

Good music, and it's sweet like a dessert
When all else fails, you put it on, it'll work
Like an addiction, you get wild for me
And I ain't talking 'bout the radio
I'm talking 'bout the real shit
Boy, if the music ain't good
What the fuck you doing?

You got the body of a 1965 Ferrari
Underneath your hood, a heart like Rocky
And your drums always hit me like "uh uh uh"
Plus you came a long way, you a hustler
You like cold-blooded Phoenix, nah girl, I mean it
I could make you a millionaire, call me the black Regis
And all these niggas got love for ya
You need to find you a nigga that you trust enough
You need a old school cat who's a rock star, mama
Gets you your fix some hits without drama
Dress you in that unheard of designer
See, I could be the new rhymer

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I'm a believer in the new generation
Hip-hop is hop to hurdle the segregation
Got Dr. Soul and I'll be the patient
Got Dr. Flow, you not gonna make it
But what's white wine without good futures?
What's nighttime without good music?
Had to call upon zoo to get through
These times of whack rhymes and lines that's so foolish
Stupid, it's supposed to be above love and the feeling in your gut when you do it
Music, you a bad mother-
Shut your mouth and watch a real nigga do it

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