

With Stupid "Street Hop"

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[Nas sample - repeat 2X]

This ain't rappin, this is street hop

Now get up off yo' (ass) like yo' seats hot

[Erick Sermon]

Yeah, Redman uh, E. Sermon, Tre

[Verse One: Redman]

Yeah, yo

I'm Doc, Brick City, know how I rock

I'm hip-hop, I live up in the rim shop

I blow out my tires then I buy some mo'

My car's Ying Yang'n the way it sit LOWW

A little Anita, a little Vandross

I got two guns to give you secondhand smoke

I'm no joke, this ain't Hanna Barbera

It's the Bricks, Mandela on Anteras

In my rear mirror, a freak approach

Knew she wasn't first class cause her bag was Coach

She was like, "Redman! Buy me boots."

So I, bought her Timbs, and a army suit

Nobody want it with Doc, you smell me Duke?

Front page, smokin L's in The Daily News

Y'all cats big time, but the tops are turned

When you in the same realm as, Doc and Serm',

yeahhh

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

"This ain't rappin, this is street hop

Now get up off yo' (ass) like yo' seats hot"

(And if the record is hot say one two) one two (one two)

[Verse Two: Erick Sermon]

Yeah, yeah, yo, uhh

E-Dub in the flesh, no replacement

I still bring trunk funk from the basement (who are you?)

Peeimp MC, my style's mackadocious

Boy, ask her-on who the dopest

E - steppin to me, better-a think twice

I'm nice, the outcome be "The Passion of Christ"

You get ripped, you ain't equipped to rock with the
vandal
(Yeah) I change your Timberlands to sandals
Thug MC's, thinkin they hard
When they walk around the block with 6 bodyguards
Yo, I'm a big dawg (grrr) you a pup (arf!)
It's like comparin a car to a truck
What, you spend dough for airplay when you network
That ain't fair, that ain't the way the street work
This is street hop, nuttin about pride
For you, I'ma keep them ambulances outside, you dig?

[Chorus]

[Erick Sermon]

All them rappers that can't rhyme (can't rhyme)
What is you doin is a crime
Sayin that garbage all the time
{*chk-chk-BOOM*} Word up, yeah

[Verse Three: Tre]

That's how I'm livin, still a gangsta, still a pimpin mack
All around hustler, 9 to 5 flippin crack
Tryin to stay up out of prison, steady spittin raps
Not to mention spittin scraps, don't mix your puddy-tat
with that
{*meowww*} Dhark Citi, put it on your map
Don't ride through without your pistol, put it on your lap
And I don't look for beef but don't think that I won't
attack
Have you in a coffin momma like, "He don't belong in
that"
You shoulda thought of that before the fact
Why a (nigga) roll the dice, lose all they money, then
they want it back?
But that's a bunch of crap...
.. but f'real jyo, don't gamble witch a life, cause ain't no
comin back

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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