

Strictly Hip Hop

Cypress Hill

I neva rapped on an r&b record, and I neva will
I got these phoney muthafuckas, talk about lets keep it real
But, they don't know how to take they own advisement
Going out, do it solo on an advertisement, commercializing
Fuckin' sell out, nigga, this is hip-hop, not fashion
Get the hell out
I'm taking out these so called gangsta niggas
Takin' pictures, modeling clothes for small figures
And I neva took another fuckin' mc's shit
And made it my first single, for a hit
Fuckin' hypocrite, you can get the dip, when I lick a shot off
I'm gonna, and all of it
It's a damn shame when you got all these fools in the record indistry
Sellin' out for the fame
I just sit back and watch thes fools with their gimmiks
Go down in flames , in the big gameZippidey-dooda, I smoke weed and I got brain damage
But, I don't give a fuck cause I still manage
To represent to the fullest
No pop singles, and no actin' foolish
To the studio gangsta with the articals
In them magazines with the bitch editors
Keep it real in the game
Niggas got no shame
Now all the executives want all the fame
Based on the videos, just a gang of silly hoes
For the fuck-em indistry that's take'n all ya dough
I neva stole it, stole it all
Just hard work, and sweat, for them platinum records on the wall
Fools want me to fall
I won't cause my roots are to thick and strong
Like the chocolate tastic
I hear niggas say no, but, I know they front
Cause afta they shows they want me to smoke a blunt
I don't respect a hypocrite, muthafuckas I despise
Cause me I tell the truth, even when I tell a lie
All you bruthas in the game run a check
Cause you get checked fucked off, with no respect
Muthafuckas

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