

# My War, Your Problem

Weerd Science

Every one of my lyrics when you hear it  
It'll burn your face as sulfuric acid  
If you're holdin' the microphone I suggest you pass it.  
Hand it over quickly  
Sickly's the only way I know how to drop it  
Every time I kick it people look at me like my name's  
Ripley's Believe it or Not  
Got a wonderful time slot here at the Zero Hour  
Been laughed at for rappin' ever since I was a little coward  
By all the kids who towered over me  
Overpowered me and beat the shit out of my face  
Like it's the job clock in an hourly

And how are we the ones who powered these machines  
And we can't get nothin' done, we controlled by kings and queens  
The unseen son, the one in the attic  
Hope the dream don't come true  
America, she loves you  
Without us who would back up the groceries  
Or price up the clothes that you normally don't see  
On average joes, oh that's me  
Little dirtbag rapper and glad to be

I like my hip-hop  
Dropped in tip-top  
Condition I keep on  
Spittin' but no one  
Listens I must drop fire,  
I can not wait for a fall  
This is our only hope, this is our war  
This is our war

Every picture you see is a reflection of marketing  
The targeting of certain audiences as only a major corporation could  
It's simple: They feed you shit. Just stop eating it, genius.

Run up in the Universal Office and find Doug Morris  
Pound him in his office, his life ain't real pretty  
Like bitches that sing choruses  
These forces are forcin' us to try to relate  
In spite of what they lead you to believe in the first place  
Can't move in the city 'cause it's packed so tight  
Everybody up in my business, dissin' the lyrics I write  
Dismissin' my raps off their shoulder like the never happened  
Actin' so thuggish like they tough like Tinactin  
It's rubbish, it's all bubble gum to me  
Nobody bumpin' me stoppin' by your record company  
I'ma flatten MC's with platinum CDs  
You see these two fists? They each got MT  
Tons of Budweiser, got balls of steel wire  
Like a sidewalk and supposedly ya'll are keepin' it real  
But mostly ya just provoke and poke at me  
And hopefully you remember your jokes to me

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Rap in you was approved by tests you'd see it's got nothin' to do with you.  
The real gangstas are old white men putting these records out.  
Hip-hop? That's the last thing they give a fuck about.

By any means necessary I'm buryin' advesary  
Every vocal performance it's important to stary vary  
If you wanna feed all then you got motorcall  
And I'm on the line, we can meet at the grassy knoll at ten  
Maybe rap was never hip-hop to them  
Seems like it's just a cash crop to them  
So don't claim you spit it proper then  
This war must never end  
I can no longer pretend to be down  
If I die in a battle that's fine  
I got a potion named Revolution number nine  
I got a heart that beats for the art  
This is hip-hop for the love  
Not a 1 on the charts

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