

What Is Hip-Hop?

MC Lars

Every-Everything's fallin'
Every-Everything's fallin'-fallin'
Every-Everything's fallin'
Every-Everything's fallin' a-

It's always a privilege to spit with Lars
I'm a reality speaker, forget them cars
I'm learning how to teleport to reach to Mars
When you love this to live this, you spit your bars
I spit a quick barrage switch to Rs
Before you get burnt by all these lit cigars
I spit because the time is upon us
Prophecy: Edgar Cayce, Nostradamus
Are they in the future or really far behind us?
Past perceptions trying to find us and blind us
Topical, poetically philosophical
Today's education is unappliable
I think with my abdominal, life is phenomenal
You make it all up with your optical
Every moment is optional
That means anything I think in a blink is possible

Every-Everything's fallin' a-
Every-Everything's fallin' apart! (can't you tell me)
Every-Everything's fallin' apart! (can't you tell me)
Every-Every-Everything

What is Hip-Hop? Is it what you wear?
Is it the brands that you rep or the way you wear your hair?
Is it your attitude, gratitude, identity or fate?
Your history, your future or the problems that you face?
Is it the spirit of the times? The Zeitgeist, believe it
Divinity inside of me, we breathe it cause we need it
The Gospel of Hip-Hop, it really changed my life
KRS relieved the stress - I had to read it twice
When it all falls apart I remember what he said
It's not about the cheddar, creme, fame, skill or bread
It's carbon truth in beauty, learning to respect
Learning how to love, put your selfishness in check
What is Hip-Hop? Divine self-discovery
Mastering the elements, defining just what love can be
Testifying truthfully, rhyming with the best
I see the light, it feels so right cause Hip-Hop's got me blessed

I stay up, even when everything's falling apart
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Everything's fallin' a-

Yeah, you fuck on me your whole career is gonna fall apart
Servin' rappers individually, a la carte
Who got an open menu, nobody cool and don't pretend you
Ain't feelin' this, I'm killing shit, please don't continue
To hate, It's safe to say I'm one of the hottest rapping
Hotter than wasabi dressing, hot like the Mojave Desert
I fuck your bitch, my homie got the sloppy seconds

I got her legs in the air kickin' like she taking body lessons
Bitch you got a second? Nah bitch, I'm kinda busy
My grind is grizzly, no time this instant
Key to everything, impeccably my timing is so sublime
You've heard this slow shit now back to the double time
I was jumping on the microphone when I was young and the skippers got kicked
but
I was losing my mind under the pressure of a half on the back of the stiff d
ope
Every bitch chilling into the head and then pray for the day that I get fuck
ed
They settled in but just sick of, rapping the shit that they get to

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What is Hip-Hop? It's the sound that a bunny makes
Today's Hip-Hop might leave a funny taste
Flavor that you savor is a little artificial
Pinky-wink twinkies got no filling in the middle
Keep it simple. Follow the Hip-Hop commandments
Keep it real. Represent like our fucking dads' did
Our elders, our betters, the ones who did it first
Pioneers are outta here, stars about to burst
It's up to the descendants and I ain't talking dirty sheets
I am what I am even though they want to murder me
They just pissed because I'm true to the art form
Make a loud sound like a fucking car horn
True to my rhymes cause that shit pays off
I'm my own boss, can't be laid off
No clock to punch, no breaks to take
What is Hip-Hop? Non-stop mistakes