

# Ludacris, I Do It For Hip Hop

(feat. Nas, Jay-Z)

[Ludacris:]

I do it for hip-hop

I do it for hip-hop

Yeah, I do it for hip-hop

Now this is what they call poetry in motion

My soul bleeds on the paper, heart screams with emotion

This my daily devotion, that verses stay deeper than the ocean

So hip-hop you owe me a promotion

Yeah, I do a little boastin' and braggin'

What's all the commotion and naggin' about

'Cause I'm still the champ in the south

'Cause rappers get in the booth and I keep draggin' them out

Where they fired and these pink slips I keep handin' them out

'Cause this is Theater of Mind, consider it a sign

Of what's to come next, my money's just fine

Bank filled with dump checks

Terrorist threat flow, proceed to drop (bombs) like Mr. Funk Flex

But I don't do it for the money, I do it from the heart

I'll do it with the beatbox, I did it from the start

I'll do it for the DJs, I'll do it for the charts

The Van Gogh flow, Luda do it 'cause it's art

I do it for the fans, I do it on command

I do it for the front row, I do it for the stands

I spit it for the hood, I do it for the block

And since nine years old, I did it for hip-hop

[Ludacris:]

So, I don't do for the chains and the fancy drops

I do it for hip-hop

I do it for hip-hop

I do it for hip-hop

And I don't do for the chains and the flashin' rocks

I do it for hip-hop

I do it for hip-hop

I do it for hip-hop

[Nas:]

They say I'm so low key, I'm socially awkward

Only those that really know me are the ones that I talk with

They smile in the light, hate in the dark,

You call it beef, to me it's just a fuckin' walk in the park

Because you are who you are when nobody is looking

That's who you are so when the cash and cars is gone, the day after tomorrow

Don't be askin' to borrow, ski maskin' it hard, like the way you rap in your bars

I could ride on you and whoever, devise new endeavors I'm as live as hive full of predators

Twenty thousands different species of bees

Some half poisonous sting, some just pollinating their leaves

It's just like rap, some will buzz some will attack,

Compromising their own life in fact

Sixteen years since my first sixteen, pardon the rest of my niggas

But I'm the best whoever did it

[Ludacris:]

I don't do for the cars and the fancy drops

[Nas:]

Uh, I do it for hip-hop

Yeah, I do it for hip-hop, uh

[Ludacris:]

I do it for hip-hop

And I don't do for the chains and the flashin' rocks

[Nas:]

Why we do it kid, I do it for hip-hop

Yeah, I do it for hip-hop, uh

I do it for hip-hop

[Jay-Z:]

Hip-hop, started out in the park

We used to do it to avoid the Narcs  
I used to do it so the homeboy Clark can get the fuck  
Off my back while I knocked off these packs  
I used to rap to impress my friends  
The past of time when I was gettin' it in  
Just so happens I'm so illegal with the pen, they  
Ain't want me to do anything illegal again  
I lost a lot of dawgs to these streets  
I got Grammy awards on these beats  
Thank God for Cool Herc  
Without this shit I probably would've got murked  
Shout outs to Grandmaster Flash and the cash  
And even Jaz bum ass  
Hip hop helped me wash me ass  
These other rappers couldn't wash my socks  
That's why I took the number one slot  
The realest shit in rap comes from my voice box  
Lord knows when I was on my clock  
I probably never would've stopped  
Thank God for hip-hop  
[Ludacris:]  
I don't do for the cars and the fancy drops  
[Jay-Z:]  
I do it for hip-hop  
I do it for hip-hop  
[Ludacris:]  
I do it for hip-hop  
And I don't do for the chains and the flashin' rocks  
[Jay-Z:]  
Come on, I do it for hip-hop  
I do it for hip-hop  
[both:]  
I do it for hip-hop