

## Dead Prez "Hip-Hop (Remix)"

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You are listening to the sounds of the RBGs  
'Turn Off The Radio', tune your frequency  
This is DPz nigga, 'Revolutionary But Gangsta', holla  
back

Hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop  
(Come again, break them chains, come on)  
Hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop  
(Break them chains, come on)

Who shot 2Pac? If we don't get them they gon' get us  
all  
I'm down for runnin' up on them crackas in the City Hall  
We ride for y'all, all my dogs stay real  
Nigga don't think these record deals  
Gon' feed your seeds and pay your bills

Because they not Emcees  
Get a little bit a lovin' think they hot  
Talkin' 'bout how much money they got  
Nigga all your records sound the same

I'm sick of that fake thug  
R and 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 rather have a Lexus? Or justice?  
A dream or some substance?  
A Beamer a necklace or freedom?

See a nigga like me don't playa hate  
I just stay awake it's real hip hop  
And it don't stop till we get  
These crackers off out block  
(C'mon)

We be DP RBG for life, 'Turn Off The Radio'  
The revolution won't be televised

Turn off that bullshit  
We be DP RBG for life, 'Turn Off The Radio'

One thing 'bout music when it hit you feel no pain  
White folks take control of 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 and not react

Back to beats it don't reflect  
On how many records get sold  
On sex drugs and rock 'n roll  
Whether your projects' put on hold  
In the real world, it's just people with ideas

They just like me and you  
When the smoke and camera disappear  
Again the real world it's bigger  
Than all these fake-ass records

When po' folks got the millions  
And my sisters' disrespected  
If you 'Check 1-2'  
My word of advise 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, ryder, biter, 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-crier, agent wit' a wire  
I'm gon' know it when I play it, it's bigger than

Hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop  
(We be DP RBG for life)  
'Turn Off The Radio'  
Hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop  
(The revolution won't be televised)  
Turn off that bullshit

Hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop  
(We be DP RBG for life)  
'Turn Off The Radio'  
Hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop  
(The revolution won't be televised)  
'Turn Off The Radio'

My neck, my back  
They put a noose on my neck

And whips on my back  
My neck, my back  
You got a tie around your neck  
But they breakin' your back

My neck, my back  
They put a noose on my neck  
And whips on my back  
My neck, my back  
And if you got bling on your neck  
You better watch your back

Hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop  
(Nigga it's bigga then)  
Hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop  
(It's still bigga then)

Hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop  
(Nigga it's bigga then)  
Hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop  
'Turn Off The Radio'

Word up, eyes open, fist clenched  
Dare to struggle dare to win  
Goin' out to all the ryders  
RBG love, that's 'Revolutionary But Gangsta'

Word up, my whole team, D-Don  
([Unverified])  
Stik Daddy Dollas, maintain hold strong  
Fred Hampton, Jr., we got they eyes on them  
We know they got they eyes on you

Word up, everybody doin' time  
Minimum, medium, maximum  
Super maximum security concentration camps  
All the ryders we right there with you  
RBG love it's goin' out like that

Everybody, push that middle finger up in the air  
To George Bush if you know what time it is  
Yeah, turn off the motherfuckin' radio

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