

# 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, 'knaw'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  
Youknowwhat!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

Live 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