

# The Hop

## D.J. 2-Tone Jones

Yea, move your body, decide to party  
'Bout to bring it to you kid like we never ever did  
    My nigga AL G in it, my nigga Shaheed in it  
We got the girl Kristine in it, got my man Big G in it  
    Hey, yo, inside the ghetto or in a sunny meadow  
    I'ma make you move whether woman or fellow  
    Yo, I got the medals in the war field of respect  
        Like an ill porno make ya body get wet  
    Just a ghetto child trying to live a straight and narrow  
    Hoping that my shit will pierce your dome like an arrow  
        I'm sure it will, especially if it's God's will  
        MC's you ready to die 'cuz I'ma kill  
        All your negative feelings standing on two feet  
        While I make the hotties move to the hip-hop beat  
    You know what's really killer, realer than you can imagine  
    Using every source of pain in my range to make it happen  
        If I make it happen that means I'm making motion  
        And I'm doing my thing causing an ill commotion  
        Everybody do the hop, niggaz soothe like lotion  
        I lay up in the piece or an incognotion  
    You gotta do the hop then move to the beat, you don't stop  
        Now everybody here, you do the hop  
    You going up to cop, a town full of brick, don't stop  
        You gotta come back and do the hop  
    Yo, fuck the cop, you gotta come back and do the hop  
        Move till your body won't stop  
        You gotta do the hop, nonstop motion, nonstop  
        You gotta come back and do the, do the  
    You see you, your career is done like Johnny Carson's  
        Get me vexed, I do like Left Eye, I'll start an arson  
        Now that I got that out my system  
    Watch me stab up the track as if my name was OJ Simpson  
        I packs it in like Van Halen  
    I work for mine, you, you're freeloading like Kato Kaelin  
        I'm representing wit my crew  
  
    Mess around, bite my rhymes, I beat that ass wit my shoes  
        C'mon, you know I'm crazy nice  
        Brothers can't deal wit this shorty named Phife

You must be mad in the head  
I bust his ass and leave 'em blood clot for dead  
Niggaz sound like Das EFX  
If it ain't Das EFX, then they sounding like Meth  
You might as well do Megadeth  
Yo, punk MC's better save your freaking breath  
You'se a corny muthafuka  
You must be high smoking dust wit Chris Tucker  
You asses don't want this  
I pull more beeps than the beep at the premier of Pocohontas  
Word is born, I am the baddest  
And all you honies out there, word is born, you know my status  
So come and pull your panties down  
This ain't no Barnum and Bailey show, I don't get down wit the clowns  
So why don't you and your friends get wit me and my friends  
But don't bring your ass buying you ain't got no ends  
Word is born, it don't stop  
Just ease your mind, come along and do the hop  
You gotta do the hop, you move to the beat, you don't stop  
Come on everybody, do the hop  
Even if you a cop, you gotta come back and do the hop  
You move to the beat, you don't stop  
You smoking jub rocks, you gotta just stop and do the hop  
Then you come back and do the hop  
You know we don't stop, we on the ghetto, rise on the top  
You know we come back and do the hop  
Shorties in the place, all the shorty rocks, do the hop  
You gotta come back and do the hop  
We never go on pop, you know we come back, we do the hop  
This is how it is, we do the hop  
You move to the beat, you come on everybody don't

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