

No More Fans

Jin

The Emcee.
Golden Child.
we Crafty...
yo G I had this crazy dream last night man.
the world was upside down yo.
everybody was tryin' to get in the industry.
all I could say was...

I swear ya'll where's the fans ya'll
ain't nobody even sittin' in the stands ya'll
you rap? manage? produce? what?
aw shut the fuck up

its like I went to sleep last night and things were all fine
woke up all of a sudden everybody rhymes
thats how the shit seems
everytime I turn around all I hear is "yo let me spit sixteen"
is it me or do I got a sign on my forehead
that says "wanna get signed? just rhyme go head!"
all this rappin got me stressin
I wonder if this only happens in my profession
like when Jordan had the number one spot
you think they ran up on him like you got a see my jumpshot
I don't know maybe its just me
but you should need a license to call yaself a emcee
you must be jokin right you aint dope or tight
and peep what happened last night at the open mic
when they called for heads to go up and spit
the whole club got on stage aint that some shit

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I'd be platinum believe ya ears
if I sold every demo I received in the last three years
I aint braggin but I been around the world tourin
you never left ya house you just stay on the forums
open for criticism everytime I spit it
but who the fuck died and made you the head critic
be the ones with no talent whinin how
always got somethin to complain about like Simon Cowell
I woulda made the first verse the third
more ad libs and before the chorus add a bridge
like you got the formula for makin a hit
only time you ever drop somethin nasty is takin a shit

if you got somethin to say make it legit
but it seems like these bastards aint gonna quit
see they'll dis you knowin that their raps aint official
turn around and be like can I do a track with you

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I know you feel like everyday you get a bit closer
in your room dolo spittin to Jay's poster
its cools to chase dreams but I'd advise
you play it safe don't quit ya 9 to 5
that's just reality stop duckin it
like eatin steak with a butterknife you aint cuttin it
oh cause he ya cousin you got him on the track
demo didn't even make it to the bottom of the stack
sick of so-called producers yall get tired
kick the same sales pitch "yo my shit is fire"
if that's true get ya turn to see me
but ya beats aint even hot enough to burn a cd
they never fail to blow my high
talkin bout I manage so and so and did blah blah blah
I sign autographs shake hands and never think
cause nowadays fans are damn near extinct

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where they at...
nobody...
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nobody...