

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha
When the monster you created
Comes back to bite you in the ass

What I say in this disclosure (What?)
Y'all are stupid, you get shoulder (Hah)
Cause your plan was to get over
Since the days of Victrola
All the years of straight lies and deprivin'
Now I'm pushin' to take a dive and connivin'
We should never hear any cries from the guys
When independence we risin' high steady survivin'
Never ever had an artist wanna spray us
Cause when they do the fuckin' work, they know we pay up
And I see the labels getting set to bust
Cause them people wanna bypass them and come direct to us
I mean those with no major, mo' ways to grow paper
For the little mane, they cut out the middle gang
Now you gotta threaten 'em, tell 'em you pull your catalog
We ain't gotta do that at all, we sayin' ain't that a hog

Fuck the industry, menace, remember me
Finish the sinners, replenish thee
Slim if he grin and see clemency
In this seat and they need dentistry

We don't stop when you suffer (Nah)
We say haha motherfucker (Haha motherfucker)
On god when they snuff ya
I stand, right hand, middle finger, fuck ya

You in trouble now, we that bubble sound
Your record label better get with it or then it's hubble bound
I mean to rebel now, so many befuddled clowns in the industry
Then it's me, leaving 'em with muddled frowns
You've been greedy so believe me
Your thievery will indeed hit you right where your cheese be
For years you been dumb and hold the juice
But it's over now, the chickens are coming home to roost
Get a little stupid, get, get a little stupid
I mean get a lotta stupid, cause y'all the sign of the music
That's why we celebratin' artists cooled as Christmas
Cause we know without no artists, ain't no music business
Nigga

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This is what will happen when you foul of me (Yeah)
Missiles coming at you like the Taliban (Whoop)

Play me then you turn me to a malice man
No more fucking Grammy's
Family never see you smile again (Yeah)
This is what will happen when you foul of me (Yeah)
Missiles coming at you like the Taliban (Whoop)
Play me then you turn me to a malice man
No more fucking Grammy's
Family never see you smile again (Yeah)
This is what will happen when you foul of me (Yeah)
Missiles coming at you like the Taliban (Whoop)
Play me then you turn me to a malice man
No more fucking Grammy's
Family never see you smile again (Bitch)
This is what will happen when you foul of me (Yeah)
Missiles coming at you like the Taliban (What)
Play me then you turn me to a malice man
No more fucking Grammy's
Family never see you smile again (Yeah)

You used our music to get a quick check
But you've created something you'll definitely regret
We are the new music business, it goes the fuck up