Hip Hop Is Dead

Nas

Hip hop
Hip hop
Is dead
(Had to flip this track again, y'all)
Hip, hip hop
Hip hop
Is dead
Hip, hip hop
Hip, hip hop
Is dead
(NYC, Dirty South)
Hip, hip hop
(West Coast)
Hip hop
(Midwest)
Hip hop
(Let's go)
If hip hop should die before I wake
I'll put an extended clip and body 'em all day
Roll to every station, wreck the DJ
Roll to every station, wreck the DJ
If hip hop should die before I wake
I'll load an extended clip and body 'em all day
Roll to every station, wreck the DJ
Roll to every station, wreck the DJ
Hip hop just died this mornin'
And she's dead, she's dead
Yeah, people smoke, chill, party, and die in the same corner
Get cash, live fast, body their man's mama
Quick fast, trigger fingers, on the llama
Revenge in their eyes, Hennessy 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 and billin', I helped blow them up

Gave my man my right, I could have went left
So like my girl Foxy, the kid went Def
So people, who's the top ten?
Is it MC Shan? Is it MC Ren?
If hip hop should die before I wake
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Hip hop just died this mornin'
And she's dead, she's dead
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 nasty chickens
Most intellectuals will only half listen
So you can't blame jazz musicians
Or David Stern with his NBA fashion issues
Oh, I think 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!
If hip hop should die before I wake
I'll put an extended clip and body 'em all day
Roll to every station, wreck the DJ
Roll to every station, wreck the DJ
If hip hop should die before I wake
I'll load an extended clip and body 'em all day
Roll to every station, wreck the DJ
Roll to every station, wreck the DJ
Hip hop just died this mornin'
Hip hop just died this mornin'
Hip hop just died this mornin'
And she's dead, she's dead
Everybody sound the same, commercialize the game
Reminiscin' when it wasn't all business

It forgot 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 it dies, let me get my last swig of Vodka
R.I.P., we'll donate your lungs to a rasta
Went from turntables to MP3's
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 people 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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