

N.A.S.A. "Hip Hop"

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Chorus: (FatLip)

Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimmme some of that hip
hop, baby baby
Gimme some of that hip hop baby, baby
Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimmme some of that hip
hop, baby baby
Gimme some of that hip hop baby, baby

Verse (FatLip)

Where did hip hop go
The freestyle flow
The beats that bring your first to your face like oh shit!
Make you hold your dick
Golden era hits
I try to tell these kids
Respect the architects
But all y'all want is to collect the check
See this beat right here, it'll hurt your neck
You gotta put in work to catch some wreck
Like when I first started, I was whole hearted
But now the game became dearly departed
Billboard charted, artists get retarded
When them checks come I still respect some
Russell Simmons for Presidents? Let's elect him
Who's the next to come with the new ish?
It's the nigga you wish, Fat Liddish
Fresh and replenished (ha ha ha)

Chorus (FatLip)

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hop, baby baby
Gimme some of that hip hop baby, baby

Verse: (KRS-One)

So let's go with the flow of an older pro
Y'all know at the show all is you hear is OH and WHOAH

And of course HO!!!
Hey yo, turn up my flow
I am hip hop, you don't know you too slow
Hey bro, I'm dope because I say so
I see truth like Plato and kick ass like Kato
There ain't no MC or rapper with Kris flow
Y'all just wanna get dough but love's gonna get yo

I spit slow, hit low, been dope from the get go
When rappers walk past The Blast they tiptoe
Your chick know and your click know
The spirit of my sick flow will open your mind really
quick yo
I'ma switch flows while y'all switch clothes and hoes
Then you wonder why Kris close all the shows
I stay on my toes as hip hop grows from the under
Welcome to hip hop culture

Chorus: (FatLip)

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Verse: (Slim Kid Tre)

We used to roll out with the thunder sound and beats
and rhythms
And gather round in the cypher to get down
Give it all you got nigga putting your shit down
But nowadays it's funny how they don't say shit no
Power to the people pioneering the ship
Ripping the main frame aiming to get a hold of these
chips
From anonymous tips, keeping that hip hop even when
the needle skips
And inject soul affection like collagen lips
Polishing perfect for the circuit as the Cadillac dips
Lacing the track makes you want to take it back what?
I didn't know you boys was gonna rock that shit like that
what
Some skills we never lack
When you got hot shit they wanna ride piggyback
But when you lack, everything fades to black
And that's hip hop, it'll drive you crazy
Say what, say what? (baby,baby)

Chorus: (FatLip and Slim Kid Tre)

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hop, baby baby
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