# Hope (Beat Attic Remix)

## Nas

[Intro: Chrisette Michele]
Hip-Hop - it will never die
Hip-Hop - Hip-Hop will never, never die[Verse 1: Nas]
Ghetto niggaz 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 rememberWe 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 lifeIt was slick and smooth
I understood I had to come from the hood
Doin' the Pee Wee Herman, the Smurf
Before them phones chirpedThe 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 shellfishRed 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 BLSHad a pre-pubescent lyric gift but niggaz 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 itHe 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 kneesHomemade 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 rightBig 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 speakerSunk 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...[Chorus is sung over Nas outro][Chorus: Chrisette Michele]
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[Outro: Nas]
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 soulRight here man, this is our thing man
You know, so I say what I say
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 ass, corny ass, is the reason it died, man
You don't give a fuck about, you don't know nothin' about itYou want this paper, be a hustler
You a hustler, you ain't a rapper
Get your paper man
You know what I'm sayin, but this rap shit is real
Bitch, this shit is real, bitch, ha-ha[Chorus: Chrisette Michele]
Live hip-hop live, (Stay) live hip-hop live
Give hip-hop give, give hip-hop give
Stay hip-hop stay, (Live) stay hip-hop stay (Live)
I pray, hip-hop pray, I pray hip-hop staysLive hip-hop live, (Stay) 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

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