Don't Hide It

Alex Kidd

[Grimm:]
Automatics be kickin' reloaded streets done exploded
But hopeless, lost on the dro'ded armored soldier's
The fully loadest, book was strong as bullets recorded led oldies
Pour some mo' 'cause I got love for my dead homies
Playin' bogus, reminiscin' 'about the days
Gettin' blazed, stayin' paid, cook my yay in microwaves
I was raised, learnin' plays off the pages of gangsta ways
Sharp as swisher blades, hard to finish my race
In your face, place to place flippin' channels
Got the dope within' the panels, from the Valley to Ingrando
Nothin' we can't handle, mexicano's out of Texas
Runnin' with the best 'cause fuck with nothin' less 'cause...

[Chorus:]
Boy Don't you Hide It, roll it up & light it
It's how we do it in the Southeast
When you ride you gotta pack your piece
It's all the same up in the Northeast.
Boy Don't you Hide It, roll it up & light it
It's how we do it in the Northwest
Put to rest if you ain't wearin' your vest
It's all the same down in the Southwest.

[Bing:]
The feds on me, I reminisce about my dead homies
Now that I'm investin' tryin' to put some led on me
Cops on the licks, robbin' boys off since.
Who's next with the plex? We knockin' boys off the deck
I'm known to wreck I'm Bing, I ain't gon' drop my flag
I drop my sample up & I drop your ass
Pull out & smash, just a youngsta 'about his cash
I'm the first & I'm the last, I K E bring it bad.

[Ikeman:]
We southeast on lock, Grimm, Ike & Bing gon' hop
Southeast be Wreckshop, time go blast up the block
Murder murder with the glock nigga, we bust shots nigga
With dead dots nigga, the feds hot

We the realest & what not, be killers that won't stop
You niggas is gon' drop, fuckin' with the wrong block
Off the top, this one here is for my dead homies
I'm over here reminiscin' when you bled on me.

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[Grimm:]
The game's headed worst, ridin' your homey in the hears
Done prayin' for his soul, at the church still it hurts
To know that he's gone, thought he'd live long
Hard to stay strong, wanna know what went wrong
Still ain't nothin' you can do to bring your homey back
Steady puff, pour the boo remember rollin' lac's
Now there's more in the pack & the Pac & the Bigg's
Eazy E, this harder rapper ever lived
In the minds & hearts, of players, ballers & pimps
That don't refine the arts, of proper measurements
Settin' presidents, for all the hustlaz to come
That live & die by the gun, but still gon' ride 'til they time come.

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