

## Dan-e-o

# "Dear Hip Hop"

Visit "[Dear Hip Hop](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

CHORUS:

Dear Hip Hop, I'll love you 'til I die  
To taste the grace of your embrace, I will try  
My mission is to utilize my skills on the mic  
To rid you of the losers, abusers and stereotypes

Dear hip hop, what is the state of your condition?  
Niggaz be dishin' fiction making my decision a mission  
To rid them from the planet cuz my tracks hacks their wackness  
Raps they flap is dryer than habitats of a cactus  
Fact is I'm raw skilled cuz God filled me with the spunk to be  
So phat, rappers need an elevator to keep up with me  
My objective's to be selective with my projections  
To carry ya beyond the barriers of new dimensions  
So help me slit the slack bros with wack flows  
I pack blows to crack foes sweepin' your reach from plateaus  
With senseless scripts, their lips is paraplegic  
While the level of my lyrics leave their legion with lesions  
From when you gave me birth, I've remained true to your rule  
Yet phonies try to hold me back like teachers did to them in school  
My promise to punish poetic plagues won't end  
Cuz ever since I was ten, you been my best fuckin' friend

CHORUS (x2)

Now bredren, I comprehend your frustration affiliation  
Your evaluation from those outside your nation lacks education  
Corrupt critics voice views with no validity  
Claiming you're the blame for violence within vicinities  
And promotion to penetrate privates' how they depict us  
So they deface our albums advising parents with stickers

Hopin' that our shit will die out  
They remind me of niggaz in French class  
not knowing what the fuck they talkin' 'bout  
Our expressions exemplify reality  
Through artistic talents found in all municipalities  
Cuz hip hop, you're growing like dicks during porno  
flicks  
Yet pricks be on my back like slaps when I used to get  
licks  
Man, even pops gives me no props, not understandin'  
Why me and you are branded to be lifelong  
companions  
No power possible could prevent me to proceed  
To profess rhymes 'til death like a Muslim does a creed

CHORUS (x2)

Now bro, I know who hurts you most besides those who  
are ignorant  
And not articulate is niggaz who figure shit lingers  
when  
They travel down gravel roads of trend interpretation  
These imitations cause no fascination but  
contemplation  
Of how they came to commercial composure  
Probably writing rhymes upside down on a crucifix the  
way they crossin' over  
Unworthy benefit reapers, sportin' sneakers and  
beepers  
While I be catchin' bags under my sights from  
sleepless  
Nights, writing for life cuz I refuse to feel the e-  
ffects of being known by material memorabilia  
No matter how they bring you down, I'll stand your  
ground anyway  
Cuz H-I-P H-O-P is in D-A-N's D-N-A  
My tracks axe niggaz like questions, I've mastered all  
Styles to make rappers look wacker than me playing  
basketball  
Sorry for those who represent what you resent  
Like O.J. Simpson, I'm absolutely 100%  
Hip hop!

Yours truly

Dan-e-o

Visit [Dan-e-o](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

