Hip-Hop Is Dead (featuring will.i.am)

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
Roll to every station, murder the DJIf hip hop should die before I wake
I'll put an extended clip inside of my AK
Roll to every station, murder the DJ
Roll to every station, murder the DJHip hop just died this mornin'
And she's dead, she's deadYeah, 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?If hip hop should die before I wake
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And she's dead, she's deadThe 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 nowIf hip hop should die before I wake
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I'll put an extended clip inside of my AK
Roll to every station, murder the DJ
Roll to every station, murder the DJEverybody sound the same, commercialize the game
Reminiscin' 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

Songwriters
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