

Hip Hop (feat. KRS-One, Fatlip & Slim Kid Tre)

N.A.S.A.

Chorus: (FatLip) Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimmme some of that hip hop, baby baby

Gimme some of that hip hop baby, baby

Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimmme some of that hip hop, baby baby

Gimme some of that hip hop baby, baby Verse (FatLip)

Where did hip hop go

The freestyle flow

The beats that bring your first to your face like oh shit!

Make you hold your dick

Golden era hits

I try to tell these kids

Respect the architects

But all y'all want is to collect the check

See this beat right here, it'll hurt your neck

You gotta put in work to catch some wreck

Like when I first started, I was whole hearted

But now the game became dearly departed

Billboard charted, artists get retarded

When them checks come I still respect some

Russell Simmons for Presidents? Let's elect him

Who's the next to come with the new ish?

It's the nigga you wish, Fat Liddish

Fresh and replenished (ha ha ha) Chorus (FatLip) Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimmme some of that hip hop, baby baby

Gimme some of that hip hop baby, baby

Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimmme some of that hip hop, baby baby

Gimme some of that hip hop baby, baby Verse: (KRS-One) So let's go with the flow of an older pro

Y'all know at the show all is you hear is OH and WHOAH

And of course HO!!!

Hey yo, turn up my flow

I am hip hop, you don't know you too slow

Hey bro, I'm dope because I say so

I see truth like Plato and kick ass like Kato

There ain't no MC or rapper with Kris flow

Y'all just wanna get dough but love's gonna get yo

I spit slow, hit low, been dope from the get go

When rappers walk past The Blast they tiptoe

Your chick know and your click know

The spirit of my sick flow will open your mind really quick yo

I'ma switch flows while y'all switch clothes and hoes

Then you wonder why Kris close all the shows
I stay on my toes as hip hop grows from the under
Welcome to hip hop cultureChorus: (FatLip)Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimmme some of that hip hop, baby baby
Gimme some of that hip hop baby, baby
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimmme some of that hip hop, baby baby
Gimme some of that hip hop baby, babyVerse: (Slim Kid Tre)We used to roll out with the thunder sound and
beats and rhythms
And gather round in the cypher to get down
Give it all you got nigga putting your shit down
But nowadays it's funny how they don't say shit no
Power to the people pioneering the ship
Ripping the main frame aiming to get a hold of these chips
From anonymous tips, keeping that hip hop even when the needle skips
And inject soul affection like collagen lips
Polishing perfect for the circuit as the Cadillac dips
Lacing the track makes you want to take it back what?
I didn't know you boys was gonna rock that shit like that what
Some skills we never lack
When you got hot shit they wanna ride piggyback
But when you lack, everything fades to black
And that's hip hop, it'll drive you crazy
Say what, say what? (baby,baby)Chorus: (FatLip and Slim Kid Tre)Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimmme some of
that hip hop, baby baby
Gimme some of that hip hop baby, baby
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimmme some of that hip hop, baby baby
Gimme some of that hip hop baby, baby

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