

Hip-Hop

dead prez

Uh, Uh, Uh, 1, 2, 1, 2
Uh, Uh, 1, 2, 1, 2, uh, uh
All my dogs

It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip
It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip hop

Uh, one thing 'bout music, when it hit you feel no pain
white folks says it controls your brain
I know better than that, that's game and we ready for that
Two soldiers head of the pack, matter of fact who got the gat?
And where my army at?
Rather attack and not react
Back the beats, it don't reflect on how many records get sold
On sex, drugs, and rock and roll, whether your project's put on hold
In the real world, these just people with ideas
They just like me and you when the smoke and camera disappear
Again the real world (world), it's bigger than all these fake ass records
When poor folks got the millions and my woman's disrespected
If you check 1,2, my word of advice to you is just relax
Just do what you got to do, if that don't work then kick the facts
If you a fighter, rider, 'bout'er?, flame ignitor, crowd exciter
Or you wanna just get high, then just say it
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire, wolf-cry agent with a wire
I'm gonna know it when I play it

Uh, who shot Biggie Smalls?
If we don't get them, they gonna get us all
I'm down for runnin' up on them crackers in they city hall
We ride for y'all, all my dogs stay real
Nigga don't think these record deals gonna feed your seeds
And pay your bills because they not
MC's get a little bit of love and think they hot
Talkin' bout how much money they got, all y'all records sound the same
I sick of that fake thug, R & B, rap scenario all day on the radio
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material, y'all don't here me though
These record labels slang our tapes like dope
You can be next in line, and signed, and still be writing rhymes and broke
You would rather have a Lexus, some justice, a dream or some substance?
A Beamer, a necklace or freedom?
Still a nigga like me don't play a hate, I just stay awake
This real hip hop, and it don't stop until we get the po-po off the block
They call it....

Uh, DP's got that crazy shit we keep it crunk up

John Blaze'd and shit what
Fake, fake, fake records