

Its Bigger Than Hip Hop

dead prez

It's still bigger than hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop hip
It's bigger than hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop, hip-hop One thing 'bout music when it's real they get scared
Got us slavin' for the welfare
Ain't no food, clothes, or healthcare
I'm down for guerilla warfare
All my niggas put your guns in the air if you really don't care
Skunk in the air, make a nigga wanna buck in the air
For my brother locked up in the jump for a year
Shit is real out here don't believe these videos
This fake ass industry gotta pay to get a song on the radio
Really though, DP's gon' let you know
It's just a game of pimps and hoes
And it's all 'bout who you know
Not who we are, or how we grow
I rap 'bout what I know, what I go through
What I been through, not just for no dough
Even though the rent due, what I'm into ain't for no dough
Or just no fame, everything must change, nothin' remains the same
Sick of the same ol' thang, it's bigger than bling bling If I, feel it I feel it, if I don't, I don't
If it ain't really real then I probably won't
Rollin' with my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride
For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die
Uh, hip what hop what hip what hop what hip what hop what hip what
Hop c'mon, c'mon, my soldiers, live soldiers, ready to ride
For this real hip hop y'all I'm ready to die Hip-hop means sayin' what I want, never bite my tongue
Hip-hop means teachin' the young
If you feelin' what I'm feelin' then you hearin' what I'm sayin'
Cause these fake fake records just keep on playin'
What you sayin huh DP bringin' the funk
Let the bass-line rattle your trunk, uh
Punk pig wit a badge wanna handcuff me cause my pants that's tend to sag
Hip-hop means throw up your rag, soldier flag
Whether ridin on the bus or you stole a jag
M-1 mean freedom, burn the cash
Revolutionary love til the day we pass
Will they play it on the radio
Maybe not, maybe so we gon keep it pumpin' though
Everybody know we headed for the whoa, fo sho Ay dogg that label is that slave ship
Owners got them whips and rappers is slaves

If you really wanna eat you gotta hear the same thing
With the football, b-ball, or if you slangin that dope
Ain't never seen no hope, brainwash video shows be foolin my folk
What the hell a brother gon do though, huh
When the rent due, when the lights and the gas gonna get cut off
Drop them raps or cock them gats
Ain't never had shit ever since we came to this bitch
Why I gotta feel pain to get rich
'Stead of stackin' chips, finna pack them clips If I, feel it I feel it, if I don't, I don't
If it ain't really real then I probably won't
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Songwriters

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