

# Hip Hop Is Dead

Nas

If hip hop should die before I wake  
I'll put an extended clip inside of my AK  
Roll to every station, murder the DJ  
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Hip hop just died this mornin'  
And she's dead, she's dead

Yeah, niggaz smoke, laugh, party, and die in the same corner  
Get cash, live fast, body their man's mama  
Rich-ass niggaz is ridin' with three llamas  
Revenge in their eyes, Hennessey and the ganja  
Word to the wise with villain state of minds  
Grindin', hittin' Brazilian dimes from behind  
Grindin', hittin' Brazilian dimes from behind  
(Grindin', hittin' Brazilian dimes from behind)  
Whenever, if ever, I roll up, it's sown up  
Any ghetto will tell ya Nas helped grow us up  
My face once graced promotional Sony trucks  
Hundred million in billin', I helped build 'em up  
Gave my nigga my right, I could have gave left  
So like my girl Foxy, a nigga went Def  
So, nigga, who's your top ten?  
Is it MC Shan?  
Is it MC Ren?

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The bigger the cap, the bigger the peelin'  
Come through, something ill, missin' the ceilin'  
What influenced my raps? Stick-ups and killings  
Kidnappings, project buildings, drug dealings  
Criticize that, why is that?  
'Cuz Nas rap is compared to legitimized crap  
'Cuz we love to talk on ass we gettin'  
Most intellectuals will only half listen  
So you can't blame jazz musicians  
Or David Stern with his NBA fashion issues  
Oh, I they like me in my white tee  
You can't ice me, we here for life, B  
On my second marriage, hip hop's my first wifey  
And for that we not takin' it lightly  
If hip hop should die, we die together  
Bodies in the morgue lie together  
All together now

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Everybody sound the same, commercialize the game  
Reminisce when it wasn't all business  
If it got where it started  
So we all gather here for the dearly departed  
Hip hopper since a toddler  
One homeboy became a man then a mobster  
If the guys let me get my last swig of Vodka  
R.I.P., we'll donate your lungs to a Rasta  
Went from turntables to mp3s  
From "Beat Street" to commercials on Mickey D's  
From gold cables to Jacobs  
From plain facials to Botox and face lifts

I'm lookin' over my shoulder  
It's about eighty niggaz from my hood that showed up  
And they came to show love  
Sold out concert, and the doors are closed shut

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