

# Conspiracy

Promoe

Shit son I got my notice of eviction  
next day they hit me with an unjust conviction  
What is this fiction? I ain't in to superstition  
but somebody's on a mission to fuck with me  
Everybody's in on it from record labels to travel agents  
to government agents and radio stations  
And people cancelling shows those damn silly hoes  
same cowards that won't air our videos  
Too hot for TV and banned from radio  
and when's the album droppin' fans are waiting yo  
This one is for y'all I hope you're hearing me  
we all got a job to combat the conspiracy...

[Chorus]

Against DVSG's  
every single industry always deceiving me  
It's a conspiracy against DVSG's  
they're out to get Embee, Cosmic, Supreme and me  
After I wrote this rhyme I had to eat the paper  
and after hearing this rhyme you might meet your maker  
Cus anybody with this knowledge is considered a risk  
so if you see the police kid get rid of the disc  
And if you're scared of getting family members murdered  
turn the music off right now pretend you never heard it  
Any brave soul still out there ready to hear my story  
about how the whole world is conspiratory  
Nah I'm not paranoid I always got a pair of boys  
in blue on the look out for me and my crew  
It's a fact the government consider our music a threat  
and they ain't happy until Loop Troop crew's in a net  
They want us losing our necks to keep the fool's in a check  
but yo schlooks and schlookettes they ain't ruling us yet  
They want to stop our communication with the world's population  
cus on popular demand we bring hip hop emancipation

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

They want to shoot us up they want to shoot us down  
they want to lock us up they want to lock us down.  
They want to bruck us up they want to bruck us down  
they want to fuck us up they bring the ruckus now.  
They don't like the likes of us  
They don't like the lines I bust  
They do like to fight and fuss  
and claim that I don't have the right to cuss  
Well I keep spitting till the mike a rust  
I keep giving that type of rush  
I make the youths them hype enough  
for po po to pull out the nines and cuffs  
And I smash their face red like a blush  
I turn the crowd into psycho thugs  
I turn hip hop spots into biker clubs  
and make the scene explode like dynamite and such  
And they can't stop this fire burning  
they can't top this higher learning  
They got cops and sly attorneys  
foolish dogs keep barkin' at this flying bird it's...

[Chorus]

[Bridge]

[Chorus]