

This one goes to my man old dirty, one love we be swigging brew
Trigger too, even Nas I be digging too
Let's see whose left Mobb Deep, oh yeah Meth
That brother's hot like curry, one love to Keith Murray
Rappers like Craig Mack quench my thirst for comedy
I'd love to hang with Red Man but I ain't messing with that bam bazee
The Brat, Lil' Kim, Foxy get that loochee
Especially that cutie representing for the Fugees, go girls
Even the NBA make rap dollars
Shaquille, Chris Webber, Cedric Ceballos
Talent's around the world Phoenix to Providence
No need to educate Chicago they already got Common Sense
Houston and Atlanta we love you
Peace to the West Coast they really set the Doggs loose
We always say the future's in today's children
If so, make sure Shyheim and A + sell a million
Peace to Eazy E, Stretch, and Mercury
Tupac, and Buffy, Notorious BIG
We gots to strive to make hip-hop survive
Brothers need to unify to keep the game alive
Rappers be coming out with one album then they gone
So with cats like Raekwon, support 'em so they stay on
Then brothers like Smooth wouldn't have to hustle
It's an every day struggle, but hip-hop I still love you

We Entaprizin, got the hip-hop heads realizin'
East Coast, West Coast organizin'
Steady risin', money sizin'
What we specialize in
Repeat

The fame in the rap game we all want it
In fact by now I hope the Luniz got a hundred on it
And if you're in it for the millions E-40
I hope you see 40, before you be 40
What it look like, the great paper chase for ends
Lost Boyz being found in Lex coups, Bimas and Benz
East Coast, West Coast unite, let's keep it tight
And everything's gonna be alright
But hold up, it seems we got some hip-hop cheats
Depending on just having catchy hooks and beats
Rappers using their skills recently I haven't heard of none
Me, I represent myself better than Collin Ferguson
And yes that I do, I'll shatter you
It don't even matter who, I'll make them all show gratitude
Fools, acting like they don't know the rules
Need to learn to listen when grown folks is droppin' jewels
Now they say, is Mr. Kane coming back to dominate
I used to listen to his music back in 1988
Damn he still pumpin', just when you think he ain't nothing
That kid just keep coming back, what is he the Terminator or something
Lord I skill it in a way to make you feel it
Finally I reveal it, party people they can't wait until-
Starts to boom out, so every rap consumer
Can bring that old schooler back just like alumni
I sting it, booyah, to stop the half steppers tryin' to wing it through ya
Don't make me have to bring it to ya'

Who gonna be the next clown to come step into my bounds
Right now get down for the crown, mess around get pound to the ground by the
sound
And let the more experienced entertain
Kane, meet the microphone, microphone meet Kane
The legendaire, rap extraordinaire
Commutin' to your ear, yeah, looka here