

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