

## Dead Poetic

### "Hip-Hop"

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Fake, fake records

Uh, uh, uh, 1, 2, 1, 2  
Uh, uh, 1, 2, 1, 2, uh, uh  
All my dogs

It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip  
It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip hop

Uh, one thing 'bout music  
When it hit you feel no pain  
White folks says it controls 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 than not react  
Back the beats it don't reflect  
On how many records get sold  
On sex, drugs, and rock and roll  
Whether your project's put on hold  
In the real world  
These just people with ideas  
They just like me and you  
When the smoke and camera disappear  
Again the real world (world)  
It's bigger than all these fake ass records  
When poor folks got the millions  
And my woman's disrespected  
If you check 1,2,  
My word of advice 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, rider, lighter, flame ignitor, crowd  
exciter  
Or you wanna just get high  
Then just say it  
But then if you a liar-liar, pants on fire  
Wolf-cry agent with a wire  
I'm gon' know it when I play it

It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip  
It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip hop

Uh, who shot Biggie Smalls  
If we don't get them  
They gonna get us all  
I'm down for runnin' up on them  
Crackers in they city hall  
We ride for y'all  
All my dogs stay real  
Nigga don't think these record deals  
Gonna feed your seeds  
And pay your bills because they not  
MC's get a little bit of love and think they hot  
Talkin' 'bout how much money they got  
Nigga all y'all records sound the same  
I sick of that fake thug, R & B  
Rap scenario all day on the radio  
Same scenes in the video, monotonous material  
Y'all 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 would rather have a Lexus or justice  
A dream or some substance  
A Beamer, a necklace or freedom  
Still a nigga like me don't playa' hate  
I just stay awake  
This real hip-hop, and it don't stop  
'Til we get the po-po off the block  
They call it

Hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip  
It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip  
It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop, hip  
It's bigger than hip hop, hip hop, hip hop

DP's got that crazy shit we keep it crunk up  
John Blaze'd and shit what

Uh, DP's got that crazy shit we keep it crunk up  
John Blaze'd and shit

Uh, DP's got that crazy shit we keep it crunk up  
John Blaze'd and shit

1, 2, 1, 2

Uh, DP's got that crazy shit we keep it crunk up  
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Uh, DP's got that crazy shit we keep it crunk up

They call it

Fake, fake, fake records

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