

Street Hop

Royce da 5'9"

[Woman talking]:

Nickel.

The M.I.C. bitch

(Statik)

You show off.

Verse one.[Verse One]:

I've been a monster bitch

My shit been bonkers

The flow been conquered

Hoes I been pompous (Smash Squad)

I've been conceited but I don't 5-0

I haven't been shot up either and I ain't from Chicago

When I enter the center stage the show's over

Minutes later the floor is frozen, a Rolls, rolls up

I'm demonstratin' a coke flow but I'm so sober

The original +Renegade+ before Hova

They like, "Damn, why ain't Dre ever get him?

He seem like so much anger and pain represent him."

Eminem himself will tell you I'm the only nigga livin'

That done ever spanked him on the same record with him

Your man's gettin' jealous

Cause what I'm spittin' is sicker than his single

He got to think of a dance just to sell it

This is street hop to the fullest

To them real niggas out there on the corner beat boxin' with bullets

Niggas that be trigger packin'

Pop lockin' with glocks

Could aim well enough to shoot the zippers off your Thriller jacket

Me, I'm the illest rapper

Since every rapper killin'

From here on out, you can call me Shottie The Killer Capper

These record labels just manufacture shit

Like the pimp game homie, I'm here to snatch yo bitch

Got a fist game on me that ain't an afro pick

Try that ying yang on me, I'll handy cap you quick[Woman speaking]:

Verse two.[Verse Two]:

Usually I play the two or three I been ballin'

Bitch, losin' me is like the Piston's losin' Ben Wallace

I'm to Detroit like what Souljah Slim is to Chopper City

So losin' me is like musically losin' Pac or Biggie
I'll be your ass, leave you with your mouth piece wired
Losin' pounds in the hospital, be quiet
Til you finally come up out that coma, boney
Lookin' like somebody put you on the South Beach Diet
If you hearin' me spit it, it's soundin' like the king died
Trippin' when I kick it, it's soundin' like my strings tied
I put the clip in and pull it
And woof
Woof
Listen, the pistol is soundin' like Hakeem's bride
And you don't wanna beef nigga cause my arm's be
All through Cali and Miami like a palm tree
My crew be
In New York or New Jerz usually
With tools to recognize you as who is you?
Excuse me
You don't wanna fool with the etiquette or the Uzi
I'll put you in the credits that's at the end of the movie
I pity your mother
She never seen you in a magazine
For the obituary I give you the cover
(Smash squad)
So when I'm rhymin' with ya
I'm Ving Rhames of the pimp game
I play the same role as Tiny Lister
Again and again
The Debo of the type cast
When I TiVo the mag they be showin' the white flag
So sit at the table and get it like it's digital cable
I torture you into talkin' to me till it get's fatal
Fuck with you till I put you out of your misery
With a silence or I'ma just muffle it up with a potato[Scratch Outro]:
"This is street hop" - Nas 'Made You Look'DJ Premier on the cut.
"Six July" on the beat.

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