



Nas – "Hip-Hop is Dead"

"Hip Hop Is Dead"

[DJ samples]

"Hip-hop" "Hip-Hop" "is dead"

"Hip-Hip-Hop" "Hip-Hop" "is dead"

"Hip-Hip-Hop" "Hip-Hip-Hop" "is dead"

" Hip-Hip-Hop " " Hip-Hop " " Hip-Hop "

[Hook - 2X]

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 DJ

[sample]

Hip-Hop just died this mornin'

And she's dead, she's dead

[Verse 1]

Yeah, n----- smoke, laugh, party, and die in the same corner

Get cash, live fast, body their man's mama

Rich ass n----- is ridin' with three llamas

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 in billin', I helped build 'em up

Gave my n---- my right, I could have gave left

So like my girl Foxy, a n---- went Def

So n----, who's your top ten?

Is it MC Shan? Is it MC Ren?

[Hook - 2X]

[sample]

Hip-Hop just died this mornin'
And she's dead, she's dead

[Verse 2]

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

[Hook - 2X]

[sample]

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

[crowd chanting "Hip-Hop!" becomes beat]

[Verse 3]

Everybody sound the same, commercialize the game
Reminisclin' 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 n----- from my hood that showed up
And they came to show love
Sold out concert and the doors are closed shut