

No More Fans

Jin

The Emcee Golden Child we Crafty
Yo G I had this crazy dream last night man
The world was upside down yo
Everybody was tryin' to get in the industry
All I could say was
I swear y'all where's the fans y'all
Ain't nobody even sittin' in the stands y'all
You rap? Manage? Produce? What?
Aw shut the fuck up
It's like I went to sleep last night and things were all fine
Woke up all of a sudden
Everybody rhymes that's how the shit seems
Every time I turn around all I hear is
"Yo let me spit sixteen"
Is it me or do I got a sign on my forehead?
That says, ?Wanna get signed? Just rhyme go head?
All this rappin' got me stressin'
I wonder if this only happens in my profession
Like when Jordan had the number one spot
You think they ran up on him like you gotta see my jump shot
I don't know maybe it's just me but you should
Need a license to call yourself a Emcee
You must be jokin' right you ain't dope or tight
And peep what happened last night at the open mic
When they called for heads to go up and spit
The whole club got on stage ain't that some shit
I swear y'all where's the fans y'all
Ain't nobody even sittin' in the stands y'all
You rap? Manage? Produce? What?
Aw shut the fuck up
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I'd be platinum believe ya ears
If I sold every demo I received in the last three years
I ain't braggin' but I been around the world tourin'
You never left ya house you just stay on the forums
Open for criticism every time I spit it

But who the fuck died and made you the head critic
Be the ones with no talent whinin' how
Always got somethin' to complain about like Simon Cowell
I woulda made the first verse the third
More ad libs and before the chorus add a bridge
Like you got the formula for makin' a hit
Only time you ever drop somethin' nasty is takin' a shit
If you got somethin' to say make it legit
But it seems like these bastards ain't gonna quit
See they'll dis you knowin' that their raps ain't official
Turn around and be like, can I do a track with you?
I swear y'all where's the fans y'all
Ain't nobody even sittin' in the stands y'all
You rap? Manage? Produce? What?
Aw shut the fuck up
I swear y'all where's the fans y'all
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I know you feel like every day you get a bit closer
In your room Dolo spittin' to Jay's poster
It's cools to chase dreams but I'd advise
You play it safe don't quit ya 9 to 5
That's just reality stop duckin' it
Like eatin' steak with a butter knife you ain't cuttin' it
Oh 'cause he ya cousin you got him on the track
Demo didn't even make it to the bottom of the stack
Sick of so-called producers y'all get tired
Kick the same sales pitch yo my shit is fire
If that's true get ya turn to see me
But ya beats ain't even hot enough to burn a Cd
They never fail to blow my high
Talkin' 'bout I manage so and so and did blah blah blah
I sign autographs shake hands and never think
'Cause nowadays fans are damn near extinct
I swear y'all where's the fans y'all
Ain't nobody even sittin' in the stands y'all
You rap? Manage? Produce? What?
Aw shut the fuck up
I swear y'all where's the fans y'all
Ain't nobody even sittin' in the stands y'all
You rap? Manage? Produce? What?
Aw shut the fuck up
Where they at?
Nobody

Where they at?

Nobody

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