

The Ghost of Hip Hop's Past

Canibus

Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past
Let's see how long infinity gon' last...

Wake up, what is the date? 1988
Hip-Hop is barely exposed to the emotion and hate
I hibernate, rhymin from space, my first album ten years late
I tried to take it to a positive place
But it was like a communist state, I tried to escape
My label shot me in the back as I was climbin the gate
I woke up, now I'm awake, I found democracy to be fake
Hip-Hop sucks, who made it this way?
I was a teenager when hip-hop saved the day
Paychecks paid the way, not radio play
Some artists had knowledge of self, that little bit of honesty helped
Violent lyrics promoted positive guilt
So even when you thought the message was negative it promoted positive health
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It was about the rhymes, not wealth
It was about our culture, not about what the culture could sell
It was a path to enlightenment, not Hell
We amused ourselves and this confused everybody else
I memorized "Rock the Bells"
I memorized "Tales for the Crack Side" I used to rock gazelles
EPMD, "You Gots to Chill"
Doug E. Fresh, Slick Rick, Pete Rock, "Mistadobalina" was Del
Cold Crush Crew, Melle Mel
Sugar Hill, Salt-n-Pepa, Sweet Tee pretty as hell
Shante dimple on her face, pretty as well
I used to wanna smell the pale Roxanne's taie
Technics 1200, beat it like an SB-12
Lord Finesse the punchline king, Heavy D was doing his own thing
Dio and McGruff used to hold things
Biz Mark's big ass gold chain
One day I think I saw the Jungle Brothers dancing on Soul Train
Marley Marl, Craig G, Master Ace, Big Daddy Kane
Kool G Rap put me under his wing
On the road to lyricism, with Rakim and them
Some real lyricists, Eric B. was sick with the zigga-ziggas
I know I'm trippin, it's been a minute
So many brothers and sisters it's hard to remember who did it
Memories disappear like Whodini
My friends disappeared faster than my budget when my producer was greedy
{ "Fat, Boyyyyyyyyyys" } feed me
I've been eatin emcees, you still don't believe
Brand of wool, brown teeth, red blood leak from Black Sheep
Whenever the horns blow it gets deep
Digging In The Crates for my niggas in the street
Diamond D had the "Best Kept Secret" for weeks
D-Nice said, "Bis, you a beast", Redman said, "Peace"
Def Jam said I couldn't compete
Killah Priest spit "Heavy Mental" before "Heavy Mental" was released
Accapella, no instrumental beat
My Girbauds would hang low, no crease
Timbs on the feet, Cold Cheeks had a Lex
Tom Leek had the MPV, J Rav had the Jeep
Clark Kent had the Tahoe, Charles bought a 4.6 because of Jay-Z
The program director's name from Hot 97 was Tracy

Tragedy Khadafi, Queens' first intelligent Prodigy
Probably the first Arab Nazi
K-9 Posse chew you up like blue chnk chopped meat
MC N-I-N-E
"This is the way we walk in New York"
"Throw Ya Gunz" in the air if you ready for war
Throw your hands the air if you ready for more
If I don't like the way you look, I'ma tear your face off
The Undergod, underground lord
When it comes to "100 Bars" you niggaz know who to ask for!
I woke up in the mornin, on a regular day
I knew my nigga K-Solo would be around my way
I washed off my Thor hammer, the trigger mechanism lubricate
It was time to destroy the place
He kept sayin if I spit my rhymes on the mic
in no time, I would be back in the limelight
I said, "Solo, nowadays I don't feel rap
Cause it ain't like it used to be, the shit is whack"
He said, "No 'Bis, trust Wolfgang, cause I know my shit
You already know the flows I spit"
We love hip-hop, we gotta pay homage to the shit
I love hip-hop...
Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past
Let's see how long "Lyrical Law" gon' last

DJ Immortal, get it kid! YEAH!