

# Deception

## Richard Sanderson

Don't let money change ya  
Laah, di-dah, da-da-dee-dah  
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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  
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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 acquaintances  
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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