

# Deception

Blackalicious

Don't let money change ya!  
Laaaaah, di-dah, da-da-dee-dah  
Lah-di-dah, da-da-dee-dah  
This is a story of a kid his name is Cisko (Cisko)  
Who made more money than the Count of Monte Crisco (Crisco)  
He lived a lavish style of life, fast money women cars  
And he liked to frequent bars pubs and discos (discos)  
Made his living as a world famous rap star (rap star)  
When he first started mic respect's what he was af-ter (AF-ter)  
And so he got inside his mind, day and night, and he'd write  
Constantly his art and craft he'd try to mas-ter (MAS-ter)  
Started winnin local battles and his rep grew (rep grew)  
Gave his crew a reputation as the best crew (best crew)  
And what life would do to him, all the cards that was hard  
Pen and ped, stress relief would be his refuge (RE-fuge)  
Paid his dues, doing shows, now he's on track (ON track)  
In the lab, pumping demos, makin songs fat (SONGS fat)  
Then he quit his nine to five, finally his time arrived  
When he signed a major label record contract

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His first single was a overnight success hit (success hit)  
And now he went from wearing rags to the best fits (best fits)  
All his new acquaintances, gassed his head, takin it  
To the point where he lost proper perspective ('spective)  
Started cuttin off the people he came up wit (up wit)  
Ego blown like his soul had been ab-ducted (ab-ducted)  
Though his heart was once real, now material has filled  
Up his world, and he couldn't get enough of it (get ENOUGH of it)  
Used to wanna be the best of the rap dons (rap dons)  
Now his only one concern is goin plati-NUM (plati-NUM)  
And his skills has since decreased, and the inner hunger ceased  
Now content, just as long as fame and cash come (CASH come)  
He's a Big Willie now, rappin bout cars (bout cars)  
Thousand dollar shoppin sprees, hangin out with stars (out with stars)  
I mean just a year ago, he was broke, bummin money  
Drinkin out the 40 bottle, livin outdoors

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Second LP, my rap changes fast (changes fast)  
Here today, gone tomorrow, now his label passed (label passed)  
Now the new poster boy, with the hip now sound  
Second time around everything isn't stable as (stable as)  
It once was, now he's lookin for the same hit (SAME hit)  
But his sound is played, he forget to change wit (CHANGE wit)  
Them old hit rhymes, no one feelin him, his rhymes ain't appealin  
Anymore, and his records ain't sellin shit (ain't sellin SHIT)  
Now he's dropped from his label, and he's goin broke (goin broke)  
Tried the underground return, ghetto pass revoked (pass reVOKED)  
And the same faces that he dissed, on his way, to the top  
Laughed as they watched him do the downstroke (DOWNstroke)

Now the moral of the story is that some go (some go)  
Why would money make the inner vision crumble? (crumble)  
So if you're blessed with the talent, utilize it to the fullest  
Be true to yourself and stay humble

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