

# Strictly Hip Hop

## Cypress Hill

I neva rapped on an R and B record, and I neva will  
I got these phoney muthafuckas, talk about lets keep it real  
But, they don't know how to take they own advisement  
Going out, do it solo on an advertisement, commercializing  
Fuckin' sell out, nigga, this is hip-hop, not fashion  
Get the hell out  
I'm peepin' out these so called gangsta niggas  
Takin' pictures, modeling clothes for small figures  
And I neva took another fuckin' MC's shit  
And made it my first single, fuck a hit  
Fuckin' hypocrite, you can get the dip, when I lick a shot off  
I'm gonna, end all of it  
It's a damn shame when you got all these fools in the record industry  
Sellin' out for the fame  
I just sit back and watch all these fools with their gimmicks  
Go down in flames, in the big game  
Zippidey-dooda, I smoke weed and I got brain damage  
But, I don't give a fuck 'cuz I still manage  
To represent to the fullest  
No pop singles, and no actin' foolish  
  
To the studio gangsta with them articals  
In them magazines with the bitch editors  
Keep it real in the game  
Niggas got no shame  
Now all the executives want all the fuckin' fame  
Based on the videos, just a gang of silly hoes  
For the fuck-em industry that's take'n all ya dough  
I neva stole it, stole it all  
Just hard work, and sweat, for them platinum records on the wall  
Fools want me to fall  
But I won't, 'cuz my roots are too thick and strong  
Like the chocolate tastic  
I hear niggas say no, but, I know they front  
'Cuz afta they shows they want me to smoke a blunt  
I don't respect a hypocrite, muthafuckas I despise  
'Cuz me, I tell the truth, even when I tell a lie  
All you bruthas in the game run a check  
'Cuz you get checked fucked off, with no respect

Muthafuckas

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>