

Good?

Phony Ppl

Recently I got clarity from a critic
Who told me last year I was the business
And now I'm kinda slipping
Like, "Who's Phony Ppl?"
[?] dropped an R&B album and downloaded a thousand
'Cause who really want to hear it?
[?] Kanye and he's swaying away from lyrics
I mean seriously
Your brand new songs that don't feel it
That freshman junk can't touch
Shut up and listen:
"A good attempt, but you could never make a masterpiece"
Well, that's what I was trying to do, actually
And then they laugh at me
'Cause I don't got a hit song, let alone a huge buzz so I have to beef
Now the labels is hitting me with the pressure
And saying that I lost, I thought I was getting better
And now I'm attaching this to a letter
So let it go out and doubt about whether or not
Whether it's good
If it's good

Is it good?
Is it good?
Is it good? (Is it good?)
Is it good? (Is it good?)
Is it good? (Is it good?)
Is it good? (Is it good?)

My ears are open for some feedback
And I kinda even doubt I really need that
Tell me it's good
Is it good? (Is it good?)
Is it good? (Is it good?)
Is it good? (Is it good?)
Is it good?

You see I got a phone call from my old friend
He said "What you been up to, you still producing?
Because I know some artists, why don't you produce them?"
He said "My speakers started smoking 'cause my beats was too hot."
And I quote: "But that was when I was a star, now I'm a telescope."
If riches was hot music, I would say I'm broke
But if it's fame, call me insane, but I say no one knows
Party down the block, Elbie Three, no one shows
I'm an open-minded composer
But listen [?] close

Asking why I don't contact my high-hats till sixteenth-notes
Even with all my music in I still do it

Music's a universal language
I see you're not fluent
'Cause you don't understand I'm, you don't understand
I'm different
So say yes to these questions that I'm wishing
Is it? 'Cause I just, I gotta know

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Tell me it's good
Is it good?
Is it good?
Is it good?

I said it's really no different from a performance
Ripping, I'm still on it, I spit sick, the crowd more nuts than pack doorman
s
George Foreman: I grill 'em and kill 'em through brainstormin'
They're responding to my first EP, and that shit was borin'
Shot, 'cause I thought I was LeBron, and I was scorin'
But it's 2-3 minute songs of ballin' (Mike Jordan)
Sheesh, I find it hard to compete
You from the street
But you said this sound like Talib Kweli
But yo
How a door spitting this song called metaphors
Never listen to the critics, they're job is giving jaw
The crowd will still applaud but them labels won't open doors
And I won't give up, I'm going harder than before
From the block, splitting lyrics
Performin', plenty women
Making more than triple-digits
Like, come on (I'm chillin')
Living strong, no more slack
It's all about the rap
This is the last track
It's whack
Gotta ask you cats now: is it good?