

Inner Monologue

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Remember, whatever discipline you're in, whether you're a musician or a photographer, a fine artist or a cartoonist, a writer, a dancer, a singer, a designer – whatever you do, you have one thing that's unique: You have the ability to make art. Sometimes life is hard. Things go wrong – in life and in love and in business and in friendship and in health. And when things get tough, this is what you should do. Make good art

This about to be the realest shit you ever heard
I lynch rappers, got them hanging on my every word
These bitch rappers be claiming they slinging heavy word
Really snitch rappers, niggas singing like every bird
Rich rappers, nah, I don't know them niggas
Niggas don't get rich rapping, they selling clothes or liquor
My flow is sicker cause I flow with vigor
I'm no beginner, peep the whole agenda
Control my center cause I gravitate with Gravitass
This my inner monologue
Burning down your party cause our cocktails is molotov
My crime mob make you stop, lock and drop, don't get wollywop'd
Actually battery in my back like a copper top
Got it popping, started on the B-side of Body Rock
Direct to fan, I'm running my shop like my mom and pop
Modern day slavery today to be an artist, watch
They treat them like a product and try to mount like a hot 'n t
ot
Molly pop, niggas not caring if they body rot
Partying like Mardi Gras, get the cream like Häagen-Dazs
Golly gosh, this is Utopia, cornucopia
I'm known to start revolts against the Romans like Zenobia
Hoping to keep coping copious amounts of opiates
Tried to start a union, but they blocked me like a Soviet
I hope they get it, I'm sick of explaining history
I'm rolling with a circle of winners, we claimin' victories
It ain't a mystery, the hate'll make it bittersweet
They hate when I engage to debate 'em like Wale's Twitter feed
Who I'm kidding? I'm the great debater
My crew stay winning, we stay innovating
Your circle is rotten as great tomatoes
They get high with you then start dry snitching like Jose Canse
co
Prosecco, I'm sipping vino with a vivid hue
Haberdasher rocking Borsalinos like Hasidic Jews
Pitiful, rappers never stand up to the ridicule
That's why I had to get at you
Wear it if it fit the shoe, nigga
(Baby, just shine your light
If you've gotta dim yours, so they can shine brighter

Just stay bright, so shine your light)

We're in a transitional world right now because the nature of distribution is changing. The distribution channels that people have built over the last century or so are in flux. The print, the visual artist, the musicians... which on the one hand intimidating and on the other, immensely liberating. The rules, the assumptions, the now-we're-supposed-to-s of how you get your work seen and what you do then, they're breaking down. The gatekeepers are leaving their gates. You can be as creative as you need to be to get your work seen. The old rules are crumbling. And nobody knows what the new rules are, so make up your own rules