

# Nas, Hope

(feat. Chrisette Michele)

[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 remember

We 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 life

It was slick and smooth

I understood I had to come from the hood

Doin' the Pee Wee Herman, the Smurf

Before them phones chirped

The 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 shellfish

Red 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 BLS

Had 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 it

He 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 knees

Homemade 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 right

Big 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 speaker

Sunk 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, 'knew'sayin'?

This came from the gut, from the blood, from the soul

Right 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 it  
You want this paper, be a hustler  
You a hustler, you ain't a rapper  
Get your paper man  
YouknowwhatI'msayin, 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 stays

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