

Telegram

Saul Williams

I'm fallin' up flights of stairs
Scrapin' myself from the sidewalk
Jumpin' from rivers to bridges
Drownin' in pure airHip 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 bagTuba 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 proclamationAn' 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 dieCop 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 manifestedThese 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 hungryTelegram 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, stopThe 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, stopPerhaps 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, stopPlease 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', stopAs 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 BrooklynThese 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 blackSo 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 hungryThese 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 beansIt's like that

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>