

Equipto, Hip Hop Iz

(Equipto)

Check, Check, Check

Check it out, hip hop iz, all about biz

They tell you, but know that its all for the kids

Or deep down, it's all for the folks you miss

So you thinkin about it next time you poppin' a thizz

Criticize me for the way that I live, give a fuck

Cuz you turned to burn the bridge

You gave birth to a prince ever since you left me

Alone in the game on my own to MC

I'm runnin em' down, its something like a hunted child

A hundred thou to flip, if you underground

It gets deeper, the reefer rolled, control mics

But hey, the speakers blown

I gotta go, no time to play me

Gimme the blunt I hit hard like safetys

Face defeat, to me man I'm in the place to be

Do it live while Nick Peace remake the beat, like

(Chorus) (scratched)

Hip hop

This is hip hop (hip hop)

This is hip hop (hip hop)

Hip hop is now in performance

Hip hop (this is hip hop)

Hip hop is now in performance

(Equipto)

Check, hip hop iz a gigantic market

Control your fan base and know who to target

Doin it worldwide but I ain't no star yet

I'm in the record store still tryin to bargain

Played the game starving, but pay my rhyme (pay my rhyme)

Buy the CD's I don't fuck with consignment

To all of you rap cats that's tryin to get major

Get ya paper pray, for a savior

Keep networkin, and contact your lawyer

Live your life like a warrior

Go back down man, you still got a question to answer

It's the industry and everythings gangsta

The gun smoking, they cutthroatin

They gone, choke bud and get no promotion

It's cold, catch emotion like hoes on periods

Experience the game and you take it serious

This is hip hop

(Chorus) (Scratched)

(Equipto)

Hip hop iz, multiple tricks

Pay a grip jus to get they ass all in the mix

Get frisked at the door, when we takin a risk

Shoot a swish, insist that I eat some Peruvian fish

Which is my favorite dish

And without no drama I blow the swish

Boy I ball up my fists and I feel the 'drenaline

I, never forget like a elephant

Still will drop the raw elements

Reppin' the west coast

Hit the club, fake love, fuck a dress code

Ignore the groupie hoes, cut the movie roles

That wasn't me I was probably in the studio

Somethin like a scientist, watch me strategize

My +midnight machine gun rhymes and alibis+

Treat it like nothing and continue to diss
But I be doin what I really feel hip hop iz
That's this

(Chorus) (Scratched)

Stanky ass rappers make me sick!