

What Happened

Maino

Bring that back! Yeah! It's hot in here man!
Huh! Turn my mic up man! I Need it loud!
Uh!

First The Fat Boys break up, then Dipset make up
Niggas got a problem with Hov
Fifteen years later are we greater couple mill skyscrapers
And people still waitin for Hov?
New York got soft, niggas say the unity is lost
The critics pointin fingers is it 50 Cent fault?
That we on a down slope what happened to the east coast?
Do we blame it on the music? Should we blame Ebro?
The OG's lookin for that 90's rap era
But these young kids screamin them Young Money letters
What a nigga 'posed to do? I don't have the slightest clue
When you try to keep it real but being real ain't really cool
Want the truth to be exposed, I don't judge a man's clothes
But these niggas wearin skirts, and you tell me that it's dope
I ain't hatin I'm just sayin I'm just speakin how I feel
Ex con, off of rap, I done touched a couple mill
Man this shit is gettin crazy it'll make you go bananas
Why New York, got a playlist look exactly like Atlanta's
I tried to mind my business but they pushed me to the edge and shit
Heard a New York nigga say New York was irrelevant
YAHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

What happened to my city man? What happened to my city man?
What happened to my city?
Nobody give a fuck 'cause ain't no love up in my city no
What happened to my city man? What happened to my city man?
What happened to my city?
Nobody give a fuck 'cause ain't no love up in my city no

Uh! Guess I'm caught up in my feelings
'Cause I just can't sit and watch these niggas crush our buildings
I'm so confused, at times I though, what should be my mission
'Cause I just gave up my girl for a stripper that's religious
Hope the DJ's play my record, yeah, he 'gon play my record
If I rap like this and rap like that, he 'gon, pay at-tention
When I cook it, cook it, bake it, bake it, cut it, cut it, swag it, swag it
Twerk, twerk, work, work, he 'gon play it, he 'gon play it
When rappers in the Chi they get they passes from the folk
When they come to New York City they do anything they want
How I'm 'pose to move? What the fuck would Biggie do?!

Should I confiscate they change? Should I make these niggas food?
Then I'm thinkin to myself, it ain't them it is us
'Cause we destroy each other, we don't support us
We 'pose to be the team but we not, we look sweet
So why you think these niggas feel free to claim king?
And I know they 'gon and try to mix it up and say I'm angry
Man I've been ridin foreign since '09 I get plenty
I'm just sayin what these niggas scared to say, but this how they feel
Niggas in my city scared to say it, but this how they feel
Dreams of Stack Bundles, dyin for this shit
I called up Kiss he said he tired of this shit

Call me up a real nigga

See what he gotta say about this (EH HEHHHHHHH!!!)
Aiyyo Kiss?!

Yeah! We was playin chess now these niggas playin cards
It's a shame, 'cause the strippers is the new A&R's
Like what happened to my city? Like what happened to the bars?
Get yourself a rollie and you automatically a star
Shoot a couple cheap videos get on a couple blogs
Once you get to smokin mirrors you can blend in with the fog
You can get yourself a deal, you can get yourself a date
Get a beat from Mike Will, get a hook and verse from Drake
Probably both be on my album so don't try to call it hate
I just call it how it is 'cause I'm the opposite of fake
Word to Hot 97 word to Power 105
Very seldom will you hear, anybody from N.Y.
They was use to breakin records, now they chasin records
If they can't bounce to it, ain't no need to make the records
Wait a second, I though this was the mecca
Home of the one two mic checka
Rappin different, dressin different
Born and raised here but you reppin different
What happened? Damn

What happened? What happened to my city nigga?
I knew we was out of pocket man when the DJ told me
He said listen my nigga, you gave it to him first?
So if I play it, I'm a look like a dick rider...I said WHAT!!! NIGGA WHAT!!!
Then another nigga told me, I got you homie, but I can't play yo' shit before I play mines
I'm sayin like, is you the artist?! There's something wrong brother I'm tellin you my nigga
We all need to look in the mirror my nigga, this our city homie
For real, it's everybody fault! Real talk man
'Fore we get on some bullshit and start civilizin some of you savage niggas
AND HEAR THE GOD!!!