

## **Whitney Houston F/ Santana**

### **"H.I.P.H.O.P"**

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[KRS] Yeah that's the one -- yo Thor-EI just just check your mic

Verse One: Thor-EI

So you wanna be the million dollar man, kid what's your plan  
Make a deal with the devil settle for a hundred grand  
Not enough I call your bluff, hit you with the stuff  
Deal with this and think you're tough, gimme a call  
when things get rough  
You get no Vette and, if I could stay leaded  
I'm leavin rappers one-legged from fakin like the  
prosthetic  
you're artificial by cripple, rap is like your pistol  
Grim Reaper, I got the whistle, death I pull no tissue  
Hit you, like the Mac-11, MC's subtract by seven  
Callin callin for the reverend, lookin at hell like heaven  
I'm on the map, makin it like the crazy on the track  
Oh what the hell I get my mail while I raid you til it crack

Chorus: KRS and Thor-EI

H, I, P, H, O, P, we are  
H, I, P, H, O, P, we are

Verse Two: KRS-One

C'mon, uhh  
Dead two in the head before some A&R tell me  
I must give up the streets you lift the company can sell  
me  
What's the sense in being large if you can't take a risk?  
Thinkin a risk upon a disc means you're written off the  
list  
I'm not sayin you can't have your fame and glory just  
don't bore me  
when I come to see you live, and I paid twenty-five  
That's, crazy loot Kris is saying I don't play those  
games  
Killing Rhyme Sessions is the meaning of my name

But don't call my name in vain, cause I will appear  
And your livest MC will get slain right here  
See I do the homework, and I do the extra credit  
You could sell a million records, and still can't set it  
Cause the Lex or Beem is probably just the matches  
and a Jeep so  
I'm sure your rap career now if they come before your  
people  
Ohh Lord!! You can't be thinkin about Billboard  
With the mic cord, and several thousand people just  
bored  
Being dope live is like being insured for life  
You always get called back twice, you are

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: Thor-El, KRS-One

I burn like hy-dra-cho-loric and my city got itty  
He's terrible, Thor-El's incredible and terrific  
Is it, that you're under the influence of local obvious  
Rappers that die, but why, explain the obvious

No stoppin this lyrics from the esophagus  
rockin strictly the hip-hop populace

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