

# Krumb Snatcha, Hip Hop

\*repeat in background of intro\*  
scratching &quot;Alright.. it's OK&quot;

(Krumb Snatcha)  
Hip hop.. hip hop (4x)

This one here's dedicated to a special part of my life that's missing  
If she's listenin, this one's dedicated to you  
Come on, uhh

(Verse 1)

I remeber '89 when I ride the train  
Did the knowledge to the bombers that was taggin up the name  
Ghetto fame, was the only destiny  
Some will be remembered, while the other rest will be..  
Forgotten, hip hoppin on the old project roofs  
Now it's bulletproofs, gettin wild, Cristal, eighty booth,  
or get the bubblegoose, pass the O.E. boo  
And let me reminisce of Hip-Hop and the things we used to do  
I used to put 'em in positions, on top of a cardboard  
Poppin and breakin and get it open like a condor  
She been on rap tours for months  
Liquor and blunts, doin raps, holdin gats, and rockin gold fronts  
Before that rap in the Vicki Secret and Martinis  
We was givin ourselves, nicknames in graffiti  
Now it's Tahiti, hotels, suites, chanel  
Italian shoes, now your rockin silk pastels  
I can tell if our ending's, near or far  
Now you drive expensive cars, hang with A and Nas  
Left me and Kingo, to rap about your bankroll  
Your fo', night after night after you do a pack rat show  
I don't know, why you don't come around, how it sound  
You hang with cowboys and Nino Brown  
I miss you, but now you hold a pistol  
Put it down c'mere, cuz Snatcha wanna kiss you

(Chorus) 2x

I miss Hip-Hop (Hip-Hop)  
Yo where can she be?  
Can't she see and hop along right here with me

(Verse 2)

Night after night I cry to sleep fearin the end  
I called the Zulu Nation to help look for this lost friend  
I went all around and asked everyone,  
There's rumors she's seein some guy named KRS-One  
I'm lost son, I hope Hip-Hop can hear  
Without her there's no need for me to be here  
We used to rock the radio, shack tables, the Realistics  
I was simplistic but now your materialistic  
Got to have the Technics, the minute, you sample her  
Threw the beatmachine and keyboards inside the hamper  
Havin temper-tantrums all on stage, just to get paid  
Your gettin arrested, put on the front page  
Never in my life I thought you'd act like this  
The feelings I have for this longtime mis-tress  
I reminisce in the basement with her for hours  
And after verbal intercourse, I take a long shower (shower)  
But all of a sudden, you don't wanna see me  
Unsatisfied with 12&quot; and got a CD  
Can it be, her goddess listenin to this?  
Cuz all I want Hip-Hop back with me for Christmas  
I miss this, special part of my life  
And when I see her again I'll make it sure she's my wife

(Chorus) 4x  
I miss Hip-Hop (Hip-Hop)  
Yo where can she be?  
Can't she see and hop along right here with me

\*repeat in background of outro\*  
scratching "Alright.. it's OK"

Ya move it to the left and the right y'all  
Everybody represent this here right y'all  
All the breakers gotta hit the dancefloor now  
Graffiti artists, raise hands in the air y'all  
Uh, uh uh...