

Hill Cypress

"Strictly Hip Hop"

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B Real]:

I neva rapped on an R&B record and I neva will

I got these phoney muthafuckas talk about lets keep it real

But they don't know how to take they own advisement

Going out do it solo on an advertisement comezializing

Fuckin' sell out nigga this is hip hop not fasion

Get the hell out

I'm taking out these so called gangsta niggas

Takin' pictures modeling clothes for small figures,

And I neva took another fuckin' MC's shit,

And made it my first single, fuck a hit,

Fuckin' hypocrite, you can get the dip, when I lick a shot off,

I'm gonna, and all of it,

It's a damn shame when you got all these fools in the record industry,

Sellin' out for the fame,

I just sit back and watch thes fools with their gimmiks,

Go down in flames , in the big game,

[B-Real:

Zippidey-dooda, I smoke weed and I got brain damage,

But, I don't give a fuck cause I still manage,
To represent to the fullest,
No pop singles, and no actin' foolish,
To the studio gangsta with the articals,
In them magazines with the bitch editors,
Keep it real in the game,
Niggas got no shame,
Now all the executives want all the fame,
Based on the videos, just a gang of silly hoes,
For the fuck-em indistry that's take'n all ya dough,
I neva stole it, stole it all,
Just hard work, and sweat, for them platinum records
on the wall,
Fools want me to fall,
I won't cause my roots are to thick and strong, like the
chocolate
tastic,
I hear niggas say no, but, I know they front,
Cause afta they shows they want me to smoke a blunt,
I don't respect a hypocrite, muthafuckas I despise,
Cause me I tell the truth, even when I tell a lie,
All you bruthas in the game run a check,
Cause you get checked fucked off, with no respect,
Muthafuckas

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