

## Chante Moore

### "Hip-Hop"

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You are listening to the sounds of the RBGs, Turn Off  
The Radio, tune your  
frequency. This is DPz nigga, Revolutionary But  
Gangsta, holla back!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop  
(Come again...break them chains, come on!)  
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop  
(Break them chains, come on!)

Who shot 2Pac? If we don't get them they gon get us all  
I'm down for runnin up on them crackas in the City Hall  
We ride for yall, all my dogs stay real  
nigga don't think these record deals gon feed your  
seeds and pay your bills  
because they not  
Emcees get a little bit a lovin think they hot  
Talkin bout how much money they got, nigga all your  
records sound the same  
I'm sick of that fake thug R&B rap scenario all day on  
the radio  
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material, yall  
don't here me though  
These record labels slang our tapes like dope  
You can be next in line and signed and still be writing  
rhymes and broke  
You rather have a Lexus? or justice?  
a dream or some substance?  
a Beamer a necklace or freedom?  
See a nigga like me don't playa hate, I just stay awake  
it's real hip hop  
and it don't stop till we get these crackers off out block!  
(C'mon)

We be DP RBG for life, TURN OFF THE RADIO!  
The revolution won't be televised, TURN OFF THAT  
BULLSHIT!  
We be DP RBG for life, TURN OFF THE RADIO!

One thing bout music when it hit you feel no pain  
white folks take control of your brain, I know better than

that  
that's game and we ready for that  
Two soldiers head of the pack, matter of fact who got  
the gat?  
And where my army at?  
Rather attack and not react  
back to beats it don't reflect on how many records get  
sold  
on sex drugs and rock-n-roll  
whether your projects' put on hold  
In the real world, it's just people with ideas  
They just like me and you when the smoke and camera  
disappear  
Again the real world  
it's bigger than all these fake-ass records  
When po' folks got the millions and my sisters'  
disrespected  
If you "Check 1-2" my word of advise to you is just relax  
Just do what you got to do, if that don't work then kick  
the facts  
If you a fighter, ryder, biter, flame-ignitor, crowd-  
exciter, Or you wanna  
jus' get high, then just say it  
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire, wolf-crier, agent  
wit' a wire I'm  
gon' know it when I play it  
It's bigger than..

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (We be DP RBG for life) TURN  
OFF THE RADIO!  
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (the revolution won't be  
televised) TURN OFF THAT  
BULLSHIT!  
Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop (We be DP RBG for life) TURN  
OFF THE RADIO!  
The revolution won't be televised TURN OFF THE RADIO!

My neck...my back...they put a noose on my neck and  
whips on my back!  
My neck...my back...you got a tie around your neck but  
they breakin your back!  
My neck...my back...they put a noose on my neck and  
whips on my back!  
My neck...my back...and if you got BLING on your neck  
you better watch your back!

Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..  
(nigga it's bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..  
(it's still bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop..  
(nigga it's bigga then) Hip-Hop Hip-Hop Hip-Hop...TURN  
OFF THE RADIO!

Word up! Eyes open fist clenched. Dare to struggle  
dare to win  
Goin out to all the ryders  
RBG love, that's Revolutionary But Gangsta!  
Word up! My whole team! (???), D-Don,  
Stik Daddy Dolla\$, Maintain hold strong!  
Fred Hampton, Jr., we got they eyes on them  
We know they got they eyes on you, word up,  
everybody doin time  
Minimum, medium...maximum, super maximum  
security concentration camps  
All the ryders we right there with you!  
RBG LOVE! It's goin out like that!  
Everybody, push that middle finger up in the air  
to George Bush if you know what time it is!  
Yeah! Turn off the motherfuckin radio!

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