

Stupid Producers

Canibus

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"Yo
What's up my main man?
What's your name?
I heard you got beats
Yea, I hear what you're saying, but are they flames?
You got a card or something?
Put your number on this CD, I'll give you a call or something
How long you in town?
Where you staying at now?
Who's your manager? Him over there?
The nigga with the South Pole sweat suit and permed hair?
Listen, don't even trip
I just want some beats to finish my shit
I'm looking for some hard shit
Yea, like some Beat Brokers or Mark Sparks shit
Huh? Play what?
Hold up, lay what?
Yo relax my main man, I'ma call you, peace"
I got back to the crib, popped in the CD
And turned it up loud to see if he had some real beats
I heard something I felt, I hit the nigga on the cell
To see if it was for sell
"Yo, can I speak to DJ
Yo, I'm feeling tracks two and six
Whatever, bottom line, you give me the tracks, I give you the cheddar
We can do it around ten PM
In the studio off of (_A_)"
At that point, I didn't even feel like answering him
Stupid ass motherfucking producer got me real upset
And I even got to work with him yet
I showed up at ten thirty so I was already late
He showed up and forgot to bring his own D.A.T. tapes
He shook my hand, with both of his hands
And told me he could play it over again, with both of his friends
Yo, as long as I get tracks two and six
I don't give a fuck who really produced this shit, just do this shit
"When I get back, I want it laid
Yea, you gonna get paid
I'ma leave, jump in the car, speed, go to my mans
Get some trees, get something to eat, and I'll be back by three"

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"Hold up, five hours later, you ain't laid nothing?
Not one piece of percussion? You mean to tell me you ain't press one button?
You think this is motherfucking pre-production or something?"

You know we ain't got a budget, who told you to order lunch bitch?
You know what? Fuck it. I don't even want it no more
'Cause the track you selling me probably ain't even yours"

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Yo, yo
Ayo Rip, motherfucker