

This one goes to my man old dirty, one love we be swigging brew  
Trigger too, even Nas I be digging too  
Let's see whose left Mobb Deep, oh yeah Meth  
That brother's hot like curry, one love to Keith Murray  
Rappers like Craig Mack quench my thirst for comedy  
I'd love to hang with Red Man but I ain't messing with that bam bazee  
The Brat, Lil' Kim, Foxy get that loochee  
Especially that cutie representing for the Fugees, go girls  
Even the NBA make rap dollars  
Shaquille, Chris Webber, Cedric Ceballos  
Talent's around the world Phoenix to Providence  
No need to educate Chicago they already got Common Sense  
Houston and Atlanta we love you  
Peace to the West Coast they really set the Doggs loose  
We always say the future's in today's children  
If so, make sure Shyheim and A + sell a million  
Peace to Eazy E, Stretch, and Mercury  
Tupac, and Buffy, Notorious BIG  
We gots to strive to make hip-hop survive  
Brothers need to unify to keep the game alive  
Rappers be coming out with one album then they gone  
So with cats like Raekwon, support 'em so they stay on  
Then brothers like Smooth wouldn't have to hustle  
It's an every day struggle, but hip-hop I still love you

We Entaprizin, got the hip-hop heads realizin'  
East Coast, West Coast organizin'  
Steady risin', money sizin'  
What we specialize in  
Repeat

The fame in the rap game we all want it  
In fact by now I hope the Luniz got a hundred on it  
And if you're in it for the millions E-40  
I hope you see 40, before you be 40  
What it look like, the great paper chase for ends  
Lost Boyz being found in Lex coups, Bimas and Benz  
East Coast, West Coast unite, let's keep it tight  
And everything's gonna be alright  
But hold up, it seems we got some hip-hop cheats  
Depending on just having catchy hooks and beats  
Rappers using their skills recently I haven't heard of none  
Me, I represent myself better than Collin Ferguson  
And yes that I do, I'll shatter you  
It don't even matter who, I'll make them all show gratitude  
Fools, acting like they don't know the rules  
Need to learn to listen when grown folks is droppin' jewels  
Now they say, is Mr. Kane coming back to dominate  
I used to listen to his music back in 1988  
Damn he still pumpin', just when you think he ain't nothing  
That kid just keep coming back, what is he the Terminator or something  
Lord I skill it in a way to make you feel it  
Finally I reveal it, party people they can't wait until-  
Starts to boom out, so every rap consumer  
Can bring that old schooler back just like alumni  
I sting it, booyah, to stop the half steppers tryin' to wing it through ya  
Don't make me have to bring it to ya'

Who gonna be the next clown to come step into my bounds  
Right now get down for the crown, mess around get pound to the ground by the  
sound  
And let the more experienced entertain  
Kane, meet the microphone, microphone meet Kane  
The legendaire, rap extraordinaire  
Commutin' to your ear, yeah, looka here