

Phife Dawg f/ Hi-Tek

"D.R.U.G.S"

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[Phife Dawg] When folks say they want some raw hip hop, guess who they quick to call? Diggy Dawg, cuz my shit be neanderthal Some call it primitive, retaining to an earlier time Can't help but go back to them years like '89 When brothers gave a damn about the beats and rhymes Now life is only by the party, ices worn by everybody But what are you saying lyrically, come on, seriously See that's what's wrong with this muthafucking industry MC's be listening to they A&R friends But they ain't your friends, they ain't into setting no trends It's all about them, and how you can make them some ends But fuck that, I'm here to make sure that skills transcend Where there's a pad and pen, Phife gon' make 'em some yen With Mr. Fudge on his job, Hi-Tek on the blend Wifey holding me down, granny singing me hymns Urging me to praise God and keep my eyes on him Just to look is at, see him, he's a mimic to me Simply put things in perspective, on how to MC And be an all I can be, done deal, and that's real Phife the baby face of hip hop, with the raw whip appeal [Chorus: Phife Dawg (Hi-Tek)] I'm here to do what I can do, and I'm done with that (Yo, fuck that, this where the realness at) I know you fraud ass rappers can't attest to that (Yo, fuck that, this where the realness at) Real rap's aim at the wig, while rest fake jack (Yo, fuck that, that's where the realness at) "The realness" "And that's my word" "Queens" "Into that" [Hook 2x: Phife Dawg] One-time for your mind, this is how we do Phife Dawg rock gems, Hi-Tek produce And it don't stop, we got the sure shot It's for the, it's for the, better men of hip hop [Phife Dawg] So you wanna be that superstar, but you more like nova Shining for a week, by next Monday you're over Anytime you see a mic, better look over your shoulder BOW! Before you get smacked with the boulder Thought my attitude was cold for you G? It's even colder Bitter, MC's get kicked right in they shitter Mut' Ranks, more controversial than Adolf Hitler Test me, you getting cut with this here log splitter Now who's iller, backs get snapped like Tostitos tortillas My shit be killa dealer, Planet of the Apes, fuck a Magilla Feel me, black, to Queens, New York, where

y'all at? Lick two shots out in the air, front front to back
Too many rappers running round, fronting like they the
bomb Or you hardly to be the first to read the 23rd
psalm Did you think you'd just get over, with the looks
and charm Or did you, study the style that the next was
on? Come on? Time's up for the fraudulent, peep the
style that I implement I'm say, God damn I'm so
innocent Shit's just so critical, niggas don't wanna hear
the lyrical And they wonder why this rap game's so God
damn fickle Peep the fake shit that the wack suburban
rapper be on One or two rappers from the projects they
might sing love songs Tell me, is something wrong?
Damn, right, niggas ain't tight And they won't be
tomorrow, next Never-uary, and damn sure not tonight
You wanna know why? Cuz Diggy Dawg is in they eye
sight You wanna know why? Cuz Phife Dawg is in they
eye sight [Chorus] [Hook 4x]

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