

Dead Poetic

"It's Bigger Than Hip-Hop"

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* "hip-hop" remix

[radio tuning]

It's still bigger than hip hop hip hop hip hop hip
It's bigger than hip hop hip hop hip hop hip hop

[verse 1]

Uhh, uhh, uhh

One thing 'bout music when it's real they get scared
Got us slavin for the welfare

Aint no food, clothes, or healthcare

I'm down for guerilla warfare

All my niggas put your guns in the air if you really don't
care

Skunk in the air, make a nigga wanna buck in the air

For my brother locked up in the jump for a year

Shit is real out here don't believe these videos

This fake ass industry gotta pay to get a song on the
radio

Really though, dp'z gon' let you know

It's just a game of pimps and hoes

And it's all 'bout who you know

Not who we are, or how we grow

I rap 'bout what I know, what I go through

What I been through, not just for no dough

Even though the rent due, what I'm into ain't for no
dough

Or just no fame, everything must change, nothin
remains the same

Sick of the same ol' thang, it's bigger than "bling bling"

Hook:

If i, feel it I feel it, if I don't, I don't

If it ain't really real then I probably won't

Rollin with my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride

For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die

Uhh, hip what hop what hip what hop what hip what hop
what hip what

Hop c'mon, c'mon, my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to
ride

For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die

[verse 2]

Hip hop means sayin what I want never bite my tongue
Hip hop means teaching the young
If you feelin what I'm feelin then you hearin what I'm
sayin
Cause these fake fake records just keep on playin
What you sayin huh dp bringin the funk
Let the bassline rattle your trunk, uh-hh!
Punk pig wit a badge wanna handcuff me 'cause my
pants that's tend to sag
Hip hop means throw up your rag, soldier flag
Whether ridin on the bus or you stole a jag
M-1 mean freedom, burn the cash
Revolutionary love til the day we pass
Will they play it on the radio
Maybe not, maybe so we gon keep it pumpin though
Everybody know we headed for the whoa, fo sho

[verse 3]

Ay dogg that label is that slave ship
Owners got them whips and rappers is slaves
If you really wanna eat you gotta hear the same thing
With the football, b-ball, or if you slangin that dope
Aint never seen no hope, brainwash video shows be
foolin my folk
What the hell a brother gon do though, huh
When the rent due, when the lights and the gas gonna
get cut off
Drop them raps or cock them gats
Aint never had shit ever since we came to this bitch
Why I gotta feel pain to get rich
'stead of stackin chips, finna pack them clips

Hook 2x

(ride to this if you miss tupac, bounce to this if you love
big poppa)

We keep it crunkah

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