

Hip Hop

Joell Ortiz

Yo do me a favor? (what?)
Accidentally step on your white sunglasses (ha ha ha)
We don't wear those over here, this is hip-hop {uh-huh}
This is Carhart jackets (yeah) Timberland boots unlaced {yup}
This is Champion hoodies, chicken wings and french fries {uhh}
R.I.P. pieces on the handball court (you see it)
This is us still fightin police brutality {AH-HAH!}

Everybody runnin they mouth 'bout how they real
Ringtones blowin the doors off album sales
Need to be tellin the people 'bout how they feel
So that's how it all started, I'm surprised they feel I'll
Music just ain't what it used to
We used to have songs that, you could shoplift or boost to
This is the truth too, listen we gon' pop in the Juice Crew
Then run up in the mall, get loose boo
Hard streets, hard times, beats and hard rhymes
Five Percenters teachin the god lines
Two turntables, a mixer, few speakers
Haze didn't exist yet, they blew reefer
Pink Champale, plenty of malt liquor
Extension cord was ran through grandma's kitchen
Fashion statements, bats was safe then
Now, D-Block Royal bash your face in

Aww man (man) this is hip-hop
Hands up, if you forever a fan of hip-hop
I wake up hip-hop, go to sleep hip-hop
Dream about hip-hop, cause I am hip-hop

Uhh, geah, check
I said hip-hop, started out in the park
Man I knew it was goin down from the start
I be backstage with that extra pound in my heart
Butterflies, what a vibe when I tear that whole crowd apart
It's hip-hop, my lips got problems, I spit hot shit
Watch the kid rock albums, I hurt verses
And bruise flows, who knows what's next and when
I'm like a NBA game, nothin less than 10
It's like all kinda diseases infest my pen
I'm sick I gotta spit, I can't digest my phlegm
This gift, could be a curse if you don't use it right
So call me now, tell half of these dudes good night
They let the lion out the cage, the dragon from out the cage
Dudes worship him, girls be draggin him off the stage
You dudes weak, you ruin beats, you don't hurt the track
Give your producer my contacts I'll murder that

Knahmean? J-O!
See you my nigga, haha
Bring this shit back man
Bring it back in time man, check

Just when y'all thought Queenbridge was a wrap
Nas came back (Bridgin' the Gap)
Joey Crack told the whole map to (Lean Back)
For a second you woulda thought New York was takin the scene back

Even Ja dropped a mean track - it went "I'm from New York!"
The first city that have heads to fiend for crack
Now all I hear about is who's a Blood, who's a Crip
Religious leaders only teach half of the truth and shit
I'd rather rock a fake gold crucifix
Than them platinum white Jesus faces; he rap like he's a racist
Know a philosopher that reads the pages
So that knowledge I try to keep away from me for ages
(Aww man) It's like I'm in a race against time
Couple years ago I couldn't wait to get signed
I thought automatically that my face'll get shine
But bein lyrical was just a waste of slick rhyme
Cause so, still I annihilate though
The sire lace the place with the fireplace flow
The day y'all could fuck with me or Joell Ortiz?
That's the day Hell gon' freeze
Aww man