

Broken Rappers

Prodigy

Yeah, yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah

She said she don't like that old shit
She wanna hear some new shit
The game that these lames be runnin' so stupid
Juvenile and foolish, she long for a change
Yeah, that would be refreshin' for her brain
Her ears are deaf to all the nonsense
She wanna hear some progress
It's too easy for her, you gotta make it complex
Provoke her thoughts, take her to another level
Engage her intelligence, make her feel special
She a fan of rap music, she love the way I do it
She said she missed me while I was gone
These other dudes been droppin' fast food shit
Microwave songs, it's time for somethin' different
Somethin' prepared with love
People say she too bougie, finicky, choosy
But she a Pisces, indecisive when she do things
She wanna make her she make the right choice
Well baby girl, you smart as hell if you can hear my voice

Yeah, lil homie said music ain't the same
He said it's the business, the artists are to blame
He only listen to Eazy-E and Too \$hort
'Cause these new fools too flashy, too much floss
Too much conceit, not enough consistence
Too much beefin' instead of makin' hits
They all take they fans for granted
They unappreciative of they God-given talent
He said he like the rappers when they broke
'Cause when they get that money
They lose touch with the folks
Back up in the hood that made him famous from the getty-up
Forgot about the ghettio, that's why you keep gettin' stuck
That's what the first joint is always so doubtin'
Now they can't give away albums
He only 14, but little shorty know his shit, he do his homework
I value your point of view, kid