

# I Don't Understand It

Big L

There are too many MC's who are overrated  
You ask me, they wasn't even supposed to make it  
In the rap biz, they don't know what rap is  
So give it up, become a actor or a actress  
Or a producer, cause you fail to use the  
Mic right, so take flight before I bruise ya  
For sayin those bull crap wack raps on wax  
You need to get smacked, sit back and rip that contract  
Hey yo, I'm serious, Big L ain't playin games  
I should get foul and buck wild and start sayin names  
But deep down inside you know who you are  
Your rhymes are not up to par, you fake superstar  
And that really gets on my nerve  
When a rapper gets the credit that he don't deserve  
Goin platinum and don't have no soul  
Some rappers are mad nice and don't even go gold  
I don't like the way it's goin down  
Because it should be the other way around  
I don't understand it (I don't understand it)  
I don't understand it (I don't understand it)  
I don't understand it (I don't understand it)  
How MC's take this rap game for granted

MC's - what's goin on?  
I don't understand, man, how rappers cold transform  
One minute you're hardcore and raw  
That's what you was known for, but not no more  
You changed, you rearranged  
You're not the same, your raps are blame  
That explain why you lost your fame  
Used to be on top, then you fell like rain drops  
You turned pop, now you no longer gain props  
Who's fault is that? Nobody's but your own, black  
Used to make fat tracks, jack, but now you're stone wack  
So MC's, don't ever step out your range  
Remain the same  
And only change with the time  
Unless you get dropped like a dime  
Go for yours like I'm goin for mine  
But if you're rough, stay rough, if you're dap, stay dapper  
And never try to look or even sound like another rapper  
Just fulfill your own needs  
Some rappers wore gold chains, and now they're wearin beads?  
I don't understand it (I don't understand it)  
I don't understand it (I don't understand it)  
I don't understand it (I don't understand it)  
How MC's take this rap game for granted

This is how it should be done  
I'm not the one, and my raps is strong like gum  
But some MC's grab the mic and sound dumb  
Plus slum (How come?) Rap skills they have none  
And I wonder how the hell they records sell  
They raps are stale and frail  
They're forced like fairy tales  
Your technique and everything you speak's weak  
You got a little airplay because of your beats

Your fame and your name, but your lyrics are lame, black  
Step to this and get ran over like train tracks  
Your raps border wack, and you went on tour with that  
Crap, don't understand it, cause rhyme skills you lack  
I got more soul than Nike Airs, givin MC's nightmares  
Rappers be frontin hard, and rhymes they don't write theirs  
But still call themselves MC's  
Please, how could that be?  
I don't understand it (I don't understand it)  
I don't understand it (I don't understand it)  
I don't understand it (I don't understand it)  
How MC's take this rap game for granted  
I don't understand it