Hope

Emeli SandÃ‰

Hip-hop, it will never die
Hip-hop, hip-hop will never, never die
Ghetto **** struttin' with nothin' but dreams and Queens broke
Mack-10's, you can smell the PCP smoke
Mele Mel told it real in the music he wrote
Those were the days I remember, we used to be close
Then I was nine, coldest winter I remember
Was slippin' in December, two feet of snow
Yeah, that's the East Coast, that black ice
Symbolized the rap life, it was slick and smooth
I understood I had to come from the hood
Doin' the Pee Wee Herman, the Smurf
Before them phones chirped
The block's drugs flowin', didn't have your own work
You had to have somebody else's, a small chrome on your pelvis
Starter Jacket, Blue Georgetown or Green Celtic
Your girl's too expensive, she wants shellfish
Red Lobster was poppin', standin' on that line forever
I wish somebody would step on my Bally leather's
Now it's whatever, hip-hop's forever
Kept my radio on 98 or BLS
Had a pre-pubescent lyric gift but **** never hear me spit
My little brother tried to warn 'em, I was a tornado comin'
He knew from inside, like the eye of a storm and told my pops about it
He gave us tickets to that Wild Style flick
Double Trouble, retarded, we was the proudest
I never had a summer job, sweepin' leaves, socks to my knees
Homemade shorts cutoff, Lee's
I ain't work a day in my life
Wipin' away eraser of the paper man
I'm just tryin' to say it right
Big radio, tape slowin' down
Lower the lights go, battery dead
I gotta freeze 'em 'til they ice cold
In the freezer later, I'm starin' at the speaker
Sunk in them 808's deeper, cleanin' my sneakers
Wit' the bristles of a toothbrush, soap and water
I let the shoe strings soak in water
Live hip-hop live, live hip-hop live

Give hip-hop give, give hip-hop give
Stay hip-hop stay, stay hip-hop stay
I pray, hip-hop pray, I pray hip-hop stays
Ain't got nothin' to do wit old school, new school
Dirty South, West Coast, East Coast
This about us, this our thing, 'knaw'sayin'?
This came from the gut, from the blood, from the soul
Right here man, this is our thing man, you know, so I say what I say
Live hip-hop live, live hip-hop live
Give hip-hop give, give hip-hop give
Stay hip-hop stay, stay hip-hop stay
I pray, hip-hop pray, I pray hip-hop stays
And I say what I say, and I mean it
Y'all take it how you wanna take it
'Cause if you're askin', why is hip-hop dead?
It's a pretty good chance you're the reason it died, man
It's a pretty good chance your lame ****
Corny ****, is the reason it died, man
You don't give a **** about, you don't know nothin' about it
You want this paper, be a hustler
Live hip-hop live, live hip-hop live
Give hip-hop give, give hip-hop give
Stay hip-hop stay, stay hip-hop stay
I pray, hip-hop pray, I pray hip-hop stays
You a hustler, you ain't a rapper
Get your paper man
You know what I'm sayin', but this rap **** is real
****, this **** is real, ****
Stay hip-hop stay, stay hip-hop stay
(Live, live)
I pray, hip-hop pray, I pray hip-hop stays
(Give)
Live hip-hop live, live hip-hop live
(Stay)
Give hip-hop give, give hip-hop give
Stay hip-hop stay, stay hip-hop stay
I pray, hip-hop pray, I pray hip-hop stays

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