

Wrote: 2008
Song: Real Hip-Hop
Album: Real Hip-Hop

V1
I everynite, be freestylen,
bustn out, n my kixx,
doing da worm, into 3-60's,
flippn into, headspinz...
Hauln ass, from da punk ass pigz,
tryna find, information,
calln out foolz, like beat street,
who cant funk, wit my breakn....
Going off, 4 da kru im from,
everyweek, holdn meetingz,
on battlen kruz, from da otha side,
avoidn chix, alwayz teasen....
Swignn on yak, outta brown bagz,
hittn up foolz, n Macdonaldz,
breakn out, on marble floorz,
taken out foolz, n a battle.....
Jumpn outta rydez, wit krylon kanz,
x-ing out kruz, dat got beef,
liten up foolz, at da bus stop,
taken u bakk, ta 93.....
Puttn it down, n graffiti bookz,
on who da best, n my city,
sought after, by bombn krewz,
not afraid, 2 get fatty....
Dispensen flyerz, 2 all da rydaz,
as i choke, on da budz,
i got mo stripez, dan my addidas,
breakn out, da cardboard....
Quik 2 bust, on da microphone,
turning up, my boombox,
playn hooky, 2 meet wit chix,
who everyday, on my jokk....

V2
System bumpn, n nissan truxx,
as i bust, from da head,
hittn up foolz, dat ryde thru,
n lowryda, dancen bedz, ...
Neva lett n, no bustaz make it,
quik 2 hit up, my tag,
doing a peace, dat so damn clean,
it be leaven. foolz mad....
As i bolt, across freewayz,
findn places, 2 bomb,
climbn billboardz, at 3 n da morning,
hopen i dont, fall off.....
Smashn foolz, on da microphone,
n dey call me, S. Dee,
sportn my ballkap, 2 da bakk,
kuz i'ma forty ounce king.....
Gettn paint, all on my gear,
hauln ass, from da pigz,
im gettn up, like helicopters,
doing peaces, unda a bridge....
Musik bumpn, n get-away carz,
going down, at da traxx,
scammn wit proz, who like my flow,
puttn my kru, on da mapp....
Choken on bongz, n da tilt chilln,
lookn at picturez, of work,
freewayz get mobbd, week afta week,
befo dey get, coverd up....
We bumpn jamz, on da undaground,
like Afrika Bambata,
tryna make, da planet rock,
going bak, where it started.....

V3
From breakdancen, n jumpsuitz,
2 doing peaces, on wallz,
itz everyweek, we doing run-outz,
out of som, Home-Depotz.....
Pulln out cratez, 4 da turn tablez,
when my D. Jay, getz busy,
scratchn up shyt, like loto tiketz,
as i start, 2 get wicked....
Given shot-outz, on da m.i.c,
befo im kickn, a flow,
battlen foolz, like a joust match,
klowning kruz, n my zone....
Slangn budz, outside yo spot,
doing concerts, all nite,
hookn up foolz, like stereosystemz,
plugged up, 2 street litez....
Stayn fresh, n my g-boy stance,
kickn flowz, 2 get paid,
flossn n limoz, 2 highskool promz,
jumpn out, n my jayz...
Mobbn around, wit a boom boxx,
as i pump up, da volume,
chekn out chix, wit big ol bootyz,
outside of stoz, i be bombn....
System bumpn, n fly ass rydez,
as i flow, over beatz,
itz popn off, like krylon kanz,
befo im sprayn, graffiti....
Kuz da game, dont neva change,
as i get high, on da blok,
a real playa, datz n da game,
spittn dat real hip-hop.....

Chorus:

Dis is my tribute, 2 da game,
so u can peep, where im from.
backpaxx, full of krylon kanz,
n everynite, down 2 bomb....
Freestylen, about our struggle.
as i bust, a bebop,
maken dudez, start bustn movez,
spittn dat real hip-hop....

