

Cypress Hill, Strictly Hip-Hop

(B-Real):

I neva rapped on an R&B record, and I neva will,
I got these phoney muthaf**kas, 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, comezializing
F**kin' sell out, nigga, this is hip-hop, not fasion,
Get the hell out,
I'm taking out these so called gangsta niggas,
Takin' pictures, modeling clothes for small figures,
And I neva took another f**kin' MC's shit,
And made it my first single, f**k a hit,
F**kin' hypocrite, you can get the dip, when I lick a shot off,
I'm gonna, and all of it,
It's a damn shame when you got all these fools in the record indistry,
Sellin' out for the fame,
I just sit back and watch thes fools with their gimmiks,
Go down in flames , in the big game,

(B-Real):

Zippidey-dooda, I smoke weed and I got brain damage,
But, I don't give a f**k cause I still manage,
To represent to the fullest,

No pop singles, and no actin' foolish,
To the studio gangsta with the 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 fame,
Based on the videos, just a gang of silly hoes,
For the f**k-em indistry 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 wall,
Fools want me to fall,
I won't cause my roots are to thick and strong, like the chocolate
tastic,
I hear niggas say no, but, I know they front,
Cause afta they shows they want me to smoke a blunt,
I don't respect a hypocrite, muthaf**kas I despise,
Cause me I tell the truth, even when I tell a lie,
All you bruthas in the game run a check,
Cause you get checked f**ked off, with no respect,
Muthaf**kas