

# It's 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 hopUhh, uhh, uhh, one thing 'bout music, when it's real, they get  
scared  
Got us slavin' for the welfare  
Aint no food, clothes or healthcare  
I'm down for guerilla warfareAll 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 radioReally though, DP'z 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 doughEven 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, blingIf 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 dieUhh, 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 dieHip hop means sayin' what I want, never bite my tongue  
Hip hop means teaching 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 bassline rattle your trunk, uhh  
Punk pig wit a badge wanna handcuff me  
'Cuz 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 JagM-1 mean freedom, burn the cash  
Revolutionary love till 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 shoAy 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  
(Ride to this if you miss Tupac)  
(Bounce to this if you love Big Poppa)  
(Ride to this if you miss Tupac)  
(Bounce to this if you love Big Poppa)  
We keep it crunkah

Lyrics provided by

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