

Werd

"Is It Hip-hop?"

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[Sample]

And I'm here to tell you this boy's soul is intact
He wont sell anybody out, its non negotiable
You know how I know?
(Because we don't want to hear that weak shit no more)

[Werd]

Is this Hip-Hop? spitting out a sentence,
Though I don't follow trends or the dress sense.
Am I Hip-Hop? I don't feel it,
Just feel what I feel and I'm real it's, Hip-Hop (hip-hop)
Its in my presence, so I don't need trends or the dress
sense
I am Hip-Hop, and you feel this,
S.O.S. the people going to hear this

I'm a hip-hop-aholic, got on it and never off it
Since a crossed it, I was talking it, said I'd aim for the
top of it
Said I would never let up, though fed up I carried on
with it
I held my head up high, no I was never prosperous
Honest its just me making my mark
Getting recognised now, well I guess its a start
Guess you have to take shit when your raised in these
parts
Take the mic, M.I.C. and I rip it apart, R.I.P.

[Sample]

I give a fuck if you feel me, I'm going to follow

[Werd]

And I just follow my heart,
If its hip-hop, I just follow the art
Take that apart get right to the core
Write real deep, then write some more
Cause I feel mainstream seems like a bore
I tell them (We don't wanna hear that fake shit no more)

Is this Hip-Hop? spitting out a sentence,
Though I don't follow trends or the dress sense.
Am I Hip-Hop? I don't feel it,

Just feel what I feel and I'm real it's, Hip-Hop (hip-hop)
It's in my presence, so I don't need trends or the dress
sense
I am Hip-Hop, and you feel this,
S.O.S. the people going to hear this

[Sample]

Now I'm just getting warmed up

[Werd]

Yeah, and I'd rather be chav than a hip-hop head
I don't wear a cap, talk black, instead,
Call me a ned, is it getting through?
My whole life don't follow what I listen too
And I just follow my heart,
If it's hip-hop, I just follow the art

I got one PC, one mic and a mic stand
Padding on the walls in a booth where I might stand
One emcee with a pad I just write jams
Son can't be nothing else get it right bam
Might tan, one more bottle then I'm hyped I'm
Never calling quits I just spit and I'm fighting
Like I'm Tyson, speaking real nice man
Give me your ear, listen clear it's a flight plan
So I'm a try this, this my pilot
First episode written high with a fly script
Buy this, because I can see it in my iris
Third eye sees all the dreams I will die with
Why's this? That the wisest demise
Those eyes on the prize I will never reach the sky, sigh
Underground's what we got,
So I guess in the end I am hip-hop

(And I have seen) SOS, Untitled Scot
Nasty P, Werd, I just follow my heart
I just follow the art (I just follow the art)
I just follow my heart (ha) Hip-hop I just follow the art

Is it hip-hop? Am I hip-hop?

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