

Art to Breathe

Kojak

Caught between a rock n a hard place
split between my rent n this beat tape
breath now so my voice on this beat make a message live forever

This beat could really battle cries my soul in morse code
The music industry is killing me, stop
I make art to breath and, stop
The dance floor's too crowded, stop
The DJ wants more money, stop
Searching for redemption behind the speakers at the party
Turning down hip hop heads cuz I'm the real
I'm just looking for hip hop whole (pie)?

Come on Come on Come on Come on
For hip hop whole

We Kojak tracks and turn them into music manifestos
We make music to move you, that sneaky underground head
The kind of molested paradigm says don't tell your mother she wouldn't understand

For hip hop whole ____
For hip hop whole ____

I bet you wish I'd say something sexy...
But sex is for humans and earthlings on planets where bling-bling sell album and ring-rings to young kids on
jinxing who end up in sing-sing on charges of drinking in knowledge

I'm from a planet just past the funk belt and four miles before Saturn's ring, where artists shut up n take notes
on blasted days when microphones choose to sing and our porn shops sell headphones and voice rings n maybe
even my cords if you like that faster pace or if you wanna be alone, ain't no shame, our people turn up the beat
and turn off the lights and find a quite spot to sit alone and master tape... whoops, there goes my ear all over you
base

Our business is this making art, this beat is a bad grown soldier, now pull it...

Come on Come on Come on
for hip hop whole

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