

Saukrates

"Telegram"

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I'm falling up flights of stairs, scraping myself from the sidewalk, jumping from rivers to bridges, drowning in pure air. Hip Hop is lying on the side of the road, half dead to itself. Blood scrawled over it's mangled flesh, like jazz, stuffed into an oversized record bag. Tuba lips swollen beyond recognition. Diamond studded teeth strewn like rice at karma's wedding. The ring bearer bore bad news. Minister of information wrote the wrong proclamation. Now everyone's singing the wrong song. Dissonant chords find necks like nooses. That nigga kicked the chair from under my feet. Harlem shaking from a rope, but still on beat. "Damn that loop is tight." Nigga, found a way to sample the way the truth the light. Can't wait to play myself at the party tonight. Niggas are gonna die. Cop car swerves to the side of the road. Hip Hop takes it's last breath. The cop scrawls vernacular manslaughter onto a yellow pad, then balls the paper into his hand, deciding he'd rather free-style. "You have the right to remain silent." You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to remain silent. And maybe you should have before your bullshit manifested.

These thugs can't fuck with me, they're too thugged out. Niggas think I'm bugged out, 'cause I ain't Sean John or Lugged out. This ain't hip hop no more, son, it's bigger than that. This ain't ghetto no more, black, it's bigger than black. So where my aliens at? Girl, we're all illegal. This system ain't for us. It's for rich people. And you ain't rich, dawg, you just got money. But you can't buy shit to not get hungry.

Telegram to Hip Hop: Dear Hip Hop .(stop). This shit has gone too far. (stop). Please see that mixer and turntables are returned to Kool Herc. (stop). The ghettos are dancing off beat. (stop). The master of ceremonies have forgotten that they were once slaves and have neglected the occasion of this ceremony. (stop). Perhaps we should not have encouraged them to use cordless microphones, for they have walked too far from the source and are emitting a lesser frequency (stop). Please inform all interested parties that cash nor murder have been added to the list of

elements. (stop). We are discontinuing our current line of braggadocio, in light of the current trend in "realness". (stop). As an alternative, we will be confiscating weed supplies and replacing them with magic mushrooms, in hopes of helping niggas see beyond their reality. (stop). Give my regards to Brooklyn.

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