

## Appendix 1

### **Backsong's Lyric**

Look, if you had one shot, or one opportunity  
 To seize everything you ever wanted in one moment  
 Would you capture it or just let it slip?  
 Yo  
 His palms are sweaty, knees weak, arms are heavy  
 There's vomit on his sweater already, mom's spaghetti  
 He's nervous, but on the surface he looks calm and ready to drop bombs,  
 But he keeps on forgetting what he wrote down,  
 The whole crowd goes so loud  
 He opens his mouth, but the words won't come out  
 He's choking how, everybody's joking now  
 The clock's run out, time's up over, bloah!  
 Snap back to reality, Oh there goes gravity  
 Oh, there goes Rabbit, he choked  
 He's so mad, but he won't give up that  
 Easy, no  
 He won't have it, he knows his whole back's to these ropes  
 It don't matter, he's dope  
 He knows that but he's broke  
 He's so stagnant, he knows  
 When he goes back to his mobile home, that's when it's  
 Back to the lab again, yo  
 This whole rhapsody  
 He better go capture this moment and hope it don't pass him  
 You better lose yourself in the music, the moment  
 You own it, you better never let it go  
 You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow  
 This opportunity comes once in a lifetime yo  
 You better lose yourself in the music, the moment  
 You own it, you better never let it go  
 You only get one shot, do not miss your chance to blow  
 This opportunity comes once in a lifetime yo  
 (You better)  
 The soul's escaping, through this hole that is gaping  
 This world is mine for the taking  
 Make me king, as we move toward a new world order  
 A normal life is boring, but superstardom's close to post mortem  
 It only grows harder, only grows hotter  
 He blows us all over these hoes is all on him

Coast to coast shows, he's known as the globetrotter  
Lonely roads, God only knows  
He's grown farther from home, he's no father  
He goes home and barely knows his own daughter  
But hold your nose 'cause here goes the cold water  
His hoes don't want him no more, he's cold product  
They moved on to the next schmoie who flows  
He nose dove and sold nada  
So the soap opera is told and unfolds  
I suppose it's old partner but the beat goes on  
Da da dum da dum da da  
No more games, I'ma change what you call rage  
Tear this motherfucking roof off like two dogs caged  
I was playing in the beginning, the mood all changed  
I've been chewed up and spit out and booed off stage  
But I kept rhyming and stepped right into the next cypher  
Best believe somebody's paying the pied piper  
All the pain inside amplified by the fact  
That I can't get by with my 9 to 5  
And I can't provide the right type of life for my family  
Cause man, these goddamn food stamps don't buy diapers  
And it's no movie, there's no Mekhi Phifer, this is my life  
And these times are so hard, and it's getting even harder  
Trying to feed and water my seed, plus  
Teeter totter caught up between being a father and a prima donna  
Baby mama drama's screaming on and  
Too much for me to wanna  
Stay in one spot, another day of monotony  
Has gotten me to the point, I'm like a snail  
I've got to formulate a plot or I end up in jail or shot  
Success is my only motherfucking option, failure's not  
Mom, I love you, but this trailer's got to go  
I cannot grow old in Salem's lot  
So here I go it's my shot.  
Feet fail me not, this may be the only opportunity that I got