

Urban Legend "Keeper Of The Flame"

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Back in the day, it was cool, beat box and groove
Choreographed break dancing had the dopest moves
Bronx, New York, is where hip-hop originated
Gave birth after funk and disco procreated

I'm a break down, just a lil bit of the history
And explain the manslaughter's not an unsolved
mystery
Thirty years ago, DJ's would host house parties
Graffiti on the walls, provide som'n real artsy

Clive Campbell, flourished a Jamaican DJ
Also known as Kool Herc, spinnin' records would play
Then Grandmaster Flash, Kurtis Blow and Sugar Hill
Took it to another level addin' lyrical skill

And Melle Mel, from Furious 5, Linked wit Duke Bootee
He was the first rap lyricist labeled and Emcee
They're Forever solidified, in hip hop's hall of fame
They laid groundwork, but now it's all put to shame

Now-a- days, you can rhyme about whateva you please
And have a following bigger then the buzz of mini me
Yes indeed, I'm not tryin' to knock the hustle
Not mad about people that made it outta the struggle

But realize there's som'n that we call accountability
And neva be content wit non rappin' ability
And talk about credibility, whateva happened to it
Hearing these gimmick raps is drainin' all my brain
fluid

I'm finished, naw my flames neva diminish
Turn to Popeye, when I eat the greenest spinach
Who want it, I'm here to crush any a bluto
Hit em wit truth, and they can take their rhymes to Pluto

Came to take back this rap, I'm the repo man
They've been foolin' us, sorta like a lethal scam
Not gonna mention any names, you know who u are
The flame is still bright like the northern star

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