

Can't Make It

Rhymefest

"You can't get out (wooh!) of the game, no, no..."

"Hey, it's the Best Kept Secret"

El Che is comin
This the only dedication album ever done ever
You can't duplicate this man
Mark Ronson you ready?
Aight look, look, uh

I think you runnin outa time... runnin for your life
Runnin from the cops like you runnin from a crime
Check your rear view, yeah who comin from behind?
I'm, El Che, never runnin outa lines
Rappers *Can't make it* Thinkin that these fuckin record deals
Finna change your fuckin life when you signed? (Nah)
Labels is fallin, whole industry's on decline
It ain't no more dope in the streets, only mine
Only a matter of time before you see the pattern unwind
And I disappear, take that as a sign
Of who's the man behind the mask in front of the shrine
Every revolutionary who defined their time
Like Booker T., Muhammad Ali, Huey P.
You and me, yeah nigga I said it, you and me
Either you fight or I'ma pull a Harriet Tubman
And put a shotgun blast to your head until you free
It ain't Pooch or Phonte, Common or Kanye
My name is Rhymefest, El Che, El Carm and Dante
Servin up the hood like an entrže
With over 3000 OutKast's without a motherfuckin Andre nigga

If you keep sellin dope on the block we {can't make it}
Without education and jobs we {can't make it}
And everybody know what it is homie we livin in the...
All these rappers {can't make it}
That ring tone shit isn't rap, you {can't make it}
I'm bringin real Hip Hop back, you {can't make it}
And everybody know what it is homie we livin in the...

...Yo, yo, I get so loose
I'll turn your brains into fresh pro-duce
Mixed vegetable, cauliflower tofu
Skip what they told you, runnin scared, let em go "Boom"
Black Jason in the Faust with a gold tooth
Music *Can't make it* We went from Marvin Gaye
To Stevie Wonder to Michael Jack to A Bay Bay
Now El Che ay ay, from LA down to the AAA
And I ain't hatin just clear my way
Late-lay I've been the king of this underground thing
Don't believe me, then jump-jump-jump to get sting'd
Like Killa Bees, I come from a city where killin G's
Artilleries, bullets will make your ass feel a freeze
If this was Jeopardy, the answer would be me
The question would be who is hard? Bitch, I leave you scarred
Napoleon Dynamite you fuckin retard
(GOSH!) This year 'Fest came so hard
Straight starched so thirsty, I'm so parched

So dirty yet so clean, my money is washed
I spend everything man, no matter the cost
And I don't need a million men, bitch I'm still gon' march

Yeah, this is Rhymefest A.K.A. El Che
And we doin the Michael Jackson dedication album
Never been done before
Let's kick it off the right way baby
We livin in the game homie, c'mon