

# Real Hip Hop

## Lex Starwind

Swizz Beatz the monsta  
Real music, let's go  
The hood's hot  
The hood's hot  
The hood's hot  
The hood's hot  
Yo when I squirt the chrome the funeral home  
Gon' double they money this year off my work alone  
So cool with it, yet and still I'm old school with it  
Nobody gotta know who did it  
Two-thirds of the L.O., where the X at?  
Hoodie under the suit jacket, double-breast that  
I'm in the hood like scratch-offs, get them packs off  
Lame niggaz cuffin' them whack whores  
Use of the pick goin' back door, no more for the fake  
Just stand there and I'ma dish it back off  
Might lay it up, might not  
Niggaz don't be in the wrong place cause it's me in the right spot  
I'm quite hot, y'all niggaz is quite pop  
The record don't sell then I still got light rocks  
Like wearin' Timbs with Nike socks  
And the lil' bit of money I did make I put it in light stocks  
Yeah, how y'all doin' out there  
How y'all doin' out there?  
The hood's hot  
The hood's hot  
Yo if my flow too tight, put the pressure on  
Watch the juice come out like I'm squeezin' a Sprite  
Make big deals, get out on big bails  
Shit, your career about as short as Amil's  
Shit on niggaz like I had two tails  
With enough bars to open four jails  
If you don't know nigga, ask Madden  
How I play with the hammer, in Manhattan  
  
Shank up, niggaz leak enough blood  
To fill a motherfuckin' H-2 tank up  
Getcha bank up, who you rank up  
Get off his dick and get you a brick

We done seen every John Woo flick  
So act like The Killer instead of some chick  
Fuck a pimp cup, get a plastic one  
Put some 'gnac in that shit and go and get it done  
How y'all doin' out there?  
How y'all doin' out there?  
The hood's hot  
The hood's hot  
Me and 'Kiss hot like lava, we got sons in the game  
And we don't need Maury to know who the father  
If we don't know you, your bars ain't big enough  
You need a gimmick, go run around the block with Puff  
Get a Black Phone, rent some of Jigga's stuff  
I'm like T-Dub, you wanna be dubbed  
I was there when a lil' nigga re'd up  
You ain't Willie, you just act G'd up  
I branched out, so you can get the deez  
In the glass seam bags you can pull the stamps out  
Nigga the champ's out, we don't rock loud colors  
We pop loud guns nigga to stand out  
You know what it is kid, your man got the money in his crib  
Then we gon' go in your man's house  
Double R D-Block nigga the camp's out  
Can't forget about Swizz, he blowin' the amps out, what?  
How y'all doin' out there?  
How y'all doin' out there?  
The hood's hot  
The hood's hot

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