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 Pocohantas
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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