

I Do It for Hip Hop

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

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

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

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

Uh, I do it for hip-hop
Yeah, I do it for hip-hop, uh

I do it for hip-hop
And I don't do for the chains and the flashin' rocks

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

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

I don't do for the cars 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

come on, I do it for hip-hop
I do it for hip-hop

I do it for hip-hop