

Phd

"Keep It Real"

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Set it...what (echo)

[Chorus: Poet]

Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real..

[Blaq Poet]

I rip shit like a wild pit
You want it hardcore well I'm the nigga to fuck with
I got rhymes of the ass
Damn check me out y'all into the mind of a madman
My brains kinda twisted figgit
I'm sic of the mint and rippin' rappers in the instinct
My man Hot-Day makes the beat
And I attack this shit like a loin on raw meat
This is just the first paragraph
And allready motherfuckers throw the half is a
bloodybath
Now everybody know we ain't new to this
We go back like "grits" two lunatics
And it's time to wreck shop
Back to the set of underground hip hop
And all you crossover punks you're violaters
Even your fans want to feed you to the alligators
Only a few stay true to the underground
They got off but now they gotta lock it down
Cuz I'm sick off the suckers comin' in and out
Make up your mind what the fuck you wanne be about
Instead of sellin out just so you can sell a mill
You better keep it real punk keep it real

[Chorus]

Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What (Keep it Real)

Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What (Shit is real)
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What (Motherfucker)
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real..

[Blaq Poet]

Prepare yourself here I am the grimreaper
Punk-ass rappers are ducking behind speakers
Try to play it off, looking at they beepers
They know they wish they brought there motherfuckin'
running sneakers
Shit is real I pack steal with a tight grip
Smoke a feel so I can chill because I might flip
Ain't nothing left but a mess when we leave
damaging dj's torturing mc's
Rhymes are dead, no special effects
I'm rapping the mic-cord around niggaz necks
Hangin' them up high whatching your blood drip
Ready for the next -verse- slope enuff- a clip
Crash your parties drinking Bacardi out the bottle
Catching bodies smoking blunts like no tomorrow
The madman from the bottle of the underground
Yo, Hot-Day I'm making niggaz feel it now
Fuck the radio if they don't a show
A dead motherfucker don't host no rap-show
And that's for getting hurt, that ain't a problem
I drop the album on a Hot-Day volume
Over punks that fronted before they wanne peace
But all they can get is a 100% beef
Fuck what you heard, act like you know it
Fully strapped is the attack of Blaq Poet
The renegade on the rampage keepin' it real
Bringin' the streets on stage
So get ready I'ma quip like a battleship
You underseems like the Steven Seagal flick
Rhym's are pain I came up to thow up the name
Niggaz are quick but damn I'm playing the ring,
supreme
And I mean nothing but business, you'll be the witness
As we dismiss
Rappers running around wearing a phony ground
Only real niggaz represent the underground
The rap industry knows how we feel

Killing off motherfuckers if they don't keep it real

[Chorus]

Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What (Keep it Real)
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What (Keep it real what)
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real ...

[Blaq Poet]

I keep it real I still chill on the hill
Ain't nothing changest cause I gotta little record deal
Alotte niggaz be frontin' just for the crowd
Talking so much shit like they suppost to be wild
But all fake niggaz drop like a rock
With no props even on they own block
Cause they switch when out like a bitch
Left the hood now they on some other shit
So fuck them and there contracts
Come drive to the projects and get carjacked
You ain't true to the game
And for being a sucker you get two to the brain
Now you know how a deadman feel
This is PHD and we keep shit real

[Chorus]

Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real What
Keep it real ...

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