

# Can You Hear Me Now

## The South Carolina Broadcasters

[VERSE 1]Damn if i be some slave again  
Got no fake ass friends no timbs or rims  
Sure nuff dont know no designer names  
And i never played no video games  
I aint got no diamond rings  
No bling, bling, no minks  
No 2 earrings  
No pimp glasses mugs  
Or cups and things  
Or whatever the hell they be  
Carryin  
Dont treat my highs too high  
Or my lows too low  
You wont see my soul souled on no video  
Bdont need no checks to get no chicks  
Or be some hypocrite to get you on my  
So let the young sing and rap to the young  
As long as yall dont think freedom  
Is free to be dumb

[VERSE 2]Its suicidal to think im your american idol  
Hypnotic trapped in a 3000 mile box  
Chicks bobby sox today be botox  
Now that hip hops the new so called rock  
Parents dressin the outside  
Of their kids  
An what they wear  
Instead of stressin the inside  
Way back , my peoples gave me pride  
Now in 2004 i aint gotta hide  
If you cant afford it just leave it to the side  
Cause you looking real stupid with that tear in your eye  
Gotta a 1994 hear you talkin  
But its damn sure better than walkin  
It might be old, it sure aint gold  
Better than stylin in the cold  
It aint no rolls,so wont get stoled  
But you wont see me walking on no side of the road  
[VERSE 3]At the age i am now  
If i cant teach

I shouldnt even open up my mouth begin to speak  
I need some radio  
To help me reach

But i heard they get their money on  
By makin you weak  
Drowning in the sea of  
Some big dose of now  
No past no future  
Let the young grow wild  
Aint gave em nuttin  
Some done robbed the child  
From substance  
Dont currr , fill em up wit style  
Like hip hop started on trl, like wow  
Took the game and made it a gdamn shame  
Hell wit history you dont even  
Know my name  
I aint the same damn thing  
That yall used to playin  
Im non stop rocket  
Headin to your brain  
Now thats what im sayin  
[VERSE 4]I may not got no flow  
But i aint pimped by no negro  
Backed by some  
Cracka wit  
His ass by the door  
Therefore  
I can never be poor  
Cause my mind , body, and soul  
Cannot be sold  
Priceless  
So i avoid the trifelin  
Worms in my cipher  
Stuff yall cant get enough off  
Gots no time for  
Somebodys jail  
My time is just like the US mail  
My time is richer  
Than them new astro pitchers  
I be damn if my face  
Be under some picture  
Where you heard the nword  
So save your liquid

Pe we just here to flip it  
Find somebody new to get wit  
The next time you hear a  
Cat who cant Stand or even look in the mirror

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