

Saul Williams "Telegram"

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I'm fallin' up flights of stairs
Scrapin' myself from the sidewalk
Jumpin' from rivers to bridges
Drownin' in pure air

Hip hop is lyin' on the side of the road
Half dead to itself
Blood scrawled over its mangled flesh like jazz
Stuffed into an over sized 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

An' now everyone's singin' the wrong song
Dissonant chords find necks like nooses
That nigga kicked the chair from under my feet
Harlem shakin' from a rope but still on beat

Damn, that loop is tight
That 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 its last breath
The cop scrawls vernacular manslaughter on a yellow
pad
Then balls the paper into his hand decidin' he'd rather
freestyle

"You have the right to remain silent"
"You have the right to remain silent"
An' maybe you should have, 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 all illegal
This system ain't for us, it's for rich people
An' 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 turntables an' mixer are returned to
Kool Herc, stop

The ghettos are dancin' 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
An' are emittin' a lesser frequency, stop

Please inform all interested parties
That cash nor murder have been included to list of
elements, stop
We are discontinuin' our line of braggadocio
In light of the current trend in 'Realness', stop

As an alternative, we will be confiscatin' weed supplies
An' replacin' them with magic mushrooms
In hopes of helpin' niggas see beyond their reality, stop
Give my regards to Brooklyn

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These cats can't fuck with me, I purr purple
Sold, increased, toe shell like a turtle
I walk the streets like the lie that I'm tellin'

One listener grips me and starts yellin'

I see through speakers, I speak what's seen

I eat and shed, I sleep and dream

I walk the streets of London like, "'Know what I mean?"

An' chillin' rack a momma, eatin' crib soy beans

It's like that

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