

## NonFiction

Rapsody

Yo, 9th Wonder, we got one  
Never, never done (Rapsody)  
And Radio Raheem DeVaughn  
Church on the move

My birthplace was the Bronx  
Adidas with the fat shoelaces  
Cazelles on the frames of our faces  
Boom Bap, out the boom box  
We've been building this 40 years strong  
The game is for the taking this is history in the making  
And let me make it clear (Ooh la la laa)  
This ain't no bubble gum rap with 9th on the track  
And Rapsody (Ooh la la laa)

This is, this is (Hip Hop)  
This is (Ooh la la laa)  
The Real

This is, this is (Hip Hop)  
This is (Ooh la la laa)  
The Real

This is, this is (Hip Hop)  
This is (Ooh la la laa)  
The Real

This is, this is (Hip Hop)  
This is (Ooh la la laa)  
The Real

I stay on my Ps and my Qs - Ss, Ts, Us  
I'm always working, how you spell success in the stu  
Some get they money, like to blaze in the coupe  
Was raised to spend days practicing like the hoops  
We the truth, none realer, too uncommon like Dilla, The Light  
I shine, my rhymes come paired like the Williams  
Two 22's, I'm a sister worth millions, lyrically  
They all fear the flow like Big Williams  
Polo dipped, loco whips  
Weren't impressed if the flows won't potato crisp  
Rap back like the NATO, connect with gods  
Cause my odds of being large weighed out like Chris  
Yo, Biggie the goal, I'm really the mold  
Of what you really want to be if you hadn't of sold  
Your soul, I burn slow like fo'-fo's hitting  
'95 spirit, in the days it was written  
Cats stay trippin', but rip and I never stop  
Got a little buzz now I bubble like a kettle pot  
I know the devil watch and wanna touch me  
But like metal box, I stay locked under this Hip Hop forever God  
Reckless, necklace, flows all hang 'em  
Real coming back, now these rappers all changing  
Fearful careers, I don't cower, the new power  
Duracell it never runs out for an hour  
Keep destroying, smoke 'em like sour  
Break 'em all down to rebuild 'em like towers

That's the Real

This is, hip hop (Ooh la la la)  
This is this is, hip hop  
This is, hip hop (Ooh la la la)  
This is this is, hip hop  
This is, hip hop (Ooh la la la)

The modern day saints of our stories  
New torch bearers, we the children like Corey  
Gunz of the ones that ran Nation of Millions and watched Mike in Delores  
Used to ride to Nore, now the people inquiry  
About the 5'3" emcee with ovaries  
Got a bite on the mic like the likes of ol' Lauryn  
Hip-hop, score gotta settle it's the flip flop  
Back to when cats rolled Lexus like wrist watch  
Elbow out the door, bumpin' Nas 'til the speaks pop  
Couldn't see me eye to eye, keep pumpin' your Reeboks  
Rattle rear views, clear view, I don't fear you or you  
You keep an ear to the streets, too, to hear true I been in the booth, yea k  
illin' on the daily  
Jamla representer another baby of the 80's  
Katy Perry, I grew up on Mary  
The flow varies cause I studied those old from the erry  
Of the gold, why I shine like that find it scary  
The game over, I kill wack emcees, all buried  
It's the real

The game is for the taking this is history in the making  
Let me make it clear (Ooh la la laa)  
This ain't no bubble gum rap with 9th on the track  
TDE, ladies and gentlemen Ab-Soul!

And while you niggas keep bangin' the same drum  
I'm smokin' like I ain't got the same lungs  
I had when I started, pardon my ignorant rants  
I rap like I move keys but Apple S can't save 'em  
There's only so much you can show 'em  
They been reading his story so long, they think they know him  
I'm sewing up the game, I need needle and thread  
Some people lead sheep  
Some people just need wool, the shit cuts deep  
Rugby toughin' the feel, you be where the rugs be  
In the house nigga, with the rest of the house niggas  
Thug life, rolling, my homies are screaming "fuck life"  
Showin' love at the same damn time  
I'd say the future is looking bright contrary to CNN  
Give me a mic and about three nights  
I turn straw into gold like Rumpelstiltskin  
Man I made a man cry vibing to Be A Man  
Walking like an Egyptian, life ain't fair oh  
Boy just got shipped and the judge don't care  
I'll take my steak rare, maybe it will help me bare  
With all the bloody consequences obvious in this here  
So I guess I got the game figured out all wrong  
I guess you never know what you got til it's gone  
Til' every terrain on this plane experience sunshine  
Two fingers up and fuck one time

So allow yourself to get caught up in the Rapsody  
And the 9th Wonder of the world actually