

Bad Name

Gang Starr

I hate tellin' good people bad news
I hate, I hate
I hate tellin' good people bad news

Word To God if Big and Pac were still here
Some of these weirdos wouldn't act so cavalier
We all know that the game has changed
It's crazy out here rap's got a bad name
Think about it, what if bling never happened
And the true artist's were gettin' rich from rappin'?
Word to God sum'n should give
Let's delete the politics so real Hip Hop can live

Beef is what's up now, careers are gettin' shut down
The media wants something meaty
People are f*ckin' greedy
Music and culture's like a foreign language
You'd be better off staging a fake beef in Spanglish
Compadre, can you handle the whole weight?
Adios mios watch 'em swallow your whole plate
You used to support your fam offa this
Now you can't even buy Spam offa this
And I don't deal with swine

I ain't Dr. Phil, I truly help you heal your mind
Nowadays it's like everybody's losin' it
Instead of them preserving this gift they're all abusing it
It's mad drama, they want us reachin' with the Limas
Causin' hysteria, the new Hip Hop criteria
And they forgot about the blood, sweat and tears
Now we see the results of all the blunts, chicks and beers

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