

## Dear Hip Hop

Chip tha Ripper

Dear hip-hop, please  
Don't you forget about little old me  
Oh, I'm just a little O.G  
And I done seen the game changed up on me

Way back in my day, when it was all about spitting music was crazy  
I fuck with Nas and Master P was my Jay-Z  
Jigga was spitting but I couldn't understand it  
I knew it was some fly shit, it just never landed  
'Til I hit the ninth grade, by that time 50 done step in the game  
But I had been bumping that shit from mixtapes  
And I got hip to Canibus in like sixth grade  
And that crazy motherfucker just took over my brain  
It's a little Big L in my raps today  
Even though he gone, nah, he ain't gone, you listening to him  
Just from reciting the lines you'd think that I knew 'em  
Bumping that Redman not giving a fuck about nothing  
Imagine if I was getting high, I wasn't even puffing  
Hiding the CD from my momma, shit had too much cussing  
Baby I ain't gonna leave you for nothing  
Can you just write me back, please?

I found the blueprint way before school was my hustle  
Beyond a reasonable doubt, I was a nigga with attitude  
Illmatic, no reason for me to be mad at you  
'Cause life is too short, even when you ready to die  
Picture this: a little nigga comin' up in the Chi  
Using common sense, give my mind a resurrection  
Though I used to love her, never lost my erection  
Underground king, po' pimpin' in the muddy waters  
It's just me against the world, get rich or die trying  
Three feet high and rising  
Now I see clear like vising; whoops, I mean Visine  
So far gone, plus I wanna be king  
Not a college dropout, seen graduation  
In my lifetime is just your imagination  
For now I'm just a lyricist lounging 'til I reach my salvation  
Please

Don't forget  
Super Nintendo, Sega Genesis  
I was ten years old with the flow I reminisce  
They called me White Mike before I became the 6th  
Hip-hop showed me love with a hug and a kiss  
Used to tape the radio when it was on late  
Used to cop mixtapes when they was on tapes  
You couldn't pull the wrong record out the wrong crate  
Truthfully, it used to seem every song's great  
Influenced your walk, fashion and your speaking  
Every third weekend, was at the new I was underage so I used to have to snea  
k in  
Student of the game, open-minded for the teaching  
I paid dues, yeah, I knew dude's reaching  
I give a fuck about the songs y'all leaking  
I'm done preaching, sip the Hennessey, burn the incense  
Dear hip-hop, yours truly, 6th Sense