

Shabazz The Disciple, Hip Pop

(Chorus: repeat 2X)

Hip pop, they tap dance to sell a mil
While real emcees with skills don't got a deal
It's industry conspiracy to make us savage
Take off ya clothes to go gold, sell ya soul to live lavish

(Verse One)

It seems every man wanna be a pop star
It's obvious to me that you forgot who you are
These labels will have you wearing high heels and a bra
Cut the roots to ya tree and watch ya empire fall
Now hip hop is a tree, and trees live by their roots
All the roots live underground, water down me no salute!
They pimping the culture, the same vulture who stole ya agriculture
My vocab is ultra, I insult ya or nurture ya sculpture
It's like to get a record deal, you gotta get naked and kneel
Labels ain't checking for skills no more, they want sex appeal
No publishing checks in the mail
Don't you know when you become a slave to money
That's when you destined to fail
You swallowing so you can sell a million records
On magazine front covers butt naked
Used to be a queen who was highly respected
Now when I listen to ya album, shit get ejected
I didn't get the album out, somebody cock blocked it
In 99 I smacked the blackball right in the side pocket
When I drop it take ya plaque to the pawn shop and hock it
I'm taking all y'all money this year, extorting ya profit
Y'all got greedy and went commercial
And ya label's still jerking you
I'm starving all y'all niggaz this year, take it personal

(Chorus)

(Verse Two)

Fuck riding in limos nigga copyright ya demos
Cause they shiesty, labels are shiesty
Ya manager's stroking you, saying shows are promotional
Cause they shiesty, niggaz are shiesty
Stupid, the main niggaz who helped you get on
The first niggaz you shit on
You'll realize who love you when all ya money's giddone
They're smiling in ya face
Cause right now you're putting cake on their plate
Them the same niggaz that's scheming on ya safe - word!
It's the ones that sniff coke witcha, from broke to richer
Now they wanna cut ya throat and come and getcha
Ya fake acapellas can't really rock a farvela crowd
Ya head is full of helium, you floating in the clouds
On stage fronting like the solo type
Cloned my hip hop chromosomes, deep down you know Shabazz ya prototype
Don't even know how to hold the mic, trippin over the cables
Mumbling and stumbling into the turntables
Tap dancing, juggling, shuffling their feet smiling
The type of niggaz I be snuffing while their freestyling
Whether you're gold or you're platinum, I'm robbing and gattin them
And slapping them with an aluminum bat and busting a cap in them
Duct taping and gagging them, make 'em deep throat the magnum
Trapping them in alleys, where we're beating stomping and dragging them
Fuck selling my soul for that mansion and a yacht
I'd rather make salat and scrape the bottom of the pot
Real soldiers survive with 3 hots and a cot
You can't take them riches in the ground when you rot
Must have forgot, ya fans bought you to that altitude

And now you left them astray, ego got you confused
Son I be browsing, they tryna trap us all in public housing
How niggaz classic albums only sell 200 thousand
Labels be running sound scams on ya cream
That makes niggaz susceptible on going mainstream, they pulling ya strings
With marketing schemes extorting the fiends
They ain't gonna never tell you how many records you sold seen
Peace to all emcees staying true to their root
Don't sell their soul for the loot
And planting seeds in the youth and fuck the

(Chorus)

(Outro)

Hip pop, hip pop, hip pop we shoot
Empires will fall when you cut the trees root
Hip pop, hip pop, hip pop we shoot
Empires will fall when you cut the trees root