

Sole "Dear Elpee"

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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 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, 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, its 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 mimmicking EI-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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