

Total Control

Guy

Aw, yeah, I'm 'bout to get busy possé deep style
No, better yet, you know what
I'ma just rap y'all somethin' like this
Check it out

Total control, at first, it's just a dream
'Cause Mr. Manager's makin' you seem sort of inferior
Like you're a flop without him
Young plus dumb equals your pockets gettin' trim
Livin' in poverty so you never had a dime
A dollar is a fortune, and fifty cents is even big time
'Cause yo, you don't know what you're gettin' paid
Your pay is comin' through the manager that you're afraid
To ask a question, you take what he gives
Satisfied with it 'cause remember, you're just kids
My father wants a copy of the contract
Why? Don't you trust me? And if you don't, then bye
So nothin' is said through the whole damn ride
Time after time, tellin' your dad a bunch of lies
He forgot the contract again
Pop's pissed 'cause meanwhile, it was like a fifty page breach-list
It only takes ten to set it straight
The other forty is there to throw you off
Because he knows you can't wait to sign
He's juicin' and you suck it
Skip the forty pages, here's my signature, don't smudge it
Life in the spotlight, quite hot, got tight
Get a funny feelin' Mr. Manager ain't right
Yet to realize you're bein' taken for a stroll
And you ride the road, far from total control
Breakin' your back performin' and recordin' hits
Credit is due, instead he's gettin' what you're supposed to get
And you let it slip 'cause you're gettin' paid long dough
So you call it, but it was wrong though
To keep you satisfied is his aim
Happy with a picture, but you were due the picture and the frame
You don't sweat it, 'cause you're thinkin' it's his cut
His and what he cut off of yours, now that's what
But time goes on, you learn while the clock turns
Here's what I want, give me the dough that I earned
Now it's time to step up and press him about the money
A smirk and a grin, oh, what, you find somethin' funny?
Ha-ha-ha, yeah, it's been goin' on for a year
Before I shed a tear, I'll make you bleed while I cheer
Hip-hip-hooray, shoot at ya feet and make ya dance
One thing you don't do is play with a Harlem boy's chance

Total control
Yeah, you want play with Harlem boy's chance?
You want play with Harlem boy's chance? (Total control)
Harlem boy's chance is like his last chance gettin' outta the ghetto
Kick it for him, little brother

First impulse
Get the TEC-9 and light 'em up like a Christmas tree
But then, you'll be in a teeny tight cell, you see
So you play it calm and cool

Every dog has his day, what goes around moves
Since it's motivated, that means it's comin' back around
Then it's your turn to throw the duck in a dog pound
Let him have it, rip him to shreds
Groups are gone, shiny bald head turned red
Example, remember the machine that could sample?
You said you would get for me, but you never had a chance to?
Or was it because I wasn't makin' enough money?
Oh, it can pass, it can pass like a dummy
I know I was workin', so somebody's gettin' the ends
They ain't in my pocket, so yo, they gotta be in his
Get the machete and cut it out like kids
Leave him with ripped jeans and six less friends

Yeah, yeah, yeah
Tell about it, little brother (Total control)
This goes out to the brothers and sisters out there
Who's tryna get somewhere, but you have no control (Total control)
You gotta have total control, brothers and sisters
Total control (Total control)
Total control
Told y'all
Yeah, total control
Funky, drop it