

## **Jigmastas**

### **"Hip Hop"**

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[Kriminul]

For real hip hop niggaz..

J.I.G. Mastas..

For days on I hear the same song sayin' nothin new

I'm in the cunt gettin' my blaze on tryin' to stay to I face  
you

We at the next level you tryin' to find that each and  
every day

It's gettin hard for you to grasp my speech

The class I teach

Make you cram to understand lyrics so dope

They oughta cut me up in grams touchin' my hand

Before me and my man rushes to jam, crushing y'clan

No time for you to execute your plan next to shoot a  
man

Or so you say forget the drama causin' rap

You still got news to pay bitches and [???

Around the way in army fatigues

The way you mislead the public

Frontin' like you rough and rugged, hold up

I ask myself, 'is that mad nice?'

I like the way he grip the mic device, is he worth the  
price?

Most times I can't see his skills, it's microscopic  
Y'all niggaz ain't makin music son, ya need to stop it  
The J.I.G.'s be droppin' real [Hip-hop!]  
Let you know that we only flow to real [Hip-hop!]  
It's the norm that we perform rugged [Hip-hop!]  
G-thumpin, [Hip-hop!] party jumpin' [Hip-hop!]  
I see treasures, beyond the material  
Cause the luxuries don't measure up to me  
Maybe enough to me  
The way I feel this salvation truly divine  
When I intertwine like vine  
My lyrics to these basslines  
Know that, I quest to live big willy  
Fuck the phillies, roll up the fonta [?]  
And vocally I haunt ya, Kriminul I stick you up  
For your mental in a minute while I'm in it  
Fill it with lyrics, till it reach the limit  
No gimmicks, causes wrath, man it's real and I feel  
I'm like Medusa, take one look at me and niggaz stand still  
the blast still switches be all out for riches and bitches  
and flies  
Witches on broomsticks whenever my toolkits  
Consume kid, all walks of life, talks of trife  
[???] schemes, we'll put you in the land of permanent  
dreams  
The J.I.G.'s be droppin' real [Hip-hop!]

Let you know that we only flow to real [Hip-hop!]  
It's the norm that we perform rugged [Hip-hop!]  
G-thumpin, [Hip-hop!] party jumpin' [Hip-hop!]  
I do this for niggaz true to this  
Before haters would use their fists, fuck the  
foolishness  
With blasts that expand just like a uterus  
Your hollow team'll get yolked up like Halloween  
J.I.G's drop tombs[?] on tracks to make the other seem  
mediocre  
Misrepresent the culture? Never  
Sever the heads of competition, sport it like a treasure  
Y'all better recognize like familiar family members  
What's that? You're frontin' hard but in your heart you  
know you tender  
Slender, the chance of you slidin' by fakin' jacks  
East, west, north south son, no matter where you at  
Here to strap, it's bound to rock knots like Bon Jovi  
Beyond keepin' it real, so motherfuck the foley  
Run up on me, get hit with rhymes deep like grave  
diggers  
In rap, we like the EMS: We come and save niggaz  
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