Real Hip Hop

SmerphAsia

Swizz Beatz the monsta
Real music, let's go
The hood's hot
The hood's hot
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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
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