I Don't Understand It

There are too many MC's who are overrated You ask me, they wasn't even supposed to make it In the rap biz, they don't know what rap is So give it up, become a actor or a actress Or a producer, cause you fail to use the Mic right, so take flight before I bruise ya For sayin those bull crap wack raps on wax You need to get smacked, sit back and rip that contract Hey yo, I'm serious, Big L ain't playin games I should get foul and buck wild and start sayin names But deep down inside you know who you are Your rhymes are not up to par, you fake superstar And that really gets on my nerve When a rapper gets the credit that he don't deserve Goin platinum and don't have no soul Some rappers are mad nice and don't even go gold I don't like the way it's goin down Because it should be the other way around I don't understand it (I don't understand it) I don't understand it (I don't understand it) I don't understand it (I don't understand it) How MC's take this rap game for granted

MC's - what's goin on? I don't understand, man, how rappers cold transform One minute you're hardcore and raw That's what you was known for, but not no more You changed, you rearranged You're not the same, your raps are blame That explain why you lost your fame Used to be on top, then you fell like rain drops You turned pop, now you no longer gain props Who's fault is that? Nobody's but your own, black Used to make fat tracks, jack, but now you're stone wack So MC's, don't ever step out your range Remain the same And only change with the time Unless you get dropped like a dime Go for yours like I'm goin for mine But if you're rough, stay rough, if you're dap, stay dapper And never try to look or even sound like another rapper Just fulfill your own needs Some rappers wore gold chains, and now they're wearin beeds? I don't understand it (I don't understand it) I don't understand it (I don't understand it) I don't understand it (I don't understand it) How MC's take this rap game for granted

This is how it should be done I'm not the one, and my raps is strong like gum But some MC's grab the mic and sound dumb Plus slum (How come?) Rap skills they have none And I wonder how the hell they records sell They raps are stale and frail They're forced like fairy tales Your technique and everything you speak's weak You got a little airplay because of your beats Your fame and your name, but your lyrics are lame, black Step to this and get ran over like train tracks Your raps border wack, and you went on tour with that Crap, don't understand it, cause rhyme skills you lack I got more soul that Nike Airs, givin MC's nightmares Rappers be frontin hard, and rhymes they don't write theirs But still call themselves MC's Please, how could that be? I don't understand it (I don't understand it) I don't understand it (I don't understand it) I don't understand it (I don't understand it) How MC's take this rap game for granted I don't understand it