

# Exodus

## Fabulous

My youngins get it fucked up when ya'll talk about the game  
Like it's designed in their favor  
Like it ain't outlined for them to waiver  
Their rights for a lil' bit of fame  
Get in bullshit fights for a lil' name  
To get noticed by some niggas that don't give two fucks about you  
Tell em' you don't do the jives and shucks, and they route you to the shelf  
See there's no money in good health  
So they need you to be sick with it, ill content and delivery niggas  
This nation thrives off misery niggas  
So if you ain't trying to let your hard times increase your wealth  
Niggas keep that progressive shit to yourself  
This is the business of buying souls, and we only tryin' to fuck with those who trying to sell them  
See, they may see me as an adversary 'cause they know I'm tryin' to tell them  
About the forest of artists who grow only to meet industry axes  
How they take niggas dreams and write them off in their taxes  
Contracts is confusing, but don't worry they'll appoint you a lawyer for you whore you  
Loan you funds to fuck your soul make you pay it back and still maintain control of your stroll  
Your tracks and your hot ass slow flow  
They'll keep you looking good and all that, but no dough  
You see when that get a bitch, they got a bitch  
And contrary to popular opinion it ain't my sistas that switch  
It's my brothers  
We the dumb motherfuckers  
Hardest niggas in the streets turned industry suckers  
'cause we refused to do the knowledge  
Nigga, you can't learn this music game in the streets or in college  
So you betta pick up a book or something  
Or fuck it, FAB will put it in a hook or something  
Hope that you listen to it  
Got you pumpin' that poison while they paint them illusionary parades and keep pissin' thru it  
You pussies don't know the price or the sacrifices that this industry makes real niggas walk

Lyrics provided by

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