

Over

Bizzle

Yeah
It's Bizzle
Let's stand up
Something gotta change
Within ten to fifteen years
All y'all gon' be parents
And all y'all kids gon' be growing up on this music
Y'all listening to right now, and it's gon' get worse

Ain't no way I can sit like it's okay
And watch it all go, and watch it all go down (All go, down)
There's no way I can sit like it's okay
And watch it all go, and watch it all go down (All go, down)
Down

Welcome to the industry, where everybody faking
Looking for the real in here, but every slide is vacant
I see the sellout seats and every spot is taken
Either you're blinded or you in need of some kind of LASIK
Time is wasting, I'm tryna let 'em know the truth
It's real complicated, tried to say it in a flow or two
When I show the proof, it be looking like I'm dissing
And that word "dissing" got me not looking like a Christian
I came off aggressive, ready to break y'all, but I can't fall
For that same thought pattern I was raised on
I am now free, and wanting to be a rapper had me
Tryna be like you, but, um, I am now me, now peep
First name Bizzle, I indulge in honesty
Far too intelligent to let you sit and lie to me
No, this is not a beef, I just think it's comedy
Your response to the truth is what your response to the lies should be
And I apologize for any display of pride
But my heart aching, and I can't just let it stay inside
Can't just watch a nation die, ain't finna just take it
And Satan uses this game is a way to feed this generation lies

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Down

Uh

Look, I spit the truth and they hate it
Go ham like I'm in the booth, cooking bacon
I came in the game to put the noose around Satan
'Cause he moving through the music, I can prove it, I am saying
You talking 'bout a stan, I am Bone Thug's biggest
When I wasn't writing mine, I was jotting down their lyrics
My mama and my uncle told me they was worshipping
The devil, and I knew it, but I wasn't tryna hear it
I was only twelve then, screaming "Mo' Murda"
And "Ouija are you with me?" Need I go further?
It's something 'bout the music that you hear something foolish
And not dispute, like Screw with the beat, go foolish
We so stupid, say it's just music

Like a horror flick tuned don't control the mood that you in
But that's another song I've been having in my mind for a year now
And never wrote it 'cause it wasn't time, but it's here now

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Down

Yeah, it's Bizzle
And I think it's way too many rich right now
From lying to the children, but that ain't how you ball
So what are you doing? What are you doing?
'Cause that ain't how you do it at all
They say the rap game like the crack game
But if the ones selling the crack is winning
Then who you think losing?
It's Bizzle