



# HIP HOP

**I Am A Young, Hip- Hop Baby**

I AM A YOUNG, HIP- HOP BABY

There's no denying my era of graduation

I Woke up next to graffiti, walls and needles, that read congratulations!

I was bred and fed by the sharp, shooting tongues, of the late 70's and early 80's of those who  
Wanted to create something that couldn't be patented, but only by our lingo.

I was stirred, shook, and molded

by the BEATBOXEN, barbarian hands, of the great 8 teachers.

KRS-1 Lyrical Firm and Mass features

Movement, style, and demeanor of thirsty warlords,

screaming, peace or get back rhymes,

when you felt or caught a contact, YOU had NO CHOICE BUT TO REACT!

Strapping the sidewalks, with black strangling lace in their shell toe adidas.

Blowing, heavy, fire torches, lyrical, assassination

watching as the blood of all men thickened  
As their very own OZ, brought his very own warlocks from a long, island  
Started a dream that flew up a stream  
To recruit the Kings, and give all praises to the Queens  
found a few, irreplaceable, pharaohs, overseeing, along the way.  
But there lied, the emperors, who took over the streets and stairways  
Had everyone, moving, their feet.  
Arms, full of rage, energy raised to the sky.  
all seeing purpose, Dem ah, Fyah startah, dem!  
Just blazing, through the airwaves.  
We were proud and we didn't lack.  
We became a mixture of all colors dipped in black  
Cinemas on the corner, in the Bronx every summer  
Solid like the winter, stood there battling,  
as ice, pedals, laid quietly on the tips of their noses  
We were back but we never left  
Where were we headed?  
IDK but it wasn't self-destruction  
And our offspring will be recognized by thousand, mask, and duplicated by  
a million, painters, followed by of generational creators  
Cultural influences in the numbers that doesn't even exist yet  
All to be recycled down and transformed form into a new form of procreation never  
Never dying  
guided by belief,  
feeding the culture,

dropping more seeds...

I Am an emcee, I'm a poet, I am art.

And as emcee and artist it is my job to make sure that we are not just painting one picture

Visions the youth can see on every part of the globe

And this is something that we have mastered, without your hat and ceremony

I am a young Hip-Hop baby there's no denying my era of graduation,

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-----Hip Hop baby-----