

## **Dead Prez "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 play a 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  
John Blaze'd and shit

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

They call it

Fake, fake, fake records

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