

Hip Hop

Rakim

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

(Hip-Hop!) X2

That's what it is. Uh huh.

Nick Wiz, turn my headphones up, man. Ay, yo, if you miss Hip-Hop, then stand up.

Reminisce, when this drop, get amped up.

Any hit that's this hot is an anthem.

Do ya' dance, love. She need a hand, brah. Lyricist's that spit Pop, get stamped "Thugs".

Hit or miss, then flip-flop, then clam up.

They fearing this'll hit blocks and slam clubs.

Put yo' hands up! Here ya' man come! It's, "Mr. World-Renowned," with the best verbs.

One of the illest in streets, from the East to the West, heard.

Get greeted with ghetto gestures like, "Yes, sir!"

The pre-meditated killer, for the way I stretch words. Some of us love to flow 'til the club close. And some'll love to blow for the love of dough. In it for fortune and fame, flamboyant for goods. They extorting the game, exploiting the hood. Rapper's rock for bread, while the gossip spread. It's only "Hot," 'cause we watched by the cops and feds. And plus, lots of heads go "Pop" instead. That's why the word on the block is, "Hip-Hop Is Dead." So consumer's quit copping, rapper's flip-flopping. Artists pimped by they labels, like a slave pick cotton. Pop Chart's killing underground Hip-Hoppers, while the world still looking for Ra' like, Bin Laden.

Let's go! Ay, yo, if you miss Hip-Hop, then stand up.

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Put yo' hands up! Here ya' man come!

Me and my dude's the New Cool in the game. That Old-School feel, with the New-School slang. The boomerang with the true blue flame. Chew through your brain, like smoking "poon-shoong-pang." Ghetto galactic; the next level and back, shit! Something like heroine, crack, mixed. The combination of Mike and LeBron; the life of a Don. Yeah, just give the God the mic and it's on. My brand new vision's give you aneurysms.

My fans and listeners see my words like there's cameras in 'em. Woofer's anxious to bust, like a new fo'-pound. So, the hood is reacquainted to the New York sound. Every verse is a mountain of proof; A man of my words. Even on the curb when I'm out of the booth.

My style's the truth; unlimited amounts to produce.
And my flow's still tight when I'm about to get loose.
Let's go! Ay, yo, if you miss Hip-Hop, then stand up.
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Do ya' dance, love. She need a hand, brah. Lyricist's that spit Pop get stamped "Thugs."
Hit or miss, then flip-flop, then clam up.
They fearing this'll hit blocks and slam clubs.
Put yo' hands up! Here ya' man come! The boogey-down, the buck-town, mic flavor. I'm in your hood, like
neighbors. Operation "Shut Down!" and then 0 to 60 like, "Later."
It's Ra', the up-town, high-top, Nike lacer. In the gut of the beast, where they don't dwell. (They don't come
here.)
The gut of the streets, but they don't sell. (They gets nothin'.)
I still hold mics and stay so real. My flow tight with more sites than AOL. I change climates like a plane pilot.
'Cause hurricanes and reign violent. Crack yo' skull, snatch yo' brain out it. You out ya' mind if it ain't talent!
Keep it out yo' rhymes if you ain't bout it! Rap tsunami, the track's behind me. Cats that try me; the rap's too
grimey. I wrap a mami in black Armani. Clap with a body, and tap punani. Ay, yo, if you miss Hip-Hop, then
stand up.
Reminisce, when this drop, get amped up.
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Hit or miss, then flip-flop, then clam up.
They fearing this'll hit blocks and slam clubs.
Put yo' hands up! Here ya' man come!

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