

# Real Hip Hop

## Das EFX

They not ready  
Set it off, South Bronx  
Set it off, check itThe real hip-hop is over here  
The real hip-hop is over there  
The real hip-hop is over here  
The real hip-hop is over thereIt's a demo, it's a demo, it's a demo, it's a demo  
Steppin' out the Limo, KRS-One, gettin' in you  
From the get-go kiddo throw 'em out the window  
Flip 'em like a nickel, peep the hottest single  
He'll sink them like the SS MinnowThat same kid that rocks the Benz, rocks the Pinto  
Watch my signal, I rock the rap game like Nintendo  
Hey diddle, diddle, get played now like a fiddle  
I watch you wiggle in front of the audience that was fickleNow, you can't make a nickel, the sour pickle you are  
KRS-One, ninety-seven superstar  
I got one thing to say and let me make this clear  
Everywhere, now, throw your hands in the airThe real hip-hop is over here  
The real hip-hop is over there  
The real hip-hop is over here  
The real hip-hop, throw your hands in the airYo, been rockin' rooftops, knahmsayin'?  
Internet', yaknahmsayin'?  
KRS, vandalizin', yaknahmsayin'? With the Mic Vandalz  
Boogie Down, Uptown, yaknahmsayin'?  
It's dope, check it outWhen I ain't doin' a show or bringin' all the money in  
Or at the studio, or home studyin'  
I'm checkin' out Funkmaster Flex on cassette  
As he wrecks turntable sets with many subjectsHuff now that's the Blastmaster connects, the larynx  
To a high-tech mic set, you get what you get  
Tech and Sway, index of singles is complex  
On Technics sets, he wrecks, collects a fee nextWhile you rejects practice, suffix and prefix  
Hip-hop I reads it and mark your album incompleated  
I seen it, saw it, back in eighty-five  
Platinum rappers, yo that can't rock live  
Their mental facilities, lack the ability  
For lyric agility battle? You're killin' meThe real hip-hop is over here  
The real hip-hop is over there  
The real hip-hop is over here  
The real hip-hop, throw your hands in the airThe real hip-hop is over there  
The real hip-hop is it over here?  
The real hip-hop, yo, it's over there

The real hip, now throw your hands in the air  
Throw your hands in the air  
(Get loose now)  
Throw your hands in the air  
(Get loose now)  
Throw your hands in the air  
(Get loose now) Aiyyo, I'm breakin' in this rap thing, I've been waitin'  
Ready for the world, rude like awakening  
Homo sapiens, [Incomprehensible] rock every stadium  
Scholars and players, here to Las Vegas  
Embrace the papers, land of money makers  
Brothers hate us 'cause the brothers ain't us  
Yo yo, from coast to coast I'ma overdose you and BDP you  
And Kris-Kross your mind, wouldn't wanna be you  
A Uptown thing, world premier  
Throw your hands in the air, baby, it's on  
How many MC's wanna get they rep torn?  
From Joe to Cage and mics in my juvenile days, I abuse  
The mic get lifted, the crowd gets amused  
I got next, you lose

Songwriters

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