

V1 (16)

Oh mercy, mercy me.

At this point of my career I should already be on my third CD/

But every turn of the way has been met with adversity/

But I'm cursed, it seems, and I been disserved purposely/

And it's herbs like these, that've got my blood boiling to the third degree/

And I'm nervously avoiding this urge to just burst and scream/

Feeling the thirst for revenge! I can no longer pretend/

That mentally I won't be plummeting off the deep end/

I'm desperately seeking these trendy motherfuckers,

Just so I can teach them never to speak on any of us/

There's something you wanna say?

Get that other rapper's cock out your throat! No wonder he's been coming out
your face/

Son, never doubt The Plague, cause we infect against even the best/

medicines and vaccines, sedatives and bacitracin/

I'm fed up with the rap scene/

As I'm Dealing with an amount of politics that would even give the president
bad dreams/

V2 (32)

Every thing you see and hear was paid for/

So, don't try to discredit me, cause my shit isn't played more/

Just imagine having to wait, bored, at the stage door/

Cause nothing aches worse than a name on the marquis when it ain't yours/

And you're trying desperately to make noise, but all you get's hate,

From biased record pools that'll chart anything for their next crate/

Or elitist DJs that only spin vinyl - 'go get pressed!'/

But give 'em a Nas exclusive MP3 and they'll play the shit dead.

These vicious double-standards can be seen in many arenas in the game/

From radio burn to video screens, the shit's the same/

From Magazines to mix DJs - You give 'em the green, they give the OK

Cause niggas are greedy leading the way, they sell you a dream and spit in y
our face/

And it isn't easy to look away, when you're focused on your Budden career/

Pumped up with potential, but you can't fire nothing from here/

Need anything done? Then you gotta do it yourself with no help/

When you make on your own? Then everyone shows to share the whole wealth.

But, Oh well - Another day in a cold hell.

When everyone riding your coattails are the same cats that'll pray your reco
rd don't sell/

I won't settle for NO REMARKS about 'room for improvement'/

When you boo at QN5 and refuse to review the music/

Bitch, you're fronting on the future, stop watching your back and face forwa
rd/

Reviewers best to listen to this like they paid for it/

Cause, what the fuck!? Do I need to get shot to get props?

Do you need talent? I guess not - but with drug money and a guest spot/

You can spend lots on a track from the producer of the month/

And that'll induce you with the buzz, that'll get you news-
scoops and the pub/

But Buddy, I'm flat broke. So on that note, I'll say goodbye to articles/

Bookings for college shows, distribution pushing us hard for dough/

Then you wondering why you're seeing the same niggas over and over/

The more original the flow, then, the colder the shoulder/

The same reason you can't stand that verse you heard's/
The same reason you know it word for word. Dog, it's Politics.

V3 (8)

My patience is drifting/
Cause I'm in no political position or famous enough to state my opinion/
Of this game and it's minions, I'm staying silent and numb/
Cause you can't put your foot in your mouth or swallow your words when you'r
e biting your tongue/
So with nice-guy reluctance, I'm fighting my grudges/
And it's hard to be polite with others when you'd rather take a knife to fuc
kers/
Here's my final shot at diplomacy - believe this/
Swing for your third strike, I'm calling you out on the remix/

Chorus:

I cant breath
And I can't see
And I can't move
Cause I'm sick and tired of these politics

I can't sleep
I can't think
I can't live
Cause I'm sick and tired of these politics.