

# Telegram

Saul Williams

I'm falling up flights of stairs,  
Scraping myself from the sidewalk,  
Jumping from rivers to bridges,  
Drowning in pure air.

Hip hop is lying on the side of the road,  
Half dead to itself.  
Blood scrawled over its mangled flesh, like jazz,  
Stuffed into an oversized record bag.

Tuba 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 proclamation.

And now everyone's singing 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 die.

Cop 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,

Deciding he'd rather free-style.  
"You have the right to remain silent."  
"You have the right to remain silent."  
And maybe you should have

Maybe you should have  
Before your bullshit manifested.

These 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.  
And you ain't rich, dawg, you just got money.  
But you can't buy shit to not get hungry.

Telegram to Hip Hop:  
Dear Hip Hop. (stop)  
This shit has gone too far. (stop)  
Please see that turntables and mixer are returned to Kool Herc. (stop)

The ghettos are dancing off beat. (stop)  
The master of ceremonies have forgotten  
That they were once slaves and have neglected  
The occasion of this ceremony. (stop)

Perhaps we should not have encouraged them  
To use cordless microphones, for they have  
Walked too far from the source and  
Are emitting a lesser frequency. (stop)

Please inform all interested parties that  
Cash nor murder have been included to list of elements. (stop)  
We are discontinuing our current line  
Of braggadocio, in light of the current trend in "realness". (stop)

As an alternative, we will be  
Confiscating weed supplies and  
Replacing them with magic mushrooms, in hopes  
Of helping niggas see beyond their reality. (stop)

Give my regards to Brooklyn.

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These 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 telling  
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?"  
And chillin' at waggamama

Eatin' crib soy beans

It's like that.