

Linda Ronstedt**"Hip Hop"**

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Yo yo yo yo

Chorus:

Y'all want some hip hop, then holler HELL YEAH
Y'all want some hip hop, then scream HELL YEAH
Feel this hip hop, and yell HELL YEAH
Y'all know we 'bout to bring it here, fake cats get up
outta here

[Repeat Chorus]

Verse 1:

See whatcha like gimme the mic
I'm rippin and flippin and grippin it tight
Say whatcha like, don't play with me right?
I ride your chain from day to night
Head first with a verse
You see my excerpts got eskimos in igloos sweatin and
seek in search
In self-worth, through the knowledge that all age enter
the earth
Till the devils and his dogs I fool I'll be the fuckin curse
Spit fire more fire with my nigga Fire
I backflip blindfolded on a highwire
Then fall back on my team and dream of lividcism
I met Noah before the ark and started rhymin with him
If I wanted to flow with him reactin like a cataclysm
And shockwavin my rights into the system

[Chorus]

Verse 2:

Now set trippin and sweatin the aesthetics
The chick's beef hits your ass up like diabetics
I bet it gets, I wrestle it, second album be the predicate
No mismatches, no maxin or relaxin
Toast with the awesome two, break it like your fractions
Peep the equation, these Pythagorean thereom
I know the science for the metals and all the plenums
Until you hate it, young children have been mutilated

It looks good and some of y'all be desecratin
Incineratin wastin your state in the outer space
It's wicked right I hit it right slice doors with a butter
knife
I'm makin moves on the mic like I was dice

Y'all want some hip hop, then holler HELL YEAH
Y'all want some hip hop, then scream HELL YEAH
Feel this hip hop, and yell HELL YEAH
Y'all know we 'bout to bring it here, we transcend we
outta here

[Chorus]

Verse 3:

Tippin you off bringin it forth, knowledge be the jump-
off
Wax on wax off, liquid form-I turn to hot sauce
While some may want they salad tossed I can bust like
Matatov
Now get your saddle off, quit bustin, no towelin off
Some pip squeaks in the game night ride like
Hasslehoff
Stand back to your skin and feel my G-force
Tic tac toein I keep it flowin and flowin
No need for detonators my shit be mind blowin
Blind the sights likes of Ihmotep
Flippin the script ring the alarm like Ghengis Khan
Who rocks all takes all kick it like Win Chaw
Or ping pong crackin the mic, the dreaded King Kong

[Chorus]

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