

Eliza Doolittle

"Culture For Dollars"

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Written word held weight
Now honor at best recessive trait
The sound and shape to come succumbed to Malignant
Maelstrom
Malformed mentals stained expected outcome
And not to be outdone
Some speak in half phrases
No definition to brush strokes already out of phase
With these statements
Raise children off pavement...
Pulse on frauds hasten
When confronted with styles from gutter basements
Set to build like Freemasons, on three angles
All I see are Minstrel MC's on these channels
Perceived battles only held to sell albums
Propagate stereotypes that bleed out us
Our own doubt us
But I remain devout scholar of skills of forefathers
Ignorance was forced on us
Define honest, if we all breath diseased lies
Define the MC if all he spits are weak lines.

Who trades his culture for dollars?
The fool or the scholar?
Griot? Poet? Or White collared?

If my written words slurs
Then my speech correct
Keep my meaning inferred to test your intellect
If you remember HipHop nigga 'nuff respect
Deadverse spoken with broken dalek

Spoken word held meaning
Hostile acts provoked
Formed metaphors
Created urban folklore
Never meant for these upper echelon aural
That bought and stripped morals
From art that's gift for us
At heart I'm strict purist
Spit thoughts for poorest

5'6" Honduran sights set on own ruin
Rugged cadence meant to capture essence
Ancestor's wrath festers under surface of uttered
Sentence.

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