

Kevon Edmonds

"Hip Hop"

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repeat in background of intro
scratching "Alright.. it's OK"

[Krumb Snatcha]
Hip hop.. hip hop [4x]

This one here's dedicated to a special part of my life
that's missing
If she's listenin, this one's dedicated to you
Come on, uhh

[Verse 1]
I remeber '89 when I ride the train
Did the knowledge to the bombers that was taggin up
the name
Ghetto fame, was the only destiny
Some will be remembered, while the other rest will be..
Forgotten, hip hoppin on the old project roofs
Now it's bulletproofs, gettin wild, Cristal, eighty booth,
or get the bubblegoose, pass the O.E. boo
And let me reminisce of Hip-Hop and the things we
used to do
I used to put 'em in positions, on top of a cardboard
Poppin and breakin and get it open like a condor
She been on rap tours for months
Liquor and blunts, doin raps, holdin gats, and rockin
gold fronts
Before that rap in the Vicki Secret and Martinis
We was givin ourselves, nicknames in graffiti
Now it's Tahiti, hotels, suites, chanel
Italian shoes, now your rockin silk pastels
I can tell if our ending's, near or far
Now you drive expensive cars, hang with A and Nas
Left me and Kingo, to rap about your bankroll
Your fo', night after night after you do a pack rat show
I don't know, why you don't come around, how it sound
You hang with cowboys and Nino Brown
I miss you, but now you hold a pistol
Put it down c'mere, cuz Snatcha wanna kiss you

[Chorus] 2x

I miss Hip-Hop (Hip-Hop)
Yo where can she be?
Can't she see and hop along right here with me

[Verse 2]

Night after night I cry to sleep fearin the end
I called the Zulu Nation to help look for this lost friend
I went all around and asked everyone,
There's rumors she's seen some guy named KRS-One
I'm lost son, I hope Hip-Hop can hear
Without her there's no need for me to be here
We used to rock the radio, shack tables, the Realistics
I was simplistic but now your materialistic
Got to have the Technics, the minute, you sample her
Threw the beatmachine and keyboards inside the
hamper
Havin temper-tantrums all on stage, just to get paid
Your gettin arrested, put on the front page
Never in my life I thought you'd act like this
The feelings I have for this longtime mis-tress
I reminisce in the basement with her for hours
And after verbal intercourse, I take a long shower
(shower)
But all of a sudden, you don't wanna see me
Unsatisfied with 12" and got a CD
Can it be, her goddess listenin to this?
Cuz all I want Hip-Hop back with me for Christmas
I miss this, special part of my life
And when I see her again I'll make it sure she's my wife

[Chorus] 4x

I miss Hip-Hop (Hip-Hop)
Yo where can she be?
Can't she see and hop along right here with me

repeat in background of outro
scratching "Alright.. it's OK"

Ya move it to the left and the right y'all
Everybody represent this here right y'all
All the breakers gotta hit the dancefloor now
Graffiti artists, raise hands in the air y'all
Uh, uh uh...

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