

# Street Hop

## Planet Asia as King Medallions

[Nas sample - repeat 2X]

This ain't rappin, this is street hop  
Now get up off yo' (ass) like yo' seats hot

[Erick Sermon]

Yeah, Redman uh, E. Sermon, Tre

[Verse One: Redman]

Yeah, yo

I'm Doc, Brick City, know how I rock  
I'm hip-hop, I live up in the rim shop  
I blow out my tires then I buy some mo'  
My car's Ying Yang'n the way it sit LOWW  
A little Anita, a little Vandross  
I got two guns to give you secondhand smoke  
I'm no joke, this ain't Hanna Barbera  
It's the Bricks, Mandela on Anteras  
In my rear mirror, a freak approach  
Knew she wasn't first class cause her bag was Coach  
She was like, "Redman! Buy me boots."  
So I, bought her Timbs, and a army suit  
Nobody want it with Doc, you smell me Duke?  
Front page, smokin L's in The Daily News  
why'all cats big time, but the tops are turned  
When you in the same realm as, Doc and Serm', yeahhh

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

"This ain't rappin, this is street hop  
Now get up off yo' (ass) like yo' seats hot"  
(And if the record is hot say one two) one two (one two)

[Verse Two: Erick Sermon]

Yeah, yeah, yo, uhh

E-Dub in the flesh, no replacement  
I still bring trunk funk from the basement (who are you?)  
Peeemp MC, my style's mackadocious  
Boy, ask her-on who the dopest  
E - steppin to me, better-a think twice  
I'm nice, the outcome be "The Passion of Christ"  
You get ripped, you ain't equipped to rock with the vandal

(Yeah) I change your Timberlands to sandals  
Thug MC's, thinkin they hard  
When they walk around the block with 6 bodyguards  
Yo, I'm a big dawg (grrr) you a pup (arf!)  
It's like comparin a car to a truck  
What, you spend dough for airplay when you network  
That ain't fair, that ain't the way the street work  
This is street hop, nuttin about pride  
For you, I'ma keep them ambulances outside, you dig?

[Chorus]

[Erick Sermon]

All them rappers that can't rhyme (can't rhyme)  
What is you doin is a crime  
Sayin that garbage all the time  
{\*chk-chk-BOOM\*} Word up, yeah

[Verse Three: Tre]

That's how I'm livin, still a gangsta, still a pimpin mack  
All around hustler, 9 to 5 flippin crack  
Tryin to stay up out of prison, steady spittin raps  
Not to mention spittin scraps, don't mix your puddy-tat with that  
{\*meowww\*} Dhark Citi, put it on your map  
Don't ride through without your pistol, put it on your lap  
And I don't look for beef but don't think that I won't attack  
Have you in a coffin momma like, "He don't belong in that"  
You shoulda thought of that before the fact  
Why a (nigga) roll the dice, lose all they money, then they want it back?  
But that's a bunch of crap...  
.. but f'real jyo, don't gamble witcha life, cause ain't no comin back

[Chorus] - repeat to fade

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