

## Two Kind

### "Hip Pop"

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Hip pop, they tap dance to sell a mil  
While real emcees with skills don't got a deal  
It's industry conspiracy to make us savage  
Take off ya clothes to go gold, sell ya soul to live lavish

[Verse One]

It seems every man wanna be a pop star  
It's obvious to me that you forgot who you are  
These labels will have you wearing high heels and a  
bra  
Cut the roots to ya tree and watch ya empire fall  
Now hip hop is a tree, and trees live by their roots  
All the roots live underground, water down me no  
salute!  
They pimping the culture, the same vulture who stole  
ya agriculture  
My vocab is ultra, I insult ya or nurture ya sculpture  
It's like to get a record deal, you gotta get naked and  
kneel  
Labels ain't checking for skills no more, they want sex  
appeal  
No publishing checks in the mail  
Don't you know when you become a slave to money  
That's when you destined to fail  
You swallowing so you can sell a million records  
On magazine front covers butt naked  
Used to be a queen who was highly respected  
Now when I listen to ya album, shit get ejected  
I didn't get the album out, somebody cock blocked it  
In 99 I smacked the blackball right in the side pocket  
When I drop it take ya plaque to the pawn shop and  
hock it  
I'm taking all y'all money this year, extorting ya profit  
Y'all got greedy and went commercial  
And ya label's still jerking you  
I'm starving all y'all niggaz this year, take it personal

[Chorus]

[Verse Two]

Fuck riding in limos nigga copyright ya demos  
Cause they shiesty, labels are shiesty  
Ya manager's stroking you, saying shows are promotional  
Cause they shiesty, niggaz are shiesty  
Stupid, the main niggaz who helped you get on  
The first niggaz you shit on  
You'll realize who love you when all ya money's giddone  
They're smiling in ya face  
Cause right now you're putting cake on their plate  
Them the same niggaz that's scheming on ya safe - word!  
It's the ones that sniff coke witcha, from broke to richer  
Now they wanna cut ya throat and come and getcha  
Ya fake acapellas can't really rock a farvela crowd  
Ya head is full of helium, you floating in the clouds  
On stage fronting like the solo type  
Cloned my hip hop chromosomes, deep down you know Shabazz ya prototype  
Don't even know how to hold the mic, trippin over the cables  
Mumbling and stumbling into the turntables  
Tap dancing, juggling, shuffling their feet smiling  
The type of niggaz I be snuffing while their freestyling  
Whether you're gold or you're platinum, I'm robbing and gatting them  
And slapping them with an aluminum bat and busting a cap in them  
Duct taping and gagging them, make 'em deep throat the magnum  
Trapping them in alleys, where we're beating stomping and dragging them  
Fuck selling my soul for that mansion and a yacht  
I'd rather make salat and scrape the bottom of the pot  
Real soldiers survive with 3 hots and a cot  
You can't take them riches in the ground when you rot  
Must have forgot, ya fans bought you to that altitude  
And now you left them astray, ego got you confused  
Son I be browsing, they tryna trap us all in public housing  
How niggaz classic albums only sell 200 thousand  
Labels be running sound scams on ya cream  
That makes niggaz susceptible on going mainstream, they pulling ya strings  
With marketing schemes extorting the fiends  
They ain't gonna never tell you how many records you sold seen  
Peace to all emcees staying true to their root  
Don't sell their soul for the loot  
And planting seeds in the youth and fuck the

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Hip pop, hip pop, hip pop we shoot  
Empires will fall when you cut the trees root  
Hip pop, hip pop, hip pop we shoot  
Empires will fall when you cut the trees root

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