

## 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