

## Afu-Ra "Hip Hop"

Visit "[Hip Hop](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yo yo yo yo

[Chorus:]

Y'all want some hip hop, then holler HELL YEAH  
Y'all want some hip hop, then scream HELL YEAH  
Feel this hip hop, and yell HELL YEAH  
Y'all know we 'bout to bring it here, fake cats get up  
outta here

[Repeat Chorus]

[Verse 1:]

See whatcha like gimme the mic  
I'm rippin and flippin and grippin it tight  
Say whatcha like, don't play with me right?  
I ride your chain from day to night  
Head first with a verse  
You see my excerpts got eskimos in igloos sweatin and  
seek in search  
In self-worth, through the knowledge that all age enter  
the earth  
Till the devils and his dogs I fool I'll be the fuckin curse  
Spit fire more fire with my nigga Fire  
I backflip blindfolded on a highwire  
Then fall back on my team and dream of lividcism  
I met Noah before the ark and started rhymin with him  
If I wanted to flow with him reactin like a cataclysm  
And shockwavin my rights into the system

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

Now set trippin and sweatin the aesthetics  
The chick's beef hits your ass up like diabetics  
I bet it gets, I wrestle it, second album be the predicate  
No mismatches, no maxin or relaxin  
Toast with the awesome two, break it like your fractions  
Peep the equation, these Pythagorean thereom  
I know the science for the metals and all the plenums  
Until you hate it, young children have been mutilated  
It looks good and some of y'all be desecratin

Incineratin wastin your state in the outer space  
It's wicked right I hit it right slice doors with a butter  
knife  
I'm makin moves on the mic like I was dice

Y'all want some hip hop, then holler HELL YEAH  
Y'all want some hip hop, then scream HELL YEAH  
Feel this hip hop, and yell HELL YEAH  
Y'all know we 'bout to bring it here, we transcend we  
outta here

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

Tippin you off bringin it forth, knowledge be the jump-  
off  
Wax on wax off, liquid form-I turn to hot sauce  
While some may want they salad tossed I can bust like  
Matatov  
Now get your saddle off, quit bustin, no towelin off  
Some pip squeaks in the game night ride like  
Hasslehoff  
Stand back to your skin and feel my G-force  
Tic tac toein I keep it flowin and flowin  
No need for detonators my shit be mind blowin  
Blind the sights likes of Ihmotep  
Flippin the script ring the alarm like Ghengis Khan  
Who rocks all takes all kick it like Win Chaw  
Or ping pong crackin the mic, the dreaded King Kong

[Chorus]

Y'all want some hip hop, then holler HELL YEAH  
Y'all want some hip hop, then scream HELL YEAH  
Feel this hip hop, and yell HELL YEAH  
Y'all know we 'bout to bring it here, we transcend we  
outta here

Visit [Afu-Ra](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.