ON MY MOOD USUALLY DETERMINES WHAT I LISTEN TO. I COVER GENRES FROM SMOOTH JAZZ ALL THE WAY TO GANGSTER RAP. I AM BY NO MEANS A PROFESSIONAL MUSIC CRITIQUE. THAT BEING SAID I BELIEVE THAT I HAVE AN EAR FOR GOOD MUSIC. MY MAIN MUSICAL FOCUS LEANS MORE TOWARD RAP AND HIP-HOP AND THE CULTURE THAT SURROUNDS THESE GENRES. I LISTEN FOR GOOD BEATS, HOW THE SONG FLOWS, BUT MORE IMPORTANTLY THE INSPIRATION BEHIND THE LYRICS TO SONGS. MOST OF WHAT IS BEING PRODUCED BY ARTISTS NOW HAVE NO CHARACTER BACKGROUND, THEY ARE JUST WORDS OF WHAT WE THINK WE LIKE TO HEAR. I MISS OLD MUSIC THAT PREACHED WHAT THEY SAW, THAT PAINTED PICTURES IN YOUR MIND OF STRUGGLES, GOOD TIMES, AND SHARED STORIES.

This is not a rap on how I’m slinging crack or more cocaine
It was me, L Boogs and Yan Yan, YG lucky ride down Rosecrans
Not the drill sergeant, but the stress that weighing on your brain
It got ugly, waving your hand out the window, check yourself, uh
With society, the driver seat the first one to get killed
Warriors and Conans, hope euphoria can slow dance
Seen a light-skinned nigga with his brains blown out
At the same burger stand where “*beep*” hang out
Now this is not a tape recorder saying that he did it
But ever since that day, I was looking at him different
That was back when I was nine, Joey packed the nine
Packed a van with four guns at a time, with the sliding door, fuck is up?
Pakistani on every porch is fine, we adapt to crime

F*ck you shooting for if you ain’t walking up, you fucking punk?

Kendrick Lamar - M.A.A.D. City

"This is my canvas
I'ma paint it how I want it baby, oh !
I'ma paint it, paint it, paint it, how I want it nigga
Fuck you cause there, there is no right or wrong, only a song
I like to ride/write alone, be in my zone
Think back to Forest Hills, no perfect home
But the only thing like home I've ever known
Until they snatched it from my mama and foreclosed her on the loan
J. Cole - Apparently"
How would you start acting?
Would you try to put the ki’s down?
Thinking every drug deal that you make in the streets He can see now
Would a fiend even want to get high, would he stop smoking?
If he knew on his own two feet he could just stroll in
to get away and escape from the craziness
And I bet you there’s a Heaven for an atheist
It’s hard taking this
Racist planet where they take another brother in a handcuff
Even if he innocent nigga get on the car put your motherfucking hands up

WANT TO HEAR SOME TRUTH BEHIND THE WORDS; NOT I’M “F*CKING BITCHES,” “GETTING MONEY,” “DOING DRUGS DAILY,” “KILLING NIGGAS,” ETC.

MUSIC THAT PREACHES ON LOW MORAL TENDENCIES IT IS AN ATTACK ON LOW INCOME SOCIETIES WITH NO HOPE AND A CONTINUATION TO THE CIRCLE OF POVERTY (TO AN EXTENT). YOUNG PEOPLE ARE LIKE SPONGES AND ABSORB TWISTED MENTALITIES PREACHED BY THEIR FAVORITE ARTIST. I REALLY DON’T CONSIDER DEMORALIZING MUSIC LIKE THIS ART. ART INVOLVES CREATIVITY REPEATING THE SAME LYRICS AND SWITCHING UP THE WORDS ISN’T BEING CREATIVE. A LOT OF ARTISTS FAIL TO INFORM ON POSITIVE MESSAGES AND LEAVE OUT WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN THROUGH TO GET TO THEIR LEVEL OF SUCCESS. THEY FORGET TO MENTION HOW DEDICATED YOU HAVE TO BE TO YOUR CRAFT, LIKE THEY COUNTLESS HOURS SPENT IN THE STUDIO. RAPPERS LIKE YOUNG THUG, RICH HOME QUAN, 2 CHAINZ, AND MIGOS TO NAME A FEW, MAKE MUSIC THAT SOUNDS RUSHED; LIKE IT WAS WROTE IN 10 MINUTES AND RECORDED ONCE, TWICE AT THE MOST. THEY TRY TO MAKE RAPPING SEEM LIKE IT’S EASY AND ANYONE CAN DO IT, WHICH GIVEN SOME PRACTICE, SURE, BUT WITHOUT TIME DEDICATED YOU’LL SOUND AS IGNORANT AS MOST MAINSTREAM ARTIST WITH NO LYRICAL TALENT.
BUT WE WANT MONEY, THE FAME, THE CONSTANT LIFE OF PARTY AND FUN, BUT LIFE IS LIKE THAT. HOW CAN WE LIVE SUCCESSFUL LIVES WHEN WE ARE TOO DOPED UP FROM WHAT MY FAVORITE RAPPER IS DOING, OR PAYING CHILD SUPPORT FOR OUR NUMEROUS KIDS BECAUSE WE WANTED TO F**K ALL THESE "BITCHES?"

GONNA RAP MADE ME DO IT

I'mma hit it from the back
I'mma pull up on a nigga with a bitch, pussy wetter than a lake
Young Quan got a nigga's bitch
Camped to the seat in the back of the new car, no pay
Got more loud than a parade
No copy but her face I paste
Hoes fight us around like a race
Chop a nigga in, body 3, no pay
Yeah, young nigga, diamond yellow like I go to maize
Wait, y'all moving all around I'm paid
Skeet sket sket sket (Nut in your face)
Swear to God I think a blunt come with my shoes
(That's the way they lay laced)
Get the f**k out my face and pull up to
Young Thug - Pull Up

She grindin' her teeth like she hungry
Poppin' the molly, she horny
She talkin' too much, she annoyin'
She givin' out blowjobs, no employment
My diamonds anemic, she sneakin' and geekin'
She said she got a nigga, tell him she cheatin'
It's been a whole weekend, so when are you leavin'? Just suck on the dick, baby girl, don't be teasin'
My neck is so sick, somebody come and treat it
Migos in the buildin', sold out arenas
Come get yo bitch 'out the session, my nigga
She smokin' up all of the reefer
Leave my two liter, don't do margaritas
This shit that we smokin' is louder than speakers
Carnage featuring Migos - Bricks