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Static D "Hip-Hop"

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HIP HOP HIP HOP HIP HOP HIP It's bigger than HIP HOP HIP HOP HIP HOP GO!

One thing bout music, when it hit you feel no pain White folks say it controls your brain I know better than that, that's game And we ready for that, two soldiers, head of the pack Matter fact, who got the gat? And where ma army at?

Rather attack and not react

Back the beats, it don't reflect on how many records get sold

On sex drugs and rock and roll Whether your project's put on hold

In the real world, these just people wit ideas

They're just like me and you when the smoke and camera disappear

Again the real world is bigger than all these fake as records

Where poor folks got the millions and my womans disrespected

If you check 1 2, my word of advice 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 rider bout a flaming gonna chronic cider

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 It's bigger than HIP HOP HIP HOP HIP HOP GO!

Who shot Biggy Smalls? If we dont get them they gon get us all I'm down for runnin and callin them crackers in they 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

MCs get a little bit of love and think they hot

Talkin bout how much money they got

Nigga all your records sound the same

I'm sick of that fake thug RnB rap scenerio, all day on the radio

Same scenes in the video, monotonous material Y'all dont hear me though

These record lables slang our tapes like dope You could be next in line to sign and still be writin rhymes and broke

You'd rather have a Lexus or justice?

A dream or some substance?

A Beamer or necklace or freedom?

See a nigga like me dont player hate, I just stay awake Dis real hip hop, and it dont stop till we get the police off the block

They call it HIP HOP GO!

Uh

Rock and roll

Rock and roll

Ro-r-rock and roll

Ro-r-rock and roll

Where my dogs at?

To the Whitehouse time (WHAT?)

To the Whitehouse time

Bill Clinton (WHAT?)

George Bush

Juliani (that's right)

We're comin for ya (WHAT?)

2000

Dead Prez

Static-X

Malcolm X

You know

You know it

Hooklow

Hooklow

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