

Soundcheck Intro

Audio Push

[Oktane:]

People please... Are you listenin to my vision that I am livin
Ever since I was just a kid I knew I was given
A talent that nobody else was given
So my division was exactly that, but I never knew if I was the difference
Between good and great
Because all everyone does around my is hate
And tell me everything I'm working hard that's a mistake
And we're the ones who didn't listen, now look at us today
We came from battle rappin, clappin the gats, cats attackin us and mad us be
cause we doin what you couldn't
But now you back at us and you clap for us, all I see is people been waggin
us because they seein what they should've
Well you a couple minutes late
You're try to bring your fruits to me, but I already ate
I'm not hollywood my vision's just clearer
I avoid conflict and it's not because I fear ya
I just decided to choose
I got too much to loose
And besides that my only competition is the mirror
So, pardon my? estab?, but you waggin when I'm walkin my by and I don't look
your way it's simply because I don't hear ya
All I hear is the fans, and ya'll understand their screams are deafening, th
ey all waitin for the boss
So you can pay for your ticket, you can't walk in with us because you didn't
believe in us, now go and take your loss
Cause now everybody is seein past the image
That he has just hit it, the limit
That he is not a gimmick
The people admit it
They see him and he is who they scrimmage
They shoot at my head, I popeye, and he is out of spinach
Take it in I'll give you a minute
Sean and Kadis told me to go in, I hope that they meant it
Lots of money and time had went in I spent it
Now I'm paid in full every show, back to business
Of course they're gonna hit the three, even if they foul him
I'm here to sell more than a couple thousand
I've worked too hard to be looked at as lousy
I stand unamused, only music can arouse me
Lyrics sparks songs I' m nice with em
Mr. Hi I'm Him can really write venom
I be happy to sent these rappers, out ice with em
Point proven and I'm movin, I bruised em now Price get em

[Price Tag:]

Ever since the moment that I took a sip of life, I knew my kryptonite was to
get on stage and grip the mic
I see my dreams in front of me had to grip it tight
Grew up with no dad, I guess that makes me a victim right?
Wrong, I'm on my throne with my feet up
You headed to the same destination, we can meet up
My book is in the sky, which means you gotta read up
Only the game is in the oven, let's turn the heat up
Pull the seat up, sit in the row
Get on the map, sick of the thoughts, sick of the flow
Pickin the shows, the quitters will stop the rippers will go

We hittin them low, Price T and Okt we give and we go
Whoa, my life I feel out rested
My brody Bread shot in the head, show me the justice
And ever since my cousin Pooch got killed
I've been spittin fire untill the booth got grilled
Who's not real?
Audio the next in
Punchin every letter in the game, no textin
Teachin the class the wrong time to end the lesson
Sittin alone on this road, no intersections
Just me and destiny
They waitin for the new livin legend, the next is me
So feel the power of the truth when you're next to me
I'm on the desktop, the trash is where the rest'll be
So fear as the beat drops
They prayin that I fell, and I just put my faith in God
Let me say it again, I put my faith in God
Chase the dollar
Fix my collar
Let them know that it's the rise
And it's my job to release what I got in
Loser from the Inland Empire, I am not him
Me, I refuse to get in the game and not win
If Okt is missin the three, I be tippin the shot in
The only way that I'm going is right, no lefts
Doing what I please in this game, no refs
We the force that give you reports, no F's
Me, I'm tryna make this money stretch, bow flex
Oh yes, at show time I'm the town rep
Gimme a flannel, some skinny jeans, and a brown vest
The grand finale is us, we'll put it on next
Just turn my mic up, I think it's time for soundcheck