

Strictly Hip Hop

Cypress Hill

I neva rapped on an R and 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 peepin' 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, fuck a hit

Fuckin' hypocrite, you can get the dip, when I lick a shot off
I'm gonna, end all of it
It's a damn shame when you got all these fools in the record in
dustry
Sellin' out for the fame
I just sit back and watch all these fools with their gimmicks
Go down in flames, in the big game

Zippidey-dooda, I smoke weed and I got brain damage
But, I don't give a fuck 'cuz I still manage
To represent to the fullest
No pop singles, and no actin' foolish
To the studio gangsta with them 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 fuckin' fame
Based on the videos, just a gang of silly hoes
For the fuck-em industry 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 wal
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Fools want me to fall
But I won't, 'cuz my roots are too thick and strong
Like the chocolate tastic

I hear niggas say no, but, I know they front
'Cuz afta they shows they want me to smoke a blunt
I don't respect a hypocrite, muthafuckas I despise
'Cuz me, I tell the truth, even when I tell a lie
All you bruthas in the game run a check
'Cuz you get checked fucked off, with no respect
Muthafuckas