

Politics

Tonedeff

Oh mercy, mercy me.
At this point of my career I should already be on my third CD/
But every turn of the way has been met with adversity/
But I'm cursed, it seems, and I been disserved purposely/
And it's herbs like these, that've got my blood boiling to the third degree/
And I'm nervously avoiding this urge to just burst and scream/
Feeling the thirst for revenge! I can no longer pretend/
That mentally I won't be plummeting off the deep end/
I'm desperately seeking these trendy motherfuckers,
Just so I can teach them never to speak on any of us/
There's something you wanna say?
Get that other rapper's cock out your throat! No wonder he's been coming out your face/
Son, never doubt The Plague, cause we infect against even the best/
medicines and vaccines, sedatives and bactrine/
I'm fed up with the rap scene/
As I'm Dealing with an amount of politics that would even give the president bad dreams/
Every thing you see and hear was paid for/
So, don't try to discredit me, cause my shit isn't played more/
Just imagine having to wait, bored, at the stage door/
Cause nothing aches worse than a name on the marquis when it ain't yours/
And you're trying desperately to make noise, but all you get's hate,
From biased record pools that'll chart anything for their next crate/
Or elitist DJs that only spin vinyl - 'go get pressed!'/
But give 'em a Nas exclusive MP3 and they'll play the shit dead.
These vicious double-standards can be seen in many arenas of the game/
From radio burn to video screens, the shit's the same/
From Magazines to mix DJs - You give 'em the green, they give the OK
Cause niggas are greedy leading the race, they sell you a dream and spit in your face/
And it isn't easy to look away, when you're focused on your Budden career/
Pumped up with potential, but you can't fire nothing from here/
Need anything done? Then you gotta do it yourself with no help/
When you make on your own? Then everyone shows to share the whole wealth.
But, Oh well - Another day in a cold hell.
When everyone riding your coattails are the same cats that'll pray your record don't sell/
I won't settle for NO REMARKS about 'room for improvement!'/
When you boo at QN5 and refuse to review the music/
Bitch, you're fronting on the future, stop watching your back and face forward/
Reviewers best to listen to this like they paid for it/
Cause, what the fuck!?! Do I need to get shot to get props?
Do you need talent? I guess not... but with drug money and a guest spot/
You can spend lots on a track from the producer of the month/
And that'll induce you with the buzz, that'll get you news-scoops and the pub/

But Buddy, I'm flat broke. So on that note, I'll say goodbye to articles/
Bookings for college shows, distribution pushing us hard for dough/
Then you wondering why you're seeing the same niggas over and over/
The more original the flow, then, the colder the shoulder/
The same reason you can't stand that verse you heard's/
The same reason you know it word for word. Dog, it's Politics.
My patience is drifting/
Cause I'm in no political position or famous enough to state my opinion/
Of this game and it's minions, I'm staying silent and numb/
Cause you can't put your foot in your mouth or swallow your words while you're biting your
tongue/
So with nice-guy reluctance, I'm fighting my grudges/
And it's hard to be polite with others when you'd rather take a knife to fuckers/
Here's my final shot at diplomacy - believe this/
Swing for your third strike, I'm calling you out on the remix/Chorus:
I cant breath
And I can't see
And I can't move
Cause I'm sick and tired of these politics I can't sleep
And I can't think
And I can't live
Cause I'm sick and tired of these politics.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>