Epilogue

J-Live

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[** scratched **]
"What does it take"
"to be a great"
"MC"If you ask me, it's much more than Master of Ceremonies
Because a lot of Masquerading Cornballs
Don't realize it also means Mad Creativity
In this day and age of mediocrity
There's two types of rappers that you'll recognize and hear
But I prefer the ones with the lyrics of the year
Than the gimmick with the gear and the right puppeteer
Now you can be the next rock ?? Shakespear
you're still 10 steps away from having a career
You step up the plate to earn respect from your peers
And end up on deck for the remainder of your years
I suppose this means greatness takes blood, sweat, and tears
It also takes an industry that doesn't breed fear
Or pumping all this mindless crap up in your ears
And ?? in the contrast of what you get to hear
You got to recognize it's a determined idea
A righteous young mind is a devil's worst fear
But when you wanna give the people peace and satisfaction
Everybody's mama wants a piece of the action
So now I fall victim to supply and demand
Immaculate conceptions, born illegitimate
Destined to be the greatest story ever missed
Which means its meant to be for whoever's hearing this[Chorus 2x]
When it's all said and done it should be heard and seen
'Til this cold-hearted game forces us to change teams
While the lust for the loot spreads out like gangrene
So the haves chase their tails while the nots chase their dreams
As the years chase the days, past the futures, meet fate
Like your firstborn, waiting for pop's release date

Postpone, meanwhile, I accumulate means
To revise and renew what was just heard and seenIt's been stated that I rhyme like God and I ?? like a poet
One hand ?? the other like Lady Macbeth
Flip styles like Bela Karolyi
Warm hearted, cold blooded
I write like opposite left
I left opposites right what they left off
My rights left right-wing as left to right beside me
Left my right hand man 'cause he left what's right
And I reserve the right to write 'til I'm free
'Cause I free styles with my pen,
That ya'll couldn't if you freestyled all day long
Literally, this literature designed for one orator
Stays on the head
Emcee's emcee, that I be the emcee's emcee
'Cause I am saying what I am thinking
Except when my mind's blinking
My eyes open even when my eyes' drinking
I's a socializer, but more so with those wiser
Ask yourself why's a music so misused it's self contained
And not self sustained
I myself contemplate this 'til I make myself complain
Shall my raps stay maintained, wrapped in cellophane
'Til they're unwrapped by human consumers?
Emphatically no, so I rap wherever I go
And let it grow up in your brain like a tumor[Chorus 2x]Aiiyo, ya think ya really know me well
There's more to me than ya mind got room for
And much much more than a clever verse or two
That's all you know about me, you ain't even knowing that
You think I give a fuck whether or not my record sells?
You're damn right but you see that ain't the way I'm keeping score
If one million people said it does that make it true
You judge my music by whether or not my pocket's fat?
Well, fuck you
When the cash cow you're milking
It ain't yours but the job pays well, don't it?
And if you're lucky you can even get to taste a drop
We'll see who's happy when you're old but you're not grown
You see me? Now, yeah, you'll see me later too
Fucking you up when the vantage point change, don't it?
I know what's hip, but you determine if it's hop or pop
You're just a man without a voice, pass the microphone
I know the diff between written rhymes and freestyles
You see, for me, it's like having sex or making love
And you should know by now I'm married to the pad and pen

But I'm entitled to cheat on her every now and then
Will your children know the hip hop history?
Will the songs you hate be shrouded in mystery?
Don't step to me with your stats and your date smarts
You know your neighborhood by street signs or landmarks?
I'm not talking 'bout the first record ever made
I'm talking 'bout the first one that ever made you
The first records that I played never played me
And I can still play 'em today 'cause they stay true
You know this time I'm only speaking on the timeless
It makes sense now and then, yeah, now and then
'Cause now it's making picture perfect sense and then
It's making picture perfect sense like it did now

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