

96 Ambitions

JME

I'm tryna push things forward, but I've got haters
Holding me back from making papers
That's not right, sooner or later
I would've left everyone, I'm not a waiter
I'm high up here, I'm a teacher
On the low, they're just little cheaters
If it was up to me, I would teach them a lesson
Write down everything I say later
MCs can't touch Jme
I'll dead out your career, I'll do what I say
I'm strong-minded, it's not a joke
I'm 20 years old and I still don't smoke
I've been offered about a hundred zoots
Girls try trap me with bare youts
But I still ain't taken one draw
Girls chat shit, get a slap in the jaw
I do what I say and I say what I'm doing
There's nothing that I say that I ain't did
If I say something then I'm doing it for def
My mind's stronger than morning breath
A verse of my bar will take you far
A verse of your bar won't make me move
Your lyrics are air like space bar
Ignorant people listen to you
I've got fans from all kind of different backgrounds
From all walks of life
All your fans are all in your phone book
Most of them live on your road, don't lie
You're a professional wasteman
Freelance poomplex, come out my face and
Get out the room, bredrin, it's not easy
I'll strap 96, you can't see me
Mix album's out now, cop that
Or you can download it off YouSendIt
Too many bootlegging man, stop that
If I see one, I'm like "oi, you, send it"
If you don't send my CD
I'll take his iPod and his PSP
And tell him that "that's what you get for thinking that
In this game that music is free"
People think I'm an angel, God-sent
Cause I'm a guy with the positive content
But the reason I'm better than half of these MCs
Is cause I've got one thing on them
I spit the truth
The whole truth, nothing but the truth
Raise my right hand, blud, I'll raise both
I'll spit my whole album under oath
For real, I've heard all the up-and-coming MCs
And you're all pathetic
I swear I'd make better music than you
Under local anaesthetic
I don't even have to try hard no more
Music's in me, it's genetic
Other producers out there
Go home on their computers and they use
The same old kicks, same old claps

Same old bass, same old hi-hats
Treating all your listeners like rats
Fake producers, professional prats
You'll realise when
Boy Better Know reaches top ten
Remember on Shh Hut Yuh Muh, I said
"It's time to up the levels again"
It starts off with blank CD-Rs
And ends up with big TVRs
And Lexuses, and attention
From the general public and the media
Now here we are
We've been given a chance to make it and be a star
But instead of making music
We'd rather argue with each other
That's some eediat ting
We don't need this in our scene
It's in the early stages of forming
And all of this beefing is just weakening
But on the other hand, there's some other man
With some other plan that
Clock guys that's not meant to be here
And dead out their career
Yo, my man, allow the hype
Hype ting, I'm not on tonight
Night time's when we come out to fight
Fight me and you'll not look right
All this hype on the phone is nothing
Shouting loud like you wanna do something
Don't get rude, I said don't get rude
I will start headbutting
Big H said everybody dead
Any funny business, slap inna di head
If you're on my hit list, run, tell a fed
If you're on my hit list, run, tell a fed
Big H said everybody dead
Any funny business, slap inna di head
If you're on my hit list, run, tell a fed
If you're on my hit list, run, tell a fed