Stop Rapping

9th Wonder & Buckshot

Look up in the sky, where you'd rather be Lie to yourself, you can't lie to me You see lights, camera and action Everything ain't for everyone, son, stop rapping Look up in the sky, where you'd rather be Lie to yourself, you can't lie to me I see true careers collapsing Everything ain't for everyone, son, stop rapping Damn, you make it look so easy For me to get paid, but this shit crazy I've been at it for five joints And I still ain't make a profit or pocket one point I paid for my trip to the UK Even spent more than the grip in two days I figured, ay, if I'mma blow right now Then I'mma go right now, my dough low right now But it'll, loosen up as I'm moving up the charts But the only charts I see is a bus My money feel cold like crush But me and my niggas hot so I know it ain't us We the shit and we ain't even sell a record yet Every nigga on the block saying son a vet So you can now neither Come forward or say "son, I ain't gonna blow, and I know it" I can't show it I should have kept my nine to five But hip hop had me believing that I should try Gucci, Louis, Louis, Gucci Niggas kill me when they say they making movies You're no Bruce Lee Return of the dragon, enter the dragon Enter the stage, y'all can imagine It's no beauty pageant, you don't get picked You put in work, and then they love you cause you didn't quit You don't make movies, you make skits For little tricks in your neighborhood, then you disappear quick David Blaine, you can save the blame, for yourself Cause you fucked up, boy, no one else Telling yourself, yeah, we on tour When you been around the world in your bullshit Honda Accord Ops, a minivan, do you get any fans? Say you the best, not yet, change of plans

Go get another career Cause hip hop is like a ball head, for you it's not here Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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