

Please Listen To My Demo

Craig Mack

Ayo, what happened?
I was on the road to fame
King of New York, largest nigga in the game
Me and Biggie Smalls killing it on Hot 97
Now Biggie Smalls' somewhere in heaven
And I'm down here in Hell
With a story to tell
Praying to God that my new shit sell
I'm still confused
Still feel like I got used
Some niggas think I didn't pay dues
But dammit, I paid 'em
You jumped up when Funk played 'em
In The Tunnel and the Radio Station
No ultimatum nigga, ball or die
12 gauge on stage, seeing hands in the sky
No piece of pie
Going home broke
Enough for a beef patty, Coke
A brand-new smoke
These niggas rockin' Range Rovers
Eating steak
While I'm cooking leftovers, niggas is fake
Good thing the drug game kept a nigga alive
Southside Jamaica, Queens on a nigga to survive
When I arrive, vengeance is mine
And if I would've knew, I would've never fuckin' signed
And uh
Had dreams of fancy cars and limos
And all I wanted was somebody to listen to my demo

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Me and my man bumpin' Boogie
We was stealing cars
Sometimes we got away
Sometimes we jab ours
Police bussin', handing off cars to my cousin
At the chop shop, poppin' that lock like it's nothing
Shot on Monroe, y'all ain't know that though
Y'all was fucking with this bitch on Kosciusko
The 4-4 waiting at the club front door
Niggas owe, niggas blow with the real C4
Was the days of EPMD first CD with Churches on Jones Beach
With O.P.P
Selling drugs was my life support
Selling drugs had thugs scheming, but I ain't ever get caught
In wine dance, some of y'all call it crime dance
I call the place, ya ain't got a chance
I think back
I used to smuggle the crack n' juggle in rap
Thank God I'm bubbling back
And uh
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Here I am up at Espionage, Building 3
Looking out on the terrace at NYC
Hear a knock on the door
Whispering and gun clickin'
It's some thugs outside thinking I'm easy pickin'
All I got is my Mossberg, so I cocked it
And a gun blast is all they heard
Hit the hallway 'cause niggas is still bussin'
Hit the doorway 'cause security's coming
Ayo jealous, living our life like GoodFellas
Niggas wanna see us out in the rain with no umbrellas
Rap's tryna sell us out, I remember the cops
Coming in my house fucking with my pops
It never stops
Got thrown out when I was young
Mom's cried so hard when she found that gun
On the run, you ain't the only one with stories like this
Nigga, my life is deep as the abyss
And uh
Had dreams of fancy cars and limos
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Now I'm lucky 'cause all my niggas is thorough
Talkin' 'bout all my niggas spread out in every borough
Been through some shit that some don't make it out
Been through some shit that send the flowers out
You heard about all the stories of drugs and killing
Who's dealing, blood spilling and drug dealin'
I know stories that live forever on those that died
But I'm here to sing a song that I'm glad I'm alive
Peace!