

Half Empty

Ces Cru

[UBI:]

I don't listen to this industry stuff
Simple and plain son the industry sucks
You sign a record deal with some industry schluck
They gettin' chased through the club by the industry ducks
You mighta, you mighta made a couple industry bucks
But the money is dirty, the industry's corrupt
Fuck well, put the industry in a nutshell
Industry's whack, nah industry's what sells
And people sayin' that the industry gon' die please
Bootleg sellin' in the street for five beans
3 for 10, the industry defeat
No CD price'll peak, the industry competes
Even the people in the industry speak
On how the industry is weak, industry beefs
Incomplete, industry leaks, the industry broke
The industry without hope, the industry's about coke
Yo

And they ain't givin' me hope, they should speak about soul
It should be about flow, industry magazines you can read about clothes
Industry's a machine, really be about though
Is the glass half empty or the glass half full
The glass half empty or the glass half full
The glass half empty or the glass half full
The glass half empty or the glass half full

Or how so

So foul, industry's style's old
Tryin' to beat Balboa, you been eatin' calzones
And if ya, if ya didn't certainly now know
When ya step in my dojo ya best bow low
Mid west style bro, we're over looked the longest
My book's been overcooked so my hook is the strongest
You couldn't call it, both eyes just lookin' on it
Well put it on shit, believe me you wouldn't want it
At time my method of rhyme is digression
Distressin' life in the clutches of my precious
Industry raps are ignorant, act vicious
What you cookin' in the kitchen is crack
And crack attention, industry flow cloaked in coke
They tell a tale how they sold they "O"
They noses grow, well televised
Pinocchio could never tell a lie
The industry'll sell a lie to ya but never tell ya why

And they ain't givin' me hope, they should speak about soul
It should be about flow, industry magazines you can read about clothes
Industry's a machine, really be about though
Is the glass half empty or the glass half full
The glass half empty or the glass half full
The glass half empty or the glass half full
The glass half empty or the glass half full

I said a kilogram is a thousand grams
Just don't bring that evil shit around my family
Understand, can't stand me, fine and dandy

You wanna waste your life on white Guam move to Miami
And if you're in the neighborhood don't holler it rains
I'mma tell 'em not to give your ass a dollar in change
Then packs are like Pac-man, they gobble your brain
Change the way you look at life until your logic is stained
Or object, findin' someone to buy it, I say that it's all logic
As long as it's nobody that's in my clique, you got it
Now holler olly oxen free if the only color you could ever cop was green
Now that's what's up, cocoa break your pockets clean
Havin' choppin' more chips than a slot machine
Yo I never mind it when the dealer clock my scene
Till I figured out he filled my fuckin' block with fiends
Ya naw'meen

And they ain't givin' me hope, they should speak about soul
It should be about flow, industry magazines you can read about clothes
Industry's a machine, really be about though
Is the glass half empty or the glass half full
The glass half empty or the glass half full
The glass half empty or the glass half full
The glass half empty or the glass half full