Pop Song

I started out underground, I was kinda like a seed I had no manager, booked my own shows Made the posters, and afterwards I sold CD's Then I made a song making fun of all the bragging And it brew up in like, not long Then I got signed to a deal, threw me out to L.A., Put me in the studio and told me

We want you to write a Pop Song We want you to write a Pop Song And make it sound like this And do it for the kids!

Cause the kids want hits They don't give a shit about the rhymes you spit They just want a nice beat that they All could rhyme to, with a chorus catchier Than swine flu times two! I know you like premo beats So you compose verses like they we're a Key note speech but... We just want you to be 3oh3! Mixed with Flo-Rida mixed with B.o.B Capiche? So make another Airplanes Or a song like Billionaire Either's fair game Do it or go down in flames Back to Maine you can beg mousse For spare change You can't sing! We'll auto tune it! Make it sound like someone else's music We brought writers who could make it sound tighter We could pull it all night baby

No, I wanna do it for hip hop You know fresh to death like a bird in a zip lock There like Spose, you're not fucking Rick Ross We want something more like Ke\$ha, Tik Tok! I wrote a verse, and said listen to this shit They put their hands to their foreheads as I kicked it They're like, look, I don't think that you get it Nobody cares about your verse It's not 96 kid! I told them, look man, I'd rather had my wrist slit Than sound like every other fucking singer in the business They're like, really SPOSE, you'd be that cataclysmic To make a couple songs for top 40 and rhytmic With hooks big enough to catch Moby Dick with And very few words with some melodies addictive If you're not up to the task, grab your bags

Spose

Call a cab, its too bad because

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