
I cant breath
And I cant see
And I cant move
Cause Im sick and tired of these politicsI cant sleep
And I cant think
And I cant live
Cause Im sick and tired of these politics.

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