

# Rap Is Dead

Killer Mike

Big is dead, Pac is dead  
My music's dead, and y'all just scared  
Rap is dead, rock is dead  
My music's dead, and y'all just scared

Fuck rap, rap's near death, bloated and sick  
Too many niggaz still ride, Big and Pac's dick  
Fuck that, next year, they more deader  
And I write more rhymes, more deadly and more better  
Then the last, sick and disturbed verse I wrote  
And sell it to tough teenage boys to quote  
Some music to madness, let the anger kill the pain and the sadness  
Fuck the fag shit, keep it Killer with the rap shit  
Hard rock when you rock shit, back to the block freestyle pop lock shit  
Back to the basics with the fuck a cop shit  
Rock pussies rap on some pop shit, sing like they rap  
Soft and frail, these spirits, didn't have the heart to smell  
This is no pain, and it's high octane  
A bad brain, on Kobain

Lennon is dead, Kurt is dead  
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God damnit rappers chitter chattar, on any subject matter  
But really does the subject really matter  
Pass the guns and blood splatter, does anything fuckin' matter  
Pass Cristal, pissed off, fuckin' right I'm pissed off  
And you a pistol, yo why the fuck do critics (?)  
Now wait a second, don't like what I'm saying  
Make a record, and I'll be glad when  
My music gets mad again, new school Ice Cube  
"Fuck you Killer Mike!" Yeah fuck you too  
No this ain't yo mama's music  
It's a drug if you like it, please abuse it  
Here's a cool meth-amphetamine for teens  
Nightmares comin', crushing ya fuckin' dreams, ultra-shock  
Rap rock, bringin' the bars back to rock and hip-hop  
Spit it, venom non-stop

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Knew it was a bad day when I woke up  
N.W.A.'s gone and Rage broke up  
Damn prayers ain't move the units that they should've  
Rappers on top don't spit like they could've  
I pledge allegiance to the hard, core  
How I give it to you, hard, raw  
Ay, a beautiful site to be seen  
There's a mosh pit packed with wild teens  
Hangin' onto every word that we spit  
Ready to rip, rock, and tear shit  
Self-pity's fuckin' up my music man

Whine like a bitch or stand and be a man  
There's +Black Sabbath+, I'm smoking in a +Zeppelin+  
Pumpin' +Metallica+, hand on my weapon  
Fuck you and the bed yo bitch slept in  
Killer-Kill keeps it real, hardcore is what I'm reppin'

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