"You've been in the pipeline
Filling in time
Provided with toys and scouting for boys
You brought a guitar to punish your ma
You didn't like school
And you know you're nobody's fool"

"Welcome to the machine"

Ayo, what is a hit record, how is it defined Is it designed from jump to be a big record Or is there a big check to be collected As directed, add the record, to rotation Now it's playing, somebody paying, nobody saying Somebody manager, somebody agent, somebody label On the payrole, from the cradle All I ever wanted to do was rap But that don't bring pesos Unless you make dough, doing payshows And even that do not come by the pays slow Unless you a slave on, somebody label Major radio, major video 50 city tour, hope the tickets sold How typical, yes cynical They gotta you hush, just keep in touch With your publicist, she gonna tell you what yo spit Or your A & R, he gonna help you lay your bars Politicly correct, or no check Welcome

"Hi, I am your CEO, I am your friend"

It's funny how these rappers be thinking they're so hot But they have no guap, they're my little robots I am mister machine, you and I will make a team And we will get ourselfs, I mean myself a lot of cream I'll get of anything, you'll be making me dumb funds In other words I'll be porking you in your bum bum You wanna get up out that ghetto that you come from Well make a decision, and don't make it a dumb one Think big, compromise your integrity And I promise one day you'll become a celebrity Trust me, I will never cross you like the letter "T" Now do everything I tell you, and just let it be I'll get you features and production from the bigshots And you will forever in debt if your shit flops Commercialized, don't try and save hip-hop Matter fact, why don't you try something like Big Pop Or Jay-Z, all the records fly up off the shelf Just make sure that you sound like anybody, but yourself It's just the nature of the buisness, don't be mad at it Now a make hit before I drop you like a bad habbit