Nas, Hip Hop Is Dead (Clean Version)

"Hip hop" "hip hop" "is dead" "Hip...hip hop" "hip hop" "is dead" "Hip...hip hop" "hip...hip hop" "hip hop" "hip hop" "hip hop"

If hip hop should die before I wake I'll put an extended clip and body 'em all day Roll to every station, murder the DJ Roll to every station, murder the DJ.

If hip hop should die before I wake I'll put an extended clip and body 'em all day Roll to every station, murder the DJ Roll to every station, murder 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 tricker fingers on the llama Revenge in their eyes, Hennesy 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 you Nas helped grow us up My face once graced promotional Sony trucks Hundred million in billin', I helped build 'em up Gave my friend my right, I could have gave left So like my girl Foxy, the kid went Def So people, who's your top ten? Is it MC Shan? Is it MC Ren?

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The bigger the cap, the bigger the peelin' Come through, something ill, missin' the ceilin' What influenced my raps? Stick up's and killin's Kidnappin's, project buildin's, drug dealin's Criticize that, why is that? Cause Nas rap is compared to legitimized crap Cause we love to talk on ass we 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.

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Everybody 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 80 peoples from my hood that showed up And they came to show love Sold out concert and the doors are closed shut.