

I've Got the Music Industry All Figured Out

I don't work well with tongue and cheek metaphors, but I can make words rhyme with triplet flow

Take a look, at yourself, take a book, off the shelf, shook off luck, wish it stuck, you've been hooked, you've gone deaf, you complain, where's the ref, ain't it strange, it's your fault, you've got none, you got called, you got caught, serves you right, it's been come-,ing a while, out of style, you've got no-,one to guide, where to hide, stuck inside, of your head, go to bed, you seem shook, you seem shook, take a look, at yourself, at yourself

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Government, taking cash, for cement, and what's left, goes to church, for the right, taking most, of the pie, asking me, to repent, Johnny Cash, says amen, but he's dead, buried deep, 'neath the dirt, in a heap, with a stone, so these creeps, that still live, ask to give, for a bright-, er future, to insure, that the chores, of my kids, may or may, not include, building ships, to some dis-,tant shore and, what's more it's, not earth not, much left of, that thing when, the sun be-, comes none ain't, it fun just, to think of, the things my, cash does

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There's no rhyme, in this next, paragraph, it's in prose, but the beat, still remains, like a pulse, like compar-,ison carr-,ying over, barlines and, bar tabs I, don't pay, cuz they don't, like to serve, people who, look like they, came out of, some sitcom, as the kid, what I'm trying, to say is, that I look, far too young, to be served, by any, respecta-,ble business, that one joke, lasted too, long to be, anything, more than a, biting sa-,tire of what rap-,pers do now, or at least, the one's who, don't put thought, into words, into lines, into jokes, they just rhyth-,mically state, their clichés, about how, they stole your, girlfriend she, doesn't seem, like their type, anyway, I digress, all I mean, to do is, to less than, subtly, roast all the, rappers who, don't evolve, in their craft

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