

Lil' Jon And The Eastside Boyz F/ Chyna Whyte

"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

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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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