

## Sole

### "Dear El-pee"

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[Sole]

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 to Len, he said everythings 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, ya know,  
Trying to sell my records to distributors  
And they wouldn't take it because, you know  
Some fat white kid figured 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 iconoclast 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 websters  
dictionary  
A Ras Kass record and a brand new MPC  
Pressing all them pretty buttons making wack beats  
To hell with phat beats I'd rather rock acapella  
I'd rather be broke and have a whole'lotta resent  
Not a rich king, a pawn, a pegan 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 away your elitist buddies and you haven't got a  
voice  
No five thousand for radio, no hundred thou for adds  
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 'till you're serving me ice cream in a  
mall  
Some fool said this is 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 four 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

[Sole mimicking El-P]

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 have 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 emcee sucker  
Had a crayon contest with retarded kids and picked the  
wackest album cover  
Picked the wrong emcee 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 rockin' mics and start rockin' an asthma  
inhaler

EI-Producto, independent as Fox

Since when do indie records show up in a W-E-A box?

By saying your independent, you belittle the whole  
movement

Real emcee's 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 emcee that can't freestyle?

All those references to imaginary emcee's, come battle  
me

Remember in Boston, you starting calling fools out?

And when emcee's tried to battle, you were the first to  
break out

Well, you surely don't wanna battle, of course you  
wanna 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 emcee's

Traded in your Kani and X hats for a fresh set of Echo's  
and Adidas

You as hip hop as Garth Brooks and as manly as gartar  
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

EI-Pee vs. The Spice Girls (I got 5 on scary spice)

But both of y'all are in desperate need of backup  
singers when it's live

And I know they think you're original but follow me  
through this portal

You bit your whole styles from an underground emcee  
named Vordul

Spread rumors about me to everyone you meet, evade  
being a man

I heard you're 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 red-headed 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 outta 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 1-on 1 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 mouths like my wax from the  
racks of (phat beats)  
Fat ego's inflated, hope you liked my little poem  
And hope to hear from you soon, signed, your friend,  
Sole

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