

You Can't Hold the Torch

Busta Rhymes

Yeah

It's funny how the game change, right? Hehe
Shit feel all different
Y'all niggaz complainin left and right about how the game feel all fucked up
Niggaz only been talkin like that since we been sittin out the game
I think the game need us Kamaal, let's talk to them niggaz
Huh!

So many nights were spent ponderin
Wonderin how we gon' come again
My golden rule is not to focus on the fame game
In retrospect, the game ain't the same mayne
They heart and soul is divided
They ramshack the music, no control up inside it
Now - look at this, it's all stretched out and nasty
But - lettin money pass me
I doubt that, and niggaz from the bottom now
Pumpin hard, wind sleet hail rain or snow
So... you got to get your gate right
No matter what, you got to treat your weight right
On the block if you focused on greed then
Nine out of ten times you be bleedin
The analogy is clear
To all of my peers, I'm a muh'fuckin vet
Don't mean to disrespect, cause

"I write rhymes, I write checks"
(It's clear) Bust, aiyyo what happened to the (love)
For the game (love) for the music (I need realness in my life)
Aiyyo these niggaz in the game don't sound the same
Bust, these niggaz in the game don't sound the same
Aiyyo what happened? {They ain't got in 'em to make a classic}
Aiyyo what happened? {These niggaz can't hold the torch, so why pass it}

Aiyyo, I ain't bringin they names up
These niggaz sound trash, straight foul in the game up
Need to change up (change up) sound so trash
When I see 'em feel like breakin they frame up
DuPont registry, talkin 'bout somebody else cars
Muh'fuckers better step up your bars
Instead of frontin in the game like niggaz really are stars
Like we ain't seein through the bullshit, we know who you are
I'm like a blessing to the game when your shit sound dated
I force niggaz to improve, you should be happy I made it
Here to rep the game fully, change my style like the weather
Givin you niggaz new shit to make the game feel better
I'm sayin, I cook in the kitchen and we make the thoughts connect
You forced to humble yourself, give me my big respect
You hurtin the game when your shit sound off y'know
A legend in this shit that's why I move like a boss y'know
You better be tight, cause you can get tossed fo' sho'
Y'all niggaz know whassup, I come correct with money long cause I

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Oh my God, they a (uh) come ridin around
Some (uh) old dream and they (uh) can't get down
They (uh) lookin around outside of themselves
And they {HUH} sayin things that ain't really themselves
And they {hah} keep fuckin regurgitatin the same script
Same hoes, same blow, same glock clip {ha}
Same drug strip, what the fuck is this? (uh)
C'mon y'all, raise the bar on this body, shit

You sound stagnant, need to progress and grow (uh-huh)
Upgrade your punchlines, progress the flow (uh-huh)
Get your concepts and lyrics together, aiyyo (uh-huh)
Then drop the bomb shit to step up the pressure, y'know? (huh!)
I'm tired of niggaz complainin how the game changed
You niggaz should step up your game, cause you sound strange
That's why you ain't sellin no records, check the SoundScain
In this rap shit I command respect muh'fucker cause I

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