

## Inner Thought

### "Dear El-Pee"

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"Dear El-Pee,

How's your summer been? Mine's been fine. I heard  
you had a real good time at  
camp. Oh, yeah, I talked Len, he said everything's cool.  
Oh, yo, I really liked  
"End to End Burner"; that little diss me thing on the  
internet was pretty  
funny. Yeah, it's live, sucker. Uh, yeah, and I was  
talking, y'know, trying to  
sell my record distributors and they wouldn't take it  
because, you know, some  
fat white kid was thinkin' it'd be funny to blackball. Well,  
you know, I wrote  
a little poem about it and I really hope you like it. So  
have your mother read  
it to you and if you guys like it, you can write me back!"

I'm a Anticon iconclast catalyst for cataclysm  
Tell Fox: dissing Sole, bad executive decision  
Your egosystem's frail, with a spoon I could dissect it  
Soundin' like Corky got his nubs on a Webster's  
dictionary  
A Ras Kass record and a brand new MPC  
Pressing all them pretty buttons, making wack beats  
To hell with Fat Beats, I'd rather rock acapella  
I'd rather be broke and have a whole lot resent  
Not a Rich King, a pawn, a peon for me to pee on  
Check out 9th Street, a big sign: "El-Pee got served" in  
neon  
Trendy indie underground cause you haven't got a  
choice  
Take a way your elitist buddies and you haven't got a  
voice  
No five thousand for radio, no hundred-thou for ads  
and banners  
No paying record stores for all your Rawkus  
propaganda  
Well-timed marketing scheme, it's cool to be  
independent  
But if it was last year, you'd be a dun or a Missy Elliot

And after your indie bravado and the label has  
recouped  
You're broker than when Libra left you crying for a  
record deal from Luke  
I strike you awestruck, you femanine to blackball  
I'll be serving you 'til you're serving me ice cream in a  
mall  
Some fool said this an underground Canibus and LL  
Well that's comedy, cause I'll serve all three of y'all  
Heard Rupert had to starve all the indie artists to feed  
your ego  
Running around the Bay looking for Sole with your foot  
in your mouth  
I heard you like the Bay (Castro) but think 4 tracks are  
wack  
Lost in the Ozone and all your mixdowns sound like  
crap  
Hiding lack of intellect behind hipster catch phrase and  
babble  
Indellibles'll never get a full length cause you don't  
wanna be outshined  
Fine, I heard you wanna kill me and get fools after me  
The only violence you ever witnessed was on Menace II  
Society  
Try to sound deep and got masses fooled by your lack  
of rhythm  
I elevate while you perpetuate your malopropism

[Yo, wha, what did he just call me, dun?]  
Yo, I don't know, man. Yo, I, I don't know what he just  
called you, man.  
[Well, yo, go get the books. Go get the Bible.]  
Yo, man, well apparently you must've ripped all the  
pages out in the  
dictionary, man, cause you've used all the words.  
[So I'm never gonna find out what he called me? He's  
usin' big words against  
me? Yo, this is intrepid, god!]

I'm a hip hop artist, you style-biting MC sucker  
Had a Crayon contest with retarded kids and picked the  
wackest album cover  
Picked the wrong MC to diss subliminally, every line  
dissected  
Yeah, I diss you on the internet, to your face, and on  
record  
For the record, I know the muck from which out you  
have stepped  
First you sound like Beatnuts then you're Mr. 4,000  
syllables  
One bar, out of breath on stage a failure

Gotta quit rocking mics and start rocking an asthma inhaler  
El-Producto: independent as Fox  
Since when do indie records show up in a WEA box?  
By saying you're independent you belittle the whole movement  
Real MCs work hard, ain't got investors to put out their music  
Underground conspiracy but this ain't used by No Limit  
Mad cause you didn't blow up, the victim of your own wack gimmick  
But some fools bought into it cause they don't know no better  
That you're a hamburger pimp, only out for the cheddar  
Yo, what's a battle MC that can't freestyle?  
All these references to imaginary MCs, come battle me  
Remember in Boston, you started calling fools out?  
And when MCs try to battle, you were the first to break out  
Well, you surely don't wanna battle, of course you want to fight, you're bigger  
Fine, you win, we can have a contest to see who's the biggest wigger  
Oh, you win again, it must feel great, I heard you don't like white MCs  
Traded in your Kani and X hats for a fresh set of Echo and Adidas  
You as hip hop as Garth Brooks and as manly as garter belts  
And if you're so creative talk about something other than yourself  
No, I'm not dissing New York or any of your comrades in arms  
I'm tearing down that posterboy Miss Piggy-lookin' leprachaun  
El-Pee vs. the Spice Girls (I got five on Scary Spice)  
But both of y'all are in desperate need of back up singers when it's live  
And I know they think your original, but follow me through this portal  
You bit your whole styles from an underground MC named Vordul  
Spread rumors about me to everyone you meet, evade being a man  
I heard you putting out an instrumental album of sitars, pots, and pans  
You've done enough talking, so I know you ain't fading  
Sole  
Have your boy Rupert Murdoch fly you out, I'll serve you on the Wake Up Show

The redheaded kingpin, step child to a little herpe sore  
festering  
Heard you only pull females when you tell 'em you're a  
lesbian  
Wanna sign autographs, but all your fans are rappers  
The evolution will not be televised as your #1 fan  
becomes your master  
I'd love to give you a hand but all I got is a middle  
finger  
Farakhan won't squash this, so we can finish it on Jerry  
Springer  
Newsweek martyr, bring your rhetoric retort  
You oughta tootsie roll under your rock, your two  
minutes of fame got cut short  
FYI: starving artists don't have corporate luncheons  
Got a horrible freestyle and the rest of your style is  
(studio punch-ins)  
The dun crusher busts fresh, overly when I blast 'em  
And those so called freestyles, they all popped up on  
your album  
Manipulate your connects so they wanna see me on a  
curb  
But I guarantee you lyin', cause you know one-on-one  
you'd get served  
Now it's time to pay dues like when Daddy Warbucks  
Bought your face onto the cover of the last Stress  
We gonna battle, so write your rhymes ahead of time  
And I'll still come twice as fresh  
And keep it all in the family, like Rose I'll take a back  
seat  
Keep my name out your mouth like my wax from the  
racks of (Fat Beats)  
Fat egos inflated, hope you liked my little poem  
And hope to hear from you soon, signed, your friend,  
Sole

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