

Joell Ortiz f/ Jadakiss, Saigon**"Hip Hop"**

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[Intro: Joell Ortiz] + {Jadakiss} Yo do me a favor?
(what?) Accidentally step on your white sunglasses (ha
ha ha) We don't wear those over here, this is hip-hop
{uh-huh} This is Carhart jackets (yeah) Timberland
boots unlaced {yup} This is Champion hoodies,
chicken wings and french fries {uhh} R.I.P. pieces on
the handball court (you see it) This is us still fightin
police brutality {AH-HAH!} [Jadakiss] Everybody runnin
they mouth 'bout how they real Ringtones blowin the
doors off album sales Need to be tellin the people 'bout
how they feel So that's how it all started, I'm surprised
they feel ill Music just ain't what it used to We used to
have songs that, you could shoplift or boost to This is
the truth too, listen we gon' pop in the Juice Crew Then
run up in the mall, get loose boo Hard streets, hard
times, beats and hard rhymes Five Percenters teachin
the god lines Two turntables, a mixer, few speakers
Haze didn't exist yet, they blew reefer Pink Champale,
plenty of malt liquor Extension cord was ran through
grandma's kitchen Fashion statements, bats was safe
then Now, D-Block Royal bash your face in [Chorus 2X:
Joell Ortiz] Aww man (man) this is hip-hop Hands up, if
you forever a fan of hip-hop I wake up hip-hop, go to
sleep hip-hop Dream about hip-hop, cause I am hip-hop
[Joell Ortiz] Uhh, geah, check I said hip-hop, started out
in the park Man I knew it was goin down from the start I
be backstage with that extra pound in my heart
Butterflies, what a vibe when I tear that whole crowd
apart It's hip-hop, my lips got problems, I spit hot shit
Watch the kid rock albums, I hurt verses and bruise
flows, who knows what's next and when I'm like a NBA
game, nothin less than 10 It's like all kinda diseases
infest my pen I'm sick {*cough*} I gotta spit, I can't
digest my phlegm This gift, could be a curse if you
don't use it right So call me now, tell half of these
dudes good night They let the lion out the cage, the
dragon from out the cage Dudes worship him, girls be
draggin him off the stage You dudes weak, you ruin
beats, you don't hurt the track Give your producer my
contacts I'll murder that [Chorus] [Saigon - over
Chorus] Knahmean? J-O! See you my nigga, haha Bring

this shit back man Bring it back in time man, check
[Saigon] Just when y'all thought Queenbridge was a
wrap Nas came back +Bridgin' the Gap+ Joey Crack
told the whole map to +Lean Back+ For a second you
woulda thought New York was takin the scene back
Even Ja dropped a mean track - it went "I'm from New
York!" The first city that have heads to fiend for crack
Now all I hear about is who's a Blood, who's a Crip
Religious leaders only teach half of the truth and shit
I'd rather rock a fake gold crucifix than them platinum
white Jesus faces; he rap like he's a racist Know a
philosopher that reads the pages So that knowledge I
try to keep away from me for ages (Aww man) It's like
I'm in a race against time Couple years ago I couldn't
wait to get signed I thought automatically that my
face'll get shine But bein lyrical was just a waste of
slick rhyme Cause so, still I annihilate though The sire
lace the place with the fireplace flow The day y'all
could fuck with me or Joell Ortiz? That's the day Hell
gon' freeze [Chorus] [Joell] Aww man {*echoes*}

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