

Dead Horse

The Jokerr

[Verse 1]

Yo, I first met Hop back in two thousand and nine (2009)
I reached out when my homie Lo Key found him online
He blew my mind with his rhymes, he sounded sublime
He showed me I wasn't the only one down for the grind
We kept in touch and grew closer as the time went on
Till we became best friends and the bond was strong
Sittin' up and just straight talkin' like from nine to dawn
Our mutual struggle to be heard defined our bond
He was the only one who understood what it was like
The struggle and strife to make a name jugglin' life
Trying to become something bigger than some regular guys
Like eagles with our wings pinned trying to spread 'em and fly
We kept our friendship secret as a joke and a plot
That we'd reveal it in his new video that I shot
But when the video dropped, and I saw he cut all my parts
It felt like I had a damn dagger stuck in my heart

[Hook]

But it's a dead horse now, can we all just move on
But it's a dead horse now, it's really been too long
But it's a dead horse now, I'm thinking that it's time that we all just leave it alone
I'm telling you
But it's a dead horse now, and it's already been said
But it's a dead horse now, it's gone and it's been dead
But it's a dead horse now, feeling like it's time that we all just leave it alone

[Verse 2]

Now Strange Music fans, listen, I have to oblige
Tech N9ne is straight one of the dopest rappers alive
I won't lie, some of them crazy delivery patterns are fly
And on a personal level he ain't that bad of a guy
I was a big fan of him right out of the gate
I first heard Tech spit in two thousand and eight (2008)
Flippin' through MySpace I came across Night and Day from Everready
Played it and was like "Wow, that was great!"
He had the rhymes, had the speed, had the harmony down
And Rob Rebeck on the mix, with the barbarous sound
His stage show was straight nuts, no matter the spot
So as a rapper you could imagine how happy I got
When I got invited to meet him in Santa Barbara that day
And then drove like eight hundred miles at eighty dollars a tank
And spent my whole check to show Tech a couple of songs
But got kicked off of the bus cause the game was on

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

So that's the gist of what happened with Funk Volume and Strange
But looking back my perspective wasn't all that pertained
I've done a lot of growing up in the past two years
So as a man here's a couple things I ask you hear
All I ever really wanted was the love of a friend
Who could relate to my struggle, and thus was akin
Along with the validation from professional peers

To whom I looked up to justify the stress and my tears
So when I felt Hop betrayed me, it cut me deep
And getting kicked off of the bus hurt enough to weep
So when my situation got bleak, I hatched me a ploy
To throw a fit and lash out like a sad little boy
It wasn't Tech's fault his manager treated me bad
But I dissed him for the buzz that I seen that he had
And in the process I flipped off a legend of rap
And made a horrible impression I could never get back
Now with my homie, Hop, it was even deeper than that
The bond we shared, I should've worked to keep it intact
But instead, I let my anger overcome me and snapped
And ripped a gash in between us too rugged to patch
But it wasn't just that, I trashed every one of his acts
And hit SwizZz with elaborate redundant attacks
And used my whole platform as a big bullhorn
That turned a once-pure friendship ugly and black
And even though I might have felt validated inside
I wasn't gracious, I reacted out of anger and pride
And at the same time stigmatized my name
And defamed the notoriety I tried to gain
And tried to blame other people for a course of events
I could've stopped from even happening before it commenced
And ever since, have lost fans, lost respect
Lost any chance to ever do a song with Tech
Lost a best friend, pissed off loads of his fans
Lost potential opportunities to grow and advance
And I was speaking on God, while diggin' a grave
In a vast misappropriation of the gifts that he gave
I was blind with the justice and redemption I craved
But I never stopped to think about the picture displayed
I made myself look small as an infant and paved
A trail of my own destruction with the bricks that I laid
So listen, to Dame, Hop, Tech, SwizZz and the gang
Hoppa, Benton, Krizz Kaliko and Dizzy the same
I'm ashamed of all the dirt that I kicked on your names
I was hurt and lashed out, and you were fit for the blame
So I apologize. Simple and plain
There's no excuse for it I was sinful and vain
I acted out my bitter anger as a vent for the pain
And ignored the same message I was sent to proclaim
And to the fans, listen, all that I ask
Is if you're in the same position don't follow my path
Any punk can start swinging when the gauntlet is cast
But it takes a real man to sit back and swallow the wrath
And even if you don't deserve it, just take it and chill
Cause people hurt you as a symptom of the pain that they feel
And probably from somebody hurting them the way they did you
Then the cycle will continue till the hatred is through
So if you got somebody out there and you know who they are
You really cared about, who left you heartbroken and scarred
It might be time to swallow that pride and punch in a call
And put an end to that sick cycle once and for all
And even if it feels like it's beyond repair
Fixing your half's the only thing you're called to bear
But unless you try, you'll never know, and who could be mad?
One day you two could look back like "Yeah, it used to be bad but..."

[Hook]

[Outro]

Regardless of what happens, we should always take that first step to make it right.

Holding on to anger and hatred is cancerous, and understanding and forgiveness is the only cure