

Playing With Fire

Lowkey

[Intro:]

Listen.

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Too many rappers are playing with fire. (Playing with fire.)

Yo.

[Verse 1:]

I wanna' get paid, and this is a serious business.

But these days hip-hop clearly is twisted.

My theory is this: Rap is too materialistic.

And too many spitters are in this, merely for riches.

They're lying to kids, who get inspired to spit.

By rappers rhyming about their ice on their wrists.

And spend their whole verse describing their whip.

While MTV shows your around the inside of their crib.

They got nothing better to rap about, but their bank accounts.

Say they're "Gangstas" but can't hang around their own manor now.

And can't walk street without entourage of bodyguards.

Claim to be killers in their bars and kids copy fast!

So you got rappers who aren't, murdering people.

Making tracks about, murdering people.

Inspiring young youths to start murdering people.

Listen to their verses, the words are just evil!

[Chorus:]

Well you've got your fancy diamonds,

And you've got your fancy clothes.

And your chauffeur drives your car.

You let everybody know.

But don't, play with me!

(Why? Why?) 'Cause you're playing with fire!

Yeah! Listen!

[Verse 2:]

Don't ever get it twisted, I like money.

But from a distance, the shit is quite funny.

Think twice before you make the decision to spit it.

Little kids mimic everything they hear in your lyrics.

It shocks me. (What does?) Some rappers' ignorance.

I don't care what you say, music does have a influence!

High Grade these days got more highs in it than cannabis.

But, no one I know gives it a scientific analysis!

You probably smoking it now, joking about, the next man.

Because you know there's drought.

Every year there's a couple man merked at carnival.

And in The Source, blud, there's more adverts than articles!

Sitting depressed, I analyze bits of the press

So many rappers try and glamorize prison and death

Even though I don't agree, still I wish them the best.

But why can't we promote living instead?

[Chorus:]

Well you've got your fancy diamonds,

And you've got your fancy clothes.

And your chauffeur drives your car.

You let everybody know.

But don't, play with me!
'Cause you're playing with fire!

[Verse 3:]

Sometimes I feel to take these Nikey creps off.
'Cause they were made by a slave in a Chinese sweatshop!
Say that to man in JD, what can they say to me?
All of us are supporting modern day slavery!
They tick tricked us to think we can't live without it!
We're not the only ones, blud, think about it!
I'm no better 'cause I'm rapping it on the beat.
In a way, I'm worse, 'Cause I ain't practicing what I preach!
And like, all other people I'm hooked!
It's like living in a library but never reading a book!
They don't want you using your mind!
'Cause then you might search for an answer that you couldn't find.
They lead us down all the wrong path ways and alleys.
It can get you anything, but money can't make you happy!
Rappers should be telling the truth, of all people!
But they forgotten money is the root of all evil!

[Chorus/Outro:]

Well you've got your fancy diamonds,
And you've got your fancy clothes.
And your chauffeur drives your car.
You let everybody know.
But don't, play with me!
'Cause you're playing with fire!