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Something from Nothing: The Art of Rap

By Unknown

The art of rap
is the first ice-t film,
and I really felt
I had to do this movie,
because rap music
saved my life.
When I first heard rap,
it just blew my mind.
I ended up coming to new york
and met with the masters,
and they told me one thing.
Rap music requires skill.
This film
isn't about the money,
the cars, the jewelry,
the girls.
This film
is about the craft,
what it takes
to write a rap,
what goes on
inside the head of the masters.
We go from south bronx
all the way to the west coast.
This shows you
how powerful rap music is,
how it's changed the world.
This isn't a game.
This is the art of rap.
Okay, the first time
I ever tried to rhyme
was kurtis blow,
okay, had a record,
these are the breaks,
and on the back,
instead of calling it the instrumental,
they called it the
do-it-yourself version.
Okay?
And so you
were supposed to...
That's so dope.
That's so dope.
You were supposed

to try to make your own fucking rhyme.
So me and my man, yo,
we go
to the record store.
We buy the record.
We go to his house.
You know, we play
the original shit.
Then we flip it over
to the do-it-yourself version.
Yo, we played that shit.
Yo, we just starting
at the shit.
Yo, we could
not figure out how the fuck...
Where to begin. Like,
you know what I mean?
Like, "how do
you do this?"
Like, and we...
Ended up that day
not doing nothing,
like, you know
what I mean?
Yo, it was crazy.
But I think what
taught me how to rhyme
was being
such a fan, okay?
That's like the best rap story
I ever fucking heard.
Yo, being...
Just...
Getting ready,
standing there,
put it on,
and go, "the fuck?"
You know what I mean?
You got your mouth...
You know what I mean?
"I don't know
what the fuck to say.
How do they do that?"
Like,

you know what I mean?
"How is he doing that?"
So then, pow, and I
think my first rhyme...
'Cause at that time,
I think my name
was, like, kid magic
or some shit like that, okay?
And it was...
I was like, uh...
I think
I remember a little. I'm like,
I'm the kid magic
with the magical touch
Young ladies,
you know I'm just too much
With my magical wand,
I could cast a spell
Cut circles
round flash...
'Cause I was still
on some dj shit. Right.
And make him
go to hell
I'm the one mc
with the wizardry
Just rocking the house
for all the ladies
You know what I mean?
That's when niggas
rhymed like that,
you know what I mean?
Niggas broke out
in a goddamn rage
I even think I seen
a sawed-off gauge
But, homie, I was sent
from hell, not heaven
I broke out with
a chrome-plated .357
And the name of the game
is simply survival
At end of the night,
And me and partners,

we was gone like the winds
Police blamed it
on the crips or the brims
But some niggas knew
in the corner in the dark
Them crazy niggas
reside in triangle park
They go by the name
of brunette zel and trey
And they belong
to the association called the epa
And that's when
we called ourselves
the eliminators
pimping association.
I be trying that
all the time.
Now, now, this is... this...
I was doing this, just how
I entertained you, pre-rap.
I had never heard rap.
So I'm in the army,
and rap came out,
and I'm like,
"I could do that."
But then I tried
to do that type of...
That rhyme over beats.
It's not made for beats.
Right.
And I just
started to try
to write shit
within the beat,
and then I came home
from the army,
and I wanted to be a dj,
but I found out I would
get more love on the mic.
I was getting
more attention.
So I said, "fuck it.
I'll write some rhymes."
And instead of carrying

them speakers around,
I would go from party
to party and just rap.
We created
something from nothing with hip-hop.
That's what
the whole spirit of hip-hop is,
see, 'cause...
'Cause it was at a time
when they were taking
instruments and shit
out the schools and all
of that type of shit.
See... see,
black people used to be pretty musical
back in the days.
Like a motherfucker...
It wasn't unusual
for a motherfucker
to know how to play
the piano or guitar
or some sort of horn
or some shit like that.
And at some point,
all of that shit was removed from us,
you know what I mean?
Through economics
and through...
You know what I mean?
Uh, cutting things
out of schools and all of that.
So they tried to take
the music from us, you know what I mean?
When we had
created an original american music,
which was jazz, okay?
Mm-Hmm.
So what did we do?
We had
no fucking instruments,
no horn, no drum,
we're living
in the fucking city, and all the...
We ain't got room

for that shit anyway up in the projects.
Where would a fucking...
You're... you're
huddled in that.
So what did we do?
We took the fucking
record player,
the only thing
that's playing music in our fucking crib,
and turned it
into an instrument,
which it wasn't
supposed to be.
Hold it now
Ho
Come on, come on
Huh
All right, go
Before rap was a game
Or hip-hop was a nation
Before lauryn hill
began her miseducation
Before milk was chillin'
or p.E. Brought the noise
Before heavy d & the boyz
Before the roof
caught on fire
Before fresh
was the word
Before whodini
and friends
And roxanne's revenge
Before the freaks
came out at night
Before say ho
Before the crash crew
Was rocking on the radio
Before whitney,
mariah and j-lo and janet
Before bam &
the soulsonic force rocked the planet
Before these are
the breaks
Before hard times

Before the sugarhill gang
And before super rhymes
Before reaganomics
Before rappers got shot
in their stomachs
Before you found
hip-hop in comics
Before gs,
before weed was trees
Before going raw dog
gave you a deadly disease
Before haters,
before thugs and perpetrators
Before the alphas
and before the betas
Before beepers
and cellphones
And retro gods
and fed-ex
Food stamps and metro cards
Before cops was 5-o,
or gats was answers
Before all the b-boys
turned into break dancers
Before legs was crazy
or outturned to swayze
When my man said,
"it's hot, humid, and hazy"
Before all the bull,
and by no means get it twisted
See my name is hip-hop,
and I have always existed
See, I'm a bronx nigga
And I don't
beg your pardon
Never saw the 13
when hip-hop was startin'
I helped lay the cement,
and when the concrete hardened
I watched hip-hop grow
out the car creepers
I deal it in
around the world
Son, as well the 'hood

Helped put the bx
on the map
Repped as well as I could
I ain't visiting no bitch
I got keys,
I'm a resident
I ain't no client
I'm the motherfucking
president
43rd precinct,
south view of the 'hood
They say
our corner's got it cozy
'Cause we
gettin' it good
You see,
we live by the water
Where niggas be fishing
Same area they bury ya
And niggas be missing
A few blocks
from the bruckner
Not far from the deegan
And not far away from
the cross bronx expressway
I ain't hard to find
I'm right by the zoo
By the gorilla cage
Holla at a nigga, ooh-oo
Ain't where you from,
it's where you at...
Hip-hop is not
made up from scratch.
The music and the foundation
of the music of hip-hop
comes from records that we
found in our parents' crates,
you know what I mean?
Old funk and soul grooves.
We've given new life
to artists like
james brown and isaac hayes
and sly and the family stone
and george clinton

and parliament and funkadelic,
and so many other groups,
because we rapping
over they beats, okay?
So hip-hop
didn't invent anything,
but hip-hop
reinvented everything.
Lyrics is what rap
is all about,
though being lyrical
and being able to flow
and have the type
of rhymes and raps
that paint pictures
for people.
I be that stage nigga
I don't know
how to age, nigga
I'm the first cat that put
the pen to the page, nigga
I'm the key
to the cage, nigga
That brown
and beige nigga
I'm the off-the-chain
Meat rat meter
engage nigga
I'm that top nigga
Walk through your 'hood
with a bop, nigga
No drop, nigga
But I, hey, gotta run
from the cop, nigga
Hip-hop nigga
I used to run
with your pop, nigga
Yo, I thought I told you
that I won't stop, nigga
The mic nigga
Mcing's like
riding a bike, nigga
I'm the beige timbaland
And the white

air night nigga
I'm the rhyme nigga
The let's-go-back-into-time
nigga
The prime nigga
That always
keepin' my dime, nigga
I'm the sixth nigga
I'd rather flip flows
than bricks, nigga
I shoulda been long gone
But I'm still
in the mix, nigga
I'm the live nigga
Always-last-to-arrive nigga
I'm the cross bronx,
west side, fdr drive nigga
I'm that 'hood nigga
I smoke
that good wood, nigga
You-could-never-fuck-with-
but-wish-that-you-could nigga
I'm that damn nigga
That fuck-you-and-your-man
nigga
That get-your-punk-ass-
in-the-back-of-the-van nigga
I'm that sweet nigga
That never-off-beat nigga
That circle-and-a-slash-
on-cold-mics-heat nigga
I'm that cool nigga
Ran my whole high school,
nigga
And you don't want to ever
challenge me to a duel, nigga
I'm that proud nigga
That stand-out-in-a-crowd
nigga
That go where most
of y'all niggas ain't allowed, nigga
I'm that smart nigga
Always first
to start, nigga

I think with my head
But I feel
with my heart, nigga
Hip-hop
is a masterpiece,
but nobody
painted it all.
What stroke
did bambaataa,
the soulsonic force
put on that map?
What... what did you
bring to that painting?
We brought
by naming this culture,
which came from the clichs
of our great brother,
who was also a gang member
and a brother of mine's
of the black spades,
kool keith cowboy.
Mm-Hmm.
My brother
lovebug starski,
who was... also was part
of the black spades.
Um, using clichs
that they was using,
and... and they... rhymes before
were so, quote, "hip-hop."
'Cause, see, many people
when they say, "hip-hop,"
they don't know exactly
what is hip-hop. Right.
They automatically think
when you say, "hip-hop,"
you're just talking about rap.
Right.
But when you talk about
hip-hop, we're talking about the whole movement,
the b-boys, the b-girls,
the djs, the mc,
the... or writers...
And that fifth element

that holds it all together,
which is the knowledge.
So putting all this together
and naming this culture
when it came to the media,
and I could
have called it
the boi-yoi-yoing,
the go-off,
or any other type of name.
I decided to take
from the cliché.
I said, no,
we call this hip-hop.
Is there any other
rapper out there,
is there anybody,
legend or anything, that...
Definitely got to give it
to the grandmaster melle mel,
"it's like
a jungle sometimes.
It's make me wonder,
keep from going under."
broken glass
everywhere
People pissing on the stage,
you know they just don't care
I can't take the smell,
can't take the noise
Got no money to move out,
I guess I got no choice
Rats in the front room,
roaches in the back
Junkies in the alley
with the baseball bat
It's so funny, man.
Right.
Niggas got on all kind of diamonds and furs.
Hey, they looking
for a new member to join the furious.
Somebody search
busy bee, man.
What the fuck is...

What the fuck
is going...
Look at his hair.
Hair longer than yours.
Who you talking to,
bitch, the feds?
Nigga...
A nigga bitch turn...
A nigga bitch turning in
somebody else.
When you writing your best raps,
what's your technique?
Do you need to be mad,
and you like to hear the music first?
I mean, there's
lots of techniques. What's the best...
When you go in there
in some of your best shit.
My, uh, technique, if I
was gonna describe it,
is called make it plain.
My shit is like,
you heard me say it,
and that's what it is
that I said.
You don't gotta
break it down.
I mean, you ain't got...
You ain't gotta break down
what I'm trying to say
on beat street.
It... you know,
or what I tried to say in the message
or what I tried
to say when I wrote white lines.
It's all there, so you
just make it plain.
I'm the reason
why your man could cuss
And your man could bust,
no mistake
That's why you got
the game from us
Tell ja rule

stop popping the clutch
True fast and the furious
Grandmaster flash and us
Architects
of hip-hop domain
And I'm not your man
Spit so much poison
that I got ptomaine
So much game,
my game came with propane
Mentioning my name is
like sniffing the gang of the cocaine
The dopest cat
to walk on twos, I never lose
Flows of your amigos,
egos battered and bruised
You a lowlife,
get off of my penis
Swingin' on balls like
you trying to call out serena and venus
So now with
that thought in mind,
my name is melle mel.
I started the game.
The pleasure's all yours.
Fuck you very much.
If you want
to be big in the 'hood,
you gotta
do something special.
The mc possesses
the great gift of communication.
He has the ability to capture
everybody's attention
with incredible displays
of verbal acrobatics
and the power
to command a crowd.
I'm coming
I'm coming, I'm coming
What's the difference
between a rapper and an mc?
Well, a rapper is, you know,
someone that rhymes.

I mean, you can consider
dr. Seuss a rapper,
you know. Um...
Right.
You know, you know,
that's someone that rhymes, you know.
You rhyme "cat"
with "hat," you know,
then you can be
considered a rapper.
Mc is someone that either has
that party-rocking skill
or that lyrical skill.
Right.
Doug e. Fresh,
busy bee,
these are mcs,
because these are people
that know how
to get on the mic.
Like, 'cause you have an mc
that can get up there
and use a whole bunch
of big words
like "ostentatious,
indubitably, quagmire" in a rhyme,
and the crowd's
sitting there, looking around,
"what the..."
What was that word?
Quagmire. You like...
"What the fuck is he
talking about?" You know.
And then busy bee'll
get up on there
and just be like,
you know, "I'm in your city."
What's your favorite jeans?"
You know.
"Is it levi?" You know,
and just tear it down.
Right.
If you were gonna
personally train a rapper to be great,

you met a new cat,
what would
be the first lesson you'd give 'em?
The first thing
I would try to teach them,
the very first thing
would be originality.
You know what I'm saying?
I think that
is so important, because it's like,
it's... whenever you're
following a trend,
trends come and go.
True.
So when that trend is gone,
you're gone.
You're basing your career
on a bangin' beat...
Mm-Hmm.
And a catchy hook.
So you know
what you just did?
What'd you do?
You just made
your producer a star.
Rakim'll say
The rakim'll say
Follow the leader,
rakim'll say
Follow the leader,
rakim'll say
Follow the leader,
rakim'll say
Just when things seem the same
And the whole scene
is lame
I come and reign
with the unexplained
For the brains
till things change
They strain
the sling slang
I'm trained
to bring game

History that I arranged
Been regained
by king james
Go to practice
with tactics
When a track hits,
theatrics
Women that look
like actresses
Status of cleopatras
Stacks of mathematics
To feed your asiatics
As I find out what
the facts is for geographics
The way
you influenced me was...
I guess you said it.
You took the box out.
Like I... one of
my favorite lyrics
is when you say,
"I'll take you on a walk through hell,
freeze your dome
and watch your eyeballs swell."
That's all like...
"Guide you
out of triple-stage darkness."
It's like who's...
Who's writing this shit?
Like, what is... what is
he talking about?
It's not like,
"I'm on the street. I see a car. I see..."
This is like,
"I'm taking you
into a whole 'nother
world of thought."
Exactly.
That I said
I gotta try to do, too.
To try to explain that,
I came up listening...
You know, my mother played
a lot of jazz music.

A lot of it didn't
have no words on it,
but you could see
what was going on,
and it put you in a mood,
put you right
where it wanted to.

So my thing was
if they can do that
with an instrumental...

Mm-Hmm.

I should be able
to take somebody
somewhere with...

With words, man.

So I just always
tried to, you know,
take people somewhere
and make 'em see,
you know,

what I was doing, man,
and a lot of that
come from brothers
like slick rick, too,
you know what I mean?

When... when slick
told a story,
you know,

you was right there.

Yeah, if... if he was
talking about running through, uh, the park,
you know,
you smelled the grass.

Like, you know,

um, yesterday was...

Was my wife's
birthday, man.

You know,

I'm in the crib,
I got the serato rocking
and playing joints,
and I'm playing old joints.

A lot of them songs
that was made,

when you hear 'em, man,
you know, if...
If you was five years old,
it'd take you back
to when you was
five years old, man.
You could smell the chicken
cooking in the kitchen,
know what I mean?
You could smell mom's perfume,
you know what I mean?
Hey, you could smell
pop's car, like yo.
Those songs
are so classic, man,
and... and it does
something to our psyche, you know what I mean?
When I started writing,
I tried to...
I tried to reach that knowing,
you know what I mean?
Like if I do what
I'm supposed to do on this record,
maybe one day,
you know, somebody'll feel the same way,
you know, I feel about...
Like when I hear, um,
sexual healing
or... or when you hear,
uh, let's stay together, al green.
I read before
that you said that you would break
the... the music
down into like... in musical segments.
Exactly.
Could you elaborate
on that?
I try to start off
with 16 dots on a paper.
What?
I start off with
Bam, bam, bam, bam, bam.
If it's a 16-bar rhyme,
at least I know, you know,

what I'm dealing with.
My thing was,
if four bars was this long...
My thing was,
I got, you know...
I see like a graph
in between them four bars,
and within that, I could
place so many words and so many syllables
and so many words,
and at times, you know,
if the beat was perfect,
I can take it to the point
where there's... there's
no other words you could put in that four bars.
Even though
you explained it, niggas can't do it.
No time to sip mos
with hostess
Never mind what
the total gross is
I rip shows,
stay focused
And split cheese
with soldiers
While you hit trees
and coast
I spit flows
that be ferocious
And with these explosives
I split seas for moses
Shine permanently
Only my mind's
concerning me
Fire burns
in me eternally
Time's eternity
Followers
that turn on me
Be in
a mental infirmary
Determinedly
advance technology
Better than germany

You know what I mean?
What's up? You say
you want to be down?
Ease back,
a motherfucker get beat down
Out my face,
fool, I'm the illest
Bulletproof, I die harder
than bruce willis
Got my crew in effect,
I bought 'em new jags.
So much cash, gotta
keep it in hefty bags.
All I think about
is keys and gs
Imagine that,
me working
At mickey-ds
Aw, shit.
that's a joke
'Cause I'm never
gonna be broke
When I die, it'll be
bullets and gun smoke
You don't like
my lifestyle, fuck you
I love this one.
So you saying...
When you want to write
the best lyrics,
you physically
make yourself hungry.
That's just the way I do.
Or work out physically.
That's another one, too.
Right. Right.
Box, you know.
I come back
with my blood up,
like I'm ready
to get into a fight,
and my mind is racing.
Only instead of thinking
about physically fighting,

I focus
on fighting mentally,
because hip-hop, you know,
you have to fight
with your mind.
Battles don't just come
with, "I'm gonna see you in the street."
Right.
It's...
I'm gonna take you
apart first. Check it.
They said that the success
of my music was theoretic
But my revenge
is sweet enough to murder diabetics
Eugenics, proctor & gamble
credit racial science
Couldn't produce
a more aggressive intellectual giant
Nephilim, bury 'em,
with the bullets left in 'em
My heart is blacker
than the children of thomas jefferson
Blacker than back
in the days of the tar and feathering
A cancerous endocrine
The eagle that's american
The hatchet and the sticks,
the fascist emblem
You could call it
conspiracy theory
I don't give
a motherfuck
You could get
your mother fucked
"National security's"
a code word for coverup
Hold that down,
I look at character
Never let
the color get to ya
I got white
revolutionaries
Like muslims

in chechnya
Percussion thumping
like the russian mafia over ya
But even they know
what it's like
When you fighting
for svoboda
So whether slavic
or islamic
Vodka, gin tonic
Drunken fantasies
are cool, son
But here's
the grim logic
You rappers want
to play industry
And start to be rich
Until they fuck you
for millions
Like paul mccartney's
bitch
My lions live inside
a box like jumanji
Sick niggas
that'll stab you up like indira gandhi
So never desecrate
the space on which I meditate
My thoughts rip through
tank armored metal plate
And start to resonate
to the spot
Where moses caused
the sea to separate
The place that
the prophet mohammed started to levitate
The exact moment that
jesus rose dead awake
And siddhartha
became the buddha that regenerates
Half a bar over,
but I bring it home
colder than dead soldiers
Soul controller,
holder of knowledge

Nigga, fuck dianetics
I'm like the whole
library in kemet
With annunaki genetics
Electric boogie
The beatbox is more like
I'm moving with your rhyme,
like I'm moving
with your rhyme
rather than I'm just
doing the beatbox like a drum machine.
I'm in sync with you...
Right.
Spiritually.
Accompanying.
Right.
It's like this.
It's to the point
that you cannot separate one from the other
if you do it right.
Similar to a way
a good dj can accompany us.
Right.
What makes me
the originator
is I took it,
created it
and made it
into a style,
made it into
an element in hip-hop
that supported the mc.
You were the first one.
You invented it?
I'm the inventor.
I am the originator.
The buck stops here.
Here.
Can you, off the head,
break out, uh, one
of your favorite rhymes from any rapper,
from any generation,
from any time
that you walked with

that's just stuck in your head?

I mean, for me, man,
the three best mcs of all time
is melle mel, kool mo dee,
and grandmaster caz.

Right.

Hands down...

You got any rhymes?

As far as foundation.

I know all they rhymes,
so don't ask me that.

Say one.

Just say one. Say one.

Kool moe dee said,

"I rhyme a hundred

miles an hour

"with lightning

speed and power,

"sweetest of the sweet,

make an mc sour.

"Timber as a tower,

because I devour any mc,

"and I can prove it

now or

a little bit later."

I mean, come on.

I could keep going with this.

That's right.

That's all I need.

Yo, yo, and caz said,

"I could play away

to the break of day,

"put you on hold

just like an oj.

"Steal the feel and

make sure it's real,

and if you go and get

your brother, I won't peel."

You know what I mean?

And he...

"I crash and mash

and get cold cash,

smoke hash in a flash,

and I won't stash."

But see the funny thing is
each one of their styles are very different,
like moe dee
was technically extreme,
I mean, like...

Like sharp.

And then slickness
and flavor was caz.

Melle mel was spiritual.

Yeah.

Homeboy said, "a picture
can express a thousand words"

"to describe all the beauty
of life you give,

"and if the world

was yours to do over,

"I know you'll paint

a better place to live,

"where the colors would swirl

for the boys and girls

"to join in peace

and harmony,

"where murals stand

on wall so grand

as far as the eyes

are able to see."

That's crazy.

That's crazy.

Hip-hop.

Rap has introduced poetry
to a whole new generation.

We've crossed color lines
and changed lives.

It just seems wrong to me
that we still

don't get the respect

like jazz, blues

or other musical art forms.

Why do you

think rap music

or the music you...

You were a architect of

doesn't get

the full respect of jazz and blues?

I think it's because we're
not banded together like jazz and blues artists.
You know, you'll see
reunions with jazz and blues artists.
I mean, it's starting
to happen now.
You know, we starting
to realize it now,
but, you know,
you see blues artists,
they have love
for each other.
I don't hear
about bb king battling...
Battling somebody
in the blues world.
I don't hear about
in... in jazz...
I don't hear about,
you know, chick corea
talking about,
"yo, that nigga sucks, you know."
Right, right, right.
"Yo, suck my dick."
You don't hear that in jazz.
Right.
So, you know,
it's a respected thing.
So, you know,
basically when we start respecting ourselves
and showing homage and,
you know, getting up there
and win an award,
say, "hey, I'd like to just thank",
"you know,
grandmaster flash.
"I'd like to thank,
you know, kool herc,
for even starting this
so I could be here getting this."
Once that happens
and we start showing compassion
for the people before us,
that's when we're gonna

have respect like that. That's what I...

That's what I feel.

Sure.

May laughter

from backstabbers

Turn to tears faster

For you, I wish no snake

shall slither past you

You have to keep

your vision clear

Only a coward

lives in fear

My surrounding got only

real powerful niggas here

Real friends,

we have a code of ethics

No question,

no feminine tendencies

We not expecting

no gossip

No phony logic,

no counting your homie pocket

Spare no expense

for legal defense

If your homie locked up

Who cares who was

the last who looked out?

Selfishness,

that's a character flaw

No holding out

Yo, what happened

to the honor?

You dealing with

sensitive prima-donna drama

Teflon love

to my dudes who's solid

Why you think

rap isn't respected?

Threatening.

We're not supposed to

be thinking like this.

We're

not supposed to be talking like this.

What are we doing proud

of how we talking with this broken english?
How the fuck are we
making poetry out of this broken english?
"Why are
you guys bringing
"street conversation
to the mainstream world?
"Stay in your place.
Stay out of there.
"I don't like
looking at you.
"Fix your pants.
Fix your hat.
"Y'all are supposed
to stay in the gutter. Get out of here.
"What are you doing
invading my home?
"Why are my kids
liking your music?
"What's going on?
"I don't like you.
I don't like you."
That's all
they're saying.
Mm-Hmm.
And we know it.
So that's... that's
why I'm proud to wear my shit a little sa...
I mean,
I'm a grown man now.
I don't have no business
wearing saggy jeans.
No business at all,
you know
what I'm saying?
But I might let it
sag a little bit
just to annoy a few
stiff motherfuckers...
Just because I'm...
That's what got me here.
Mm-Hmm.
And I'm always
gonna stay true to that.

Big I rest in peace,
rest in peace
Do you want to mess
with this?
'Cause I'm one
of the best yet
We've got it.
You could feel
the realness
In this business
of rap...
So why you think
they don't respect it
like jazz and blues?
Because it... it's just
like a language.
You have to know
how to listen to it.
If you don't listen
to it the right way,
all it sounds like
is just a whole bunch of noise
with a lot
of loud-ass beats bang, bang, banging,
and... "What's all that..."
I've seen people go,
"what's all that
Messing up the records?"
It's like, "no,
you're not messing up the record."
"There's needles
designed for this," you know, that...
Which is why
the turntables still to this day exist.
So they don't know
how to listen to it.
Yeah. And if you
don't know how to listen to it,
it doesn't make sense.
I mean, again,
my... my parents...
My mother's 80.
She don't know how
to listen to no hip-hop,

you know what I'm saying?
You have to know
the language.
You have to know,
"fresh, dope, fly."
So it's like,
"wait a minute.
Uh, oh, I get it."
Exactly.
"I get it."
When I do
and I say...
"Fresh..."
"Fresh adidas."
If I had have said,
"fresh sneakers,"
it wasn't as dope
as saying... you say...
"Fresh adidas."
It made you go,
"yo, I gotta get me a new pair."
For real.
Like you really had
to get a new pair,
'cause he got 'em,
and it was already fly, and... and you said
"fresh adidas
sneak across my bathroom floor,"
and then you escaped
from the police,
'cause they busting in

your shit at 6:

which is the time
they bust in on you.
That... and you...
That, you gotta know when the cops roll.
You gotta know when
the feds is on you.
Like you gotta know
all of that shit.
So they... so they
basically don't understand what we talking about.
Yeah. They don't

understand the streets.
Now, let me hit you
with this line drive
This rhyme's fly
This is how it went down
in the 9-5
That's right,
because I said it did
Don't sweat it, kid
Don't think I'm nice
I am,
give me credit, kid
I wreck niggas,
collect figures
Shit, I'm like
aretha franklin
All I want is
some respect, nigga
I drop facts when I rock raps
over hot tracks
That's why niggas be
on my dick like a jockstrap
Bring the best,
I'll get with 'em
Even deaf people be saying
"I heard that kid
got some shit with 'em
It's like if you
in the boxing ring,
I'm throwing
combinations at you. Mm-Hmm.
I'm not just straight
coming in there,
trying to throw
haymakers at you the whole fight.
I'm setting you up
for a wild right or a uppercut,
but you're being set up.
I never wrote
to no beats ever.
You know, we...
We had this, you know,
and all my rhymes
are written from that.

The way I write rhymes
is kind of crazy, too,
because I write
the story first, not even as a rhyme.
I just write the story
about what I wanted it...
Uh, you know,
I guess it's from school, you know.
And I write
the introduction.
I write the body.
I write the conclusion.
I always write
the conclusion first.
I always know where
my story's gonna end,
you know, before I even
start writing it.
I'm never gonna say like,
you know, I just...
I go in the studio and I
just drop it how it is.
I write it,
'cause I'll tell you,
a lot of mcs...
Mm-Hmm.
They say they don't
write they rhymes down,
and it sound like it.
No, it's true.
Yeah,
that's for real.
It sound like it.
You need to start
writing your shit down
and really putting
some concepts and building something else.
Everything... everybody just
can't come off the head
and freestyle
and make that shit hot.
What I do is
when I write,
I'll write it,

like even if I'm writing
in the studio
to a track, I'll write it.
Then I'll
spit a rough.
I'll spit it, and then
I take that track...
Yeah.
And I'll roll with it.
Live with it.
You know, usually,
unless that night
I was tremendous,
I'll redo it,
because the first time,
I might have
been reading it,
so now I'll go in,
and I can perform it,
because by rolling with it,
now I've memorized it,
I've locked it in, so you're
gonna get different vocal inflections,
'cause now I know it.
So I'm like, okay, now...
And I might say it
word for word,
or I might change
some stuff in it,
you know, but I go back in,
and the second time,
I don't need no paper.
I'm just going in,
busting it.
Yo, go work at wendy's.
Go somewhere else.
Don't rap.
You're whack.
Come on in
Come on in
You bitch-ass niggas
As high as wu tang get
Allah allow us
pop this shit

Just like black shoe fit
If you can't wear it
Well, don't fuck
with it, it
Check the continents
and all of that,
and ask them if
they know about this.
Rae, right here.
Chill.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.
These are
serious questions.
Can we... can we close
the doors for the sound?
Anybody want to come in,
come on in.
Good?
We ain't done shit.
Fuck you, the source.
Suck my source.
When a rapper refers
to somebody else as whack,
what constitutes
whackness?
You know, I mean,
it's definitely a word
that niggas take serious
when it comes to mcing,
because, you know,
we look for art.
We look for a nigga
to say something slick,
say something
with some meaning, say something with,
you know what I mean,
a lot of dignity behind that rhyme.
And if you ain't
coming with something
that we feel
reaches that perimeter where we want it to be,
it's like you
put a band-aid on it on some... say, "Nah",
come back later,"

you know what I'm saying?
Shit's whack.
Definitely, no doubt.
Let's keep it moving.
A true rapper knows that
his personality and status
is on the line
every time his pen hits that page.
He's gonna be judged
for knowledge, flavor, style, presentation,
as well as his gift
for wordplay.
Grandmaster casanova fly
is widely regarded
as the best
that ever did this shit.
Hold up.
Where's
my bombaclaac assistant?
Puerto rico, come on.
I ain't gonna burn
my fingers on now.
Ah, that's nasty.
That's nasty.
Roll up now, see.
You done...
You done set me back.
Normally I don't go
into a particular zone for particular projects.
It depends on
where I'm at in my head.
I'm most comfortable
when I'm relaxed,
because when I write,
I don't want to hear nothing,
I don't want to see
nothing, I don't want nobody talking to me,
I don't want the phone ringing,
I don't want
nothing else going on.
Everything, the rest
of the world gotta wait.
That's it.
I can't do this.

Nah.

Party people's
in the place to be
Just for you,
it's the ultramagnetic mcs
Say what, peter piper?
The hell with
childish rhymes
'Cause this jam
is just moving...
You hear rappers
saying words about you
that crosses the line,
so my thing is
to humiliate a rapper
so bad that he
don't want to really write against me.
"I just saw a rapper,
he ran...
"He ran from me
'cause I'm the police.
"He had... he had
a black hood that was fleece.
"Got so scared,
he shit a fece.
"Just one little
poodle piece.
"Pink ugg boots
on his ass
look like a drag queen
wearing a mask."
So I was like...
It was like... you know,
I wrote just
unorthodox on purpose
just to, you know...
Just to make the ear
think a little bit.
Your respect is built...
It's built in combat,
you know.
I mean, I... I haven't been
battling people in years,
but people still remember

when me and ll went at.
Yeah, yeah.
I mean...
And... and just
because I did it,
that's part of the reason
they respect you.
I write battle rhymes.
I'm like
the russian government.
I have a record
ready prepared for everybody.
Push it
Push, push, push it, push it
Push it
Push, push,
push it, push it
There was a time
before you ever
started rapping.
Right.
push it, push it...
What made you say
out of everything else in the world,
as a girl,
a young girl, saying, "I'm gonna do that."
When I did
get behind the mic...
Mm-Hmm.
And hearing myself
and experiencing the art
of being on the microphone
and figuring out what your voice is.
That was
the hard part for me.
That's what people
don't understand. It's not like...
They think you're just
talking over a record,
but we had to develop
who we were as artists,
our voice, you know,
our... our inflections, our flow,
how we were gonna sound,

how we were gonna be different
from all the other women,
and that took a minute
for us to develop.
When I first
got with my wife,
she said something to me
in the car one day
that almost made me
stop the car.
You know,
she would listen...
She likes dance music
and stuff,
but she told me,
"well, I don't listen to the words."
And I was like...
To a lyricist,
you're like, you don't listen to the...
My husband says that
all the time.
I want to strangle him.
I'm like,
"are you serious?"
"Are you kidd...
As hard as I work on these words,
you're telling me
you don't listen to the words?"
"You know how
we agonize over words,
and you're not...
You're not listening."
Like, you're missing,
uh, half of the song
if you don't listen
to the words.
But I sit up
and listen to lyrics.
I hear every word
you're saying, because that's what we do.
Yeah, absolutely. Yeah.
Give me a rhyme
that stuck in your head,
somebody... I don't

care who it was. Just something that...
We all got 'em
stuck in our head from another rapper.
Oh, man. Um...
Well, hip, hop, hippy,
hippy to the hip
Hip hop, and you
don't stop rocking
To the bang bang boogie,
say up jump the boogie
To the rhythm
of the boogity beat
Now what you hear
is not a test
I'm rapping to the beat
Check it out now
Unh
No doubt now
Unh
Yo, check it out now
Unh
No doubt, yo
Special girl,
real good girl
Yo, player!
Okay.
Okay. Okay, okay.
You know, this is
what it is when you on the block.
It could be...
It could be worse.
Niggas could be
shooting at us, so...
Right, right, right, right.
We'll take that.
"Yo, ice-t!"
You turn around, pow.
So we'll accept that.
We'll accept the love.
Love is good.
Love is good.
All right, homie, homie,
homie, you see
the camera right there?

I see that.
Keep it moving, pimpin'.
All right, love is love.
Yo
I be the all I seein'
Mcing human being
Soon to be
in your museum
When I'm
in your coliseum
I'm mcing
Punishing whack niggas
for disagreeing
"Did you see him?"
No, 'cause he moves
like the wind in flight
Counterattack
like a jedi knight
If you ever did think
about combating
General patton
Of this mc shit
you did
Chill out
He just a private
in the lower class
I be the upper echelon
Don juan
when the mic's on
My voice is... is so much
a part of my style,
that once you get
past and beyond that
and you hear what's
going on, my... my thing
is about substance
and presentation,
so I kind of fall
into the beat.
I'm like a... my shit is...
I'm a chameleon when I rhyme.
Mm-Hmm.
Which is a part of like
why I... I kind of stay,

'cause I fall into the rhythm,
and I become
a slave in the rhythm, and then it's like...
So you was
wu tang, you'd be chameleon style?
Right, right, right.
No doubt.
Can you recite
a rhyme that's stuck in your head
from another mc
that you roll with
that's part
of your brain now?
Yeah. Ah, man,
it's so many.
I take seven mcs
Put 'em in a line
And add
seven more brothers
Who think
they can rhyme
Well, it'll take
seven more
Before I go for mine
That's 21 mcs
ate up at the same time
Easy does it, do it easy,
that's what I'm doin'
No fessin',
no messin' around, no chewin'
No robbin',
no buyin', bitin'
Why bother?
It's time to stop
trying to fight and
To follow
My unusual style
Will confuse you a while
If I was water,
I'd flow with the Nile
So many rhymes, you won't
have time to go for yours
Just because of the pause,
I had to pause

Right after tonight
is when I prepare
To take another
sucka duck mc out here
'Cause my strategy
has to be tragedy
Catastrophe
And after this,
you'll call me
Your majesty
my melody
Hey, hey, hey, hey,
hey. Hey, yo.
Can't you see
we shooting something?
You dumb-ass,
stand around the other way.
Stupid.
God damn.
Let's stand in front
of the camera.
No, no, no, no, no, no.
Yo, hold up, player,
player, player,
player, you see
what we doing? We working.
This is
work, work, work.
Let us work,
and then we do it.
Help me out with
these niggas. Okay.
I'm sure to bust
your shit like bolo
Black nation needs
a team, fuck solo
I could see it in your eyes,
the redness
When your ass starts to cry,
it's webness
You could witness the shit
That I kick
from the linguistics
But please be specific

Dealing with the tribe,
but you never can
Yo, ice-t,
I'm glad I got my man
Get it, get it,
get, get it, get it
Get down
come on
Get down
get it, get it...
I'm what you call
like... they call a method writer.
There has to be a method
for the madness.
I have to always be
conscious of the fact
that my words are
always gonna be watched no matter what.
Because if I make
a statement,
I gotta make sure
that I'm 100% behind it.
Come on
get down
Ohh
1989
The number,
another summer
Get down
sound of the funky drummer
Music hittin' your heart
'Cause I know
you got soul...
When you show me
some lyrics in there,
what's your mind state
when you write your best stuff?
I mean, are you tired,
are you angry,
or... or are you in light?
When do you go in, and you
say, "okay, I can do it?"
'Cause me myself, like I
cannot write for a week,

and then one night,
I can damn near write an album.
Right.
It just happens.
The inspiration could
come from anywhere.
It's always been able
to come from anywhere
as far as music
is concerned. Mm-Hmm.
I wrote
fear of a black planet
listening
to a whole lot of sly and the family stone.
All I would say
is that you're surprised
that sometimes
your simplest shit...
Right.
Is the thing that sticks the most.
I mean... I mean,
okay, "elvis was a hero to most."
That never
meant shit to me."
I mean,
that's really basic, simple and plain.
Elvis was a hero to most
But he never
meant sh... to me
You see
straight-out racist
That sucka
was simple and plain
Mother him
and john wayne...
The key
in a rapper back then
is that you had to have
a strong voice,
'cause you
had to cut through bullshit systems.
Right.
That was the key
to melle mel.

Motherfuckers be
getting on the mic...
Melle mel,
"1, 2, 1, 2."
You like
"damn, man." You like,
they using
different mics and shit?
Nah.
No. It was, like, okay.
So even in '87,
we're getting down
at latin quarter.
They got
their system going out,
and, you know,
we amped up or whatever.
We playing our song,
and you hear one voice
out of everybody
in whole motherfucking packed latin quarter.
"Get them suckers
off the stage.
"Get them niggas
off the stage. They whack.
They whack."
I'm like...
They keep
turning the sound up,
and you still hear
one motherfucking voice.
Oh, my god, and it's mel.
So... and it's mel.
It's like his voice
is like this big,
which meant that
fuck a system.
Move them shits
out of the way.
I'll rap you a cappella,
no system.
That was the epitome
of a mighty rapper,
"and if you were...

If you had a 3'4" voice,
you wasn't
fucking with that.
The motherfucker got
wilt chamberlain voice.
So how did you all
reconcile it at the end?
We reconciled it
by getting good.
I hate changing up
the texture of my fucking shit.
Yo, that's nasty, yo.
My writing process
has always been geared
towards going
steps beyond
what the next person
is going to say, think or write about.
I had the motherfucker
right here.
It's gone.
"That's part
of the art of rap.
"20 minutes flat,
write a rap in real time,
"and I was
fucking with that,
so y'all
can fall back..."
Done!
I'm gonna
torch this, man,
because, you know,
I'm definitely against,
you know, marijuana,
so whenever
I get the opportunity, I burn it.
Oh, shit.
That's tight.
I said I've been
down with this since the start of rap
I guess you
could say I played a big part of rap
Not only

been the brain, but the heart of rap
And it beats just
like a drum, and that's the art of rap
I've been known
to flip flows like bricks and pancakes
And, yeah, I seen
my share of tricks and handshakes
By tricks
and bandmates with a different agenda
Female and
male snakes and some great pretenders
But trust me
on this, for as long as I'm breathing
I'm gonna check
a wet rapper
And call out
a heathen
I'm gonna lead
by example
With this hot shit
I'm spitting
And y'all just
saw me write it
So you damn right
it's written
That's part
of the art of rap
In 20 minutes flat
Write a rhyme
in real time
And I was
fucking with that
So you can fall back
from that old cat
Don't get it twisted
The mc train just
left the station
And I was driving,
you missed it
It's in some rappers' dna.
Like myself, we gotta tell
the stories of our lives
and daily struggles
in this world.

This is a world
outside the law,
full of dangerous characters
surviving off the game
and unfortunately
sometimes the exploitation
of others.

Everybody always
talk about when the money's coming in,
when we ballin',
when we looking good.
We chose to speak
on what happened
when the drug dealer
goes home,
what happened
when the hustler's in the living room
counting the money
at the end of the night,
even though,
you know, he might have had to do this
or do that in order
to make that money.

There's conflicts
about that type of thing, you know.
None of us really just
choose this lifestyle.
Some of us just
kind of fall into it.
I call that the b side
of the game.
Absolutely.
The b side.
It's like everybody want
to hear the good stuff,
but there's
an entirely other b side
that only real hustlers
know about, you know?
And I always would
look at people's music,
and if I didn't
hear that side, I knew it was fake.
Absolutely.

I got to talk
about the pitfalls
of the game.
The song starts with
a hustler at the nickel and dime level
that works himself up
to the big baller,
ends up getting busted,
and all the money
he stacked up in the game
was the money that
it took to try to get him out the trouble.
He ended up
not getting out of trouble anyway,
so all the money
that he made was for nothing.
He goes to jail,
he comes home,
and because he
never gave himself an opportunity
to experience
anything else outside of drug dealing,
he never gave
himself an opportunity to try something else.
When he comes home,
he's got no education,
he's got no skills,
so he's forced to go
right back on
that corner selling the drugs again.
It's this ugly cycle
that we see all the time,
that no writer really
speaks about, because they're in the cycle.
And so now you stuck,
and now you looking around
at the second-rate players
around you.
Your team's missing.
It's a fucked-up situation.
Sometimes I hear death
knocking at my front door.
I'm living every day
like a hustle,

another drug to juggle,
another day,
another struggle, yo.
I know it's fucked up
what a lack of cake'll do.
A few people want to move in
and stay with you.
You wish you could help more.
You unable to.
'Cause the rent's a little late,
plus the cable's due.
You and girlfriend are
beefing in a serious way.
You used to be faithful.
You in the curious stage.
Finally got your
mind made and going your separate ways.
Wait, Nah, homeboy,
her period's late.
Now think. Time's running out.
Do it quickly,
'cause she start crying,
mood's getting sticky.
If I don't want it,
she'll want nothing to do with me.
Just get the abortion,
and I'll give you the 250.
But if you say that to her,
then you wrong,
you ain't think about that.
You was getting your groove on.
I can't take care of myself,
never mind a newborn.
I guess that pussy
got too good for too long.
It seem like my money
goes by too easy,
why I hate that my job
only pays biweekly.
My hoopty done shit it.
You spending more money
trying to fix it
then what you did
when trying to get it.

The fridge is empty,
but I survive the hunger.
Who the fuck keeps calling
from this private number?
There's crime on my mind,
and my nails are dirty,
but the floors are real cold
in the jails at jersey.
Depression starts talking,
and his voice is raspy,
'cause he ain't shut
the fuck up in 31/2 weeks.
Look, the beard is full,
hair is nappy,
these jeans ain't mine,
so they way too baggy.
Priorities is fucked,
and it's starting to gas me.
It's like my whole
just flipped right past me.
You starting to trap me.
His name's dwayne,
so why the fuck
my son keep calling him daddy?
Same shit that I feared
after all these years.
I gotta breathe.
I can't believe my ears.
Wiping out my eyes,
I'm damn near in tears,
but you can't be mad,
'cause you know you ain't been there, Nah.
You grab his moms up,
throw her against the door,
but in the back
of your mind,
you know it ain't her fault.
Nah. I ain't mad at all.
I'm just bothered.
I get honest for real.
I ain't been the best father.
Like toys r us,
chuck e. Cheese,
you know a little nigga

grow up with these needs.
New year's or christmas,
even a birthday.
At least bring the nigga
to his school on the first day.
I can't believe it.
It's the same way that I was treated,
so maybe it's history repeated.
I know it sounds sick,
the idea of having another kid,
'cause this one,
you'll really feel like it's his.
It's the truth,
and I hate that fact.
Wait, I shouldn't
have said that.
I'll take that back.
I apologize.
Let's rewind this whole story,
like, Nah, c-4,
just erase that track.
Check it.
I don't care if only
the track trusts me.
Fuck what niggas say.
Only god could judge me.
Fuck what niggas heard
or think or even thought,
tried to fix
my shortcomings.
I just
came up short. Joey.
Redman, I'm back like fuck,
you pay me
A street fighter
like baraka, you may lee
Who does it better
than the bricks? Call it
You couldn't mark the spot
if you shopped at target
Believe me, boy, I'm just
getting this started
And y'all stupid
like tripping over a cordless

I've been the dope nigga
since swimming and balling
Your hot chicks
on your block
I'm digging in all them
Damn it feel good
to see people up on it
To see who's the raw
and what nigga stepped on it
I'm in your harlem night
Black tenant six,
the cops calhoun
And I'm
hauling ass quick
When I'm gone,
I redline the needle
Cause trying to
find me is like trying to find nemo, bitch
Name an mc that has
earned redman's respect.
Not, you know...
Somebody you say did they thizzle.
Oh, that did...
That did they thizzle,
but, all right,
besides krs-one and slick rick.
Them are my mentors,
you know.
Um, I-I'll pick somebody,
like, new now.
Far as eminem, he gained
my respect as an mc.
He been gaining
my respect as an mc,
but he definitely
gains my respect as an mc, straight up.
Big up to em
and the whole dl2 camp and everything over there.
I think em knew
when he came out,
being a white kid coming
into a predominately black culture,
that he
had to fight uphill.

He had to fight.
And I think
that made him that much more better.
He's an mc.
Yeah. No.
He's an mc.
He did it.
Niggas can say what
they want about em.
They don't want
to fuck with him.
No, not at all.
Not at all.
Not at all.
He gained that respect,
because he knew
he had a job to do, like,
"okay, I could..."
He could have easily said,
"well, I'm going over
to stick..."
"Just stick to my white fans.
Fuck that.
I got enough white fans
over here to sell 30 mil."
But he like, yo, Nah, Nah.
I mean, you know,
he was in my 'hood
before he blew up.
Right.
He was in newark.
He was with the outsiders,
so he been in the 'hood
before he got on,
so I think it always
been in him to be like,
"yo, I know I'm white,
but this is music,
and music don't have
no color, and that's where it's at, man."
uhh, uhh
To the bang
to the boogie
Say up jump the boogie

To the rhythm
of the boogity beat
To the rhythm
of the boogity beat
There it go,
like simple and plain
Prominent basic
Zulu arrangement,
rocking amazement
Flocko, radio from heaven
to pavement
Phony is the face,
but nothing to play with
Spent time hating it,
but that ain't changing it
Malcolm x
to marley marl
The word of god
and work's involved
Portraits of the brain
and other unexplained phenomenon
Shot down babylon,
smash all automatons
Feel the beat,
got 'em feeling geeked like it's comic-con
Far from
the hardy-har
More like a tomahawk
rocket launch
Ali right cross
Knock they
choppers off
Boomiya, baba bey
Fresh, not from
concentrate
Looking
very sharp today
Thank you, darling,
danke schoen
Craft working
more than german engineering
And build
a frequency
That don't hear

the interference
Flashes of the spirit,
seekers in the clearing
Say the tongue
is the mirror
Of the heart,
so mirror, mirror
Look, in that window
It's the freedom
fighter's grandson
Fixed up,
looking sharp
Automatic handgun
Look, parade,
caravan
Diplomat, degenerate,
messiah, pariah
The leader
of the syndicate
Peace treaty written
in loophole penmanship
Same rows, two sides,
palaces and tenements
Dispossessed
native tongue
Noble open
lonely heart
Peel apart,
come together
Come together,
peel apart, come together
One of the things that
I feel about hip-hop
and I quote all
the time is from q-tip
when he goes,
"rap is not pop.
If you call it that,
then stop."
Uh, it didn't start
out as a popular culture movement.
It didn't even have
pop culture ambitions.
Uh, it's a folk art.

It's folk music.
It's tribal experience.
Hip-hop started
in new york,
so always
it's gonna... it's like, you know, you know,
in the mississippi delta
and the blues,
it's just like,
you know, that or new orleans and jazz,
just that... that
physical environment
just informs the way
that people apply the sound and whatever.
But as it started
to migrate, you know,
the sound
started to... to change
according to the...
The places that it was, you know, traveling to.
Geography shapes
how these, um, mediums sound,
because the people
and the places are different.
Look
If you had one shot
Or one opportunity
To seize
everything you ever wanted
In one moment
Would you capture it
Or just let it slip?
Yo, his palms are sweaty
Knees weak,
arms are heavy
There's vomit
on his sweater already
Mom's spaghetti,
he's nervous
But on the surface,
he looks calm and ready
To drop bombs
But he
keeps on forgetting

What he wrote down
The whole crowd
goes so loud
He opens his mouth,
but the words won't come out
He's choking, how?
Everybody's joking now
The clocks run out,
time's up
How the fuck
he got an oscar?
Passed out
in his red mazda
With his fucking head
in his pasta
In the parking lot
of kmart plaza
Across from
the red lobster
Looking like
the loch ness monster
Dressed like
a cross-dressed mobster
Talk is cheap,
it costs less to gossip
I'll probably be
a lot less hostile
If you snots
kept your snozzes out the air hose
Or get fucked
in all seven holes
Ass, mouth, pussy,
yeah, both ears
And, ha, yes, nostrils
At the ozzfest with nas
Bumping das efx
in a wrecked-up datsun
And dropped two
extra-strength wats
And vicodin
out my pocket
They cost less,
I'm a hot mess
'Cause I tripped

and got my head stuck
In a wasp nest
in the process, awesome
Drunk as fuck, one sock
Pulling my boxers up
with boxing gloves
But I keep dropping
my fucking binoculars
Got two fucking hydroxycuts
And four oxys
stuck in my esophagus
These three lesbian
little stocky sluts
Thought I swallowed
two hockey pucks
Started screaming,
"serves you right, you cocky fuck
"That's what you get
for mocking us
Ain't as cool
as you thought you was"
Bitch, all I did when I walked up
was have my dick in a sock
Said it's a sock puppet,
so no strings attached
You can all suck a chick-ah,
get it? Ah, fuck it
Shit's about
to get hairy
As motherfucking
chewbacca's nuts, cocksuckers
When I came out,
I think maybe I gave...
People a voice,
like, I don't know,
maybe from the other side.
Like I represented
the other side of the tracks.
Mm-Hmm.
Like, here's this world,
you know, that you
may not know about,
and the people who lived in that world
and knew what I was talking about,

I think I gave them a voice.
I used to rap,
and I used to play around with it,
and then I went
to this club,
and I wasn't
a rapper at the time,
but I... I kind of
knew how to rhyme.
And I went to a club
and, um... called the carolina west,
and they had
a rap contest,
and kurtis blow
was the judge.
And, uh, I went up
and said little rhymes I had in my head,
you know, and I won.
And the fact
that a real rapper said I won,
I went home that night
like, well, maybe I could do this.
The first time
I grabbed a mic, like the...
Like in front of
actual people that mattered.
You know what I'm saying?
Mm-Hmm. Mm-Hmm.
Like at a... at a club,
I got booed.
I remember that. It was
very traumatic for me,
and I had actually...
I think I at that point...
Like the 8 mile
thing was kinda...
Right, right,
right, yeah.
That's what I, like,
take it from or whatever.
So I just remember that
being so fucking traumatic,
and I think I went home,
like, "man, I... I quit."

Right.
And then, you know,
maybe a couple days later,
week later, hour later,
whatever it was.
I don't know. I just...
I got the urge to like,
"Nah, man, I gotta...
I gotta get up.
Gotta do it again."
That's right.
Thank god.
You really gotta live it.
My mind, 24/7,
aside from family stuff,
obviously...
Is... is, uh,
constantly thinking of ways to bend words,
or, you know, I may...
Like if I don't got paper,
I'll write it on my hand
and whatever,
and sometimes when
I fill up the hand,
then I'll transfer it
to paper.
Do they tumble
out of your head complicated?
'Cause you write
complicated rhymes.
Oh, I wake up
in the morning,
and they just tum...
They just fall out.
Yeah.
I'm kidding.
Do they
come complicated,
or do you
complicate them?
Um, sometimes...
What I love about rap
is that it feels
like it's puzzles to me.

Hmm.

Like words are like puzzles
and trying
to figure out a puzzle
and trying to figure out
what word can go here,
and how many words
can I make...

Like if I can
take a rhyme...

Like, I'm real
into the craft,
like, just of the,
you know, mc'ing,
and I feel like...

Like I always think, like,
how can I take a... how can
I figure this puzzle out?

Like, how can
I take, uh, words
and put 'em at the end
of the sentence,
but in between maybe
make some words rhyme
in between,
that... that rhyme and, like, sandwich 'em?

Mm-Hmm.

You know what I'm saying?

Like, so sandwich
those words
and try to make 'em
rhyme inside of the phrase
and then come
back outside and try to,
you know, try to rhyme
with the word
that I ended on the snare.
You know, like,
I just, like... I'm just...
I'm kind of real into the...
The technical part of... of it.
I studied everybody, man.
I studied you.
I studied, uh, fucking krs.

I studied treach,
naughty by nature, I...
Well, treach is...
Treach is difficult to rap like,
'cause treach
is like... his shit is really complicated,
you know. I just
heard a new record with treach.
I can click clack
pat tat...
Wait, what does he say?
I can click clack snap
rap pat tat a tat tat
Take that ass
to the point you have to ask for your ass back
The fucking joker smoker,
taunted by no one
If I was born
in chung li's temple
I would've
turned out a shogun
That song...
Yoke the joker,
when that shit came out,
I swear to god, I was...
I was in my peak at rap,
and what I mean is, like...
Right.
When I realized
this is what I want to do with my life.
Right, right, right.
And proof came over.
Right.
He brought the fucking tape.
Right.
And my world ended.
Like, I was like, "oh, my god,
what the fuck is this?"
Like I... it literally...
I didn't write a rap for the whole summer.
Right, right.
Didn't write a rap
for the whole summer.
Fucking around

with treach.
Yo, that dude was...
I mean, he...
He's still incredible.
Final thoughts
on the art of rap,
which you are one of
the grandmasters at now.
Mm, final thoughts.
Shit, I don't know.
I mean,
I certainly feel like
if it wasn't for rap,
like, obviously
I wouldn't be here,
but it gave me...
It gave me a voice.
It gave me an outlet.
It gave me a...
It gave me strength.
Fuck, man, you know,
what I just came back from,
you know, overdose and
the whole shit, you know.
Like it... without rap,
I wouldn't have been able to... to get through it.
I mean, obviously
without my daughters,
I wouldn't have
been able to get through a fucking thing,
but when you
hit that wall,
like, how quick can you
bounce back, you know?
Um, and if
it wasn't for rap,
I wouldn't have been able
to bounce back, you know.
This is the one thing that...
This is the one thing
that I feel like I have that,
you know, I can do well.
So if I didn't have this,
I don't know what...

I really can't do
a fucking thing else, you know.
Except for play basketball.
I'm kind of fucking nasty,
but, uh,
like rap is just,
you know, it's...
It's everything to me. Like, this is...
This is... this is my world.
This is... you know
what I'm saying?
Like, this is
what I do, like...
Hey, if somebody
said, "royce 5'9", "
what... what do they...
What do they expect?
Well, I'm gonna be
rapping my ass off.
A nigga that raps
his ass off.
Yeah. I'm gonna be...
I'm gonna be rapping my ass off.
I'm not... I'm not...
I'm not about
to be probably talking to the girls a lot,
you know what I'm saying?
I'm really,
like, a competitive mc
with my peers.
I'm a heavyweight
I'm catastrophic
when I said it
Like fahrenheit 9/11
Meditate
till the levies break
I tar and feather
featherweights
Until my fetti straight
The mac-11'll
clap your melon
And give your ass
spaghetti face
Uhh, you ever looked

inside some dying eyes?
You'll see surprise
And realize
there's no denying god
When was the last time
that you heard
That the iron tried?
Ryan vibes like cyanide
I am proud to say
that I've evolved
There's only one "I"
in "defying odds"
Small-time arrogance
perishes
Every time the giant pride
Who y'all respect is
probably cross-dressing
Your favorite mc
could probably find hisself
Vibing to my lost sessions
I'm legendary
Oh, now turn...
There you go.
...dj's task was just
to play records
What more could you ask?
But then came remixes,
scratching and cuts
Which was
too much for many
Drove some djs nuts
But the dj
Named glove
Has reined
supreme on the as the... wait.
As the turntable wizard
of the hip-hop scene
So listen to him,
check it out
But remember this
When the glove's
on the wheels of steel
He's reckless
Who would have ever thought

the one of the greatest rappers of all time
would be a white cat?
Y'all know me,
still the same old g
But I'm being low-key,
hated on
By most of these niggas
with no cheese
No deals and no gs,
no wheels and no keys
No boats, no snowmobiles,
and no skis
Mad at me 'cause I
can finally afford
To provide my family
with groceries
Got a crib with a studio
And it's all full of tracks
To add to the wall
full of plaques
Hanging up
in the office in back
Of my house
like trophies
But y'all think I'm
gonna let my dough freeze
Ho, please
You better bow down
on both knees
Who do you think
taught you to smoke trees?
Who you think
brought you the oldies?
Eazy-es,
ice cubes and d.O.C.S
The snoop d-o-double-gs
And the group that said
motherfuck the police
I spit
from the genitals, bitch
Leave a masculine stench
Got niggas
panicking petrol
I make

a mannequin flinch
Grew a botanical wench
The root of all evil
Green thumb
for greenbacks
Ran to the tech,
but we can't all eat, though
'Cause y'all fecal,
we brawl lethal
Homicide victims
off of fairfax and pico
Sugar, nobody's ever equal
'Cause the more we make
The more we're taking
from other people
Pimping puerto rico
Pandering lax to jfk
At baggage claim with
three hoes, like santa say
My third eye
be the equivalent of the algebraic pi
So if give you
a piece of my mind
Just multiply it
times infiny
Spiritually elevate so I
Commit a drive-by
while I sky-dive
Sip a mai tai
and perform shit only conceived in sci-fi
So why try and test?
It's boom, bye-bye,
mr. Ice grill guy
You must be looking
somewhere else
Like biggie smalls'
lazy eye, ha
Now, I think
when niggas listen to some of your shit,
they are insulted
by your intelligence,
and they don't like you.
Right.
They're like,

"ah, no, fuck, what..."
You know, you let
a nigga listen to that.
I'll put it on
in front of some thug niggas, like,
they're, uh...
They'll listen to about two minutes,
and,
"fuck this nigga, man."
It's just
too much information.
I love it.
Like, "fucking, I mean,
what is he at?" All right.
Well, I force you think.
Yeah.
You know what I'm saying?
And they don't like that.
But I... I can't be mad
at the result,
and I figured the people...
And ironically my fan base
has always kind of
been two extremes.
You know who got enough time
to fucking learn?
Right.
People in college
and niggas in prison.
Right.
And those are my fans.
Wow, that's a jewel.
Those are my fans.
Can you explain
your technique
when you writing
your best lyrics?
Like what...
Where's you head at?
I don't know how I did it.
For my junior high, I stole the school desk.
I don't know how I stole it,
but it was at the crib, and everybody...
Badass niggas'll,

xhibit'll tell you I had a school desk.
So I had the school desk,
and I would go to school,
you know what
I'm saying, when I was writing my rhymes.
That was... that was
your writing chair.
That was my writing chair,
and I'd sit at the little...
You know, the wooden ones
like, you know...
Right, right.
And I'd go to school,
'cause I took it seriously.
This is my homework.
I gotta put my work in.
So, um,
I started like that,
and that was
my comfort zone.
And then of course
you get into the business,
and whatever,
you may move or whatever,
so then I started having
to write on the spot,
you know what I'm saying?
Right, right.
So then we're
in the studio,
and dre gives a nigga
a notebook and says, "what you got?"
Right.
Well, I don't...
Can't go home and
go get the school desk.
So now I'm just a...
You know, I can write anyway.
Were you doing xzibit, too?
I can't find xzibit.
Hold on.
He right up the street.
Him and b-real, they got
a studio together.

I'm gonna send you
his number, 'cause he not answering the phone.
Okay.
But I'll... I'll send you
his house number and his...
That's good luck.
Hold on.
What's your
technique when you really going in?
When I go in, I usually...
I still write
on pen and paper.
Call me old-fashioned,
but fuck it,
you know what I'm saying?
Like, for me,
it's something to be
said about the way I memorize things,
because I have to write
it down and repeat it...
Mm-Hmm.
And then when I repeat it,
then it's here,
and I never lose it.
Sometimes I can go
in the studio, hear a beat,
get inspired,
write it in 15 minutes, spit it, done.
And then sometimes
I hear a beat, and I write a piece to it,
and then I'll
come back around a month later
and fill the rest down
because of this piece,
I've been milling over it,
and I got a concept now.
When I say something
and just start writing fast,
and then...
And then I just copy...
And then you try
to say something to me,
like...
Wait, wait, wait.

Wait.
I got it!
Aah!
Okay, now, what's up?
Right.
That's what
I'm talking about,
you just feel it.
You feel it, like...
Yeah. It's that line
that you know...
If you know what it feel
like to rip a crowd...
Right.
Or hold a mic
and get
in front of people,
and then they respond
to that, call and response,
the energy, movement,
you can feel it,
you could move it around
in your head,
then that's the line
that needs to be written.
If you feel it,
if you study it,
if you know that...
What's coming right after that,
or you can think
five lines down and work your way back up.
Yeah.
You know what I'm saying?
If you... if you
on it like that,
then, I mean, come on.
All right, motherfuckers,
bring out your ballistics.
You know you
can't fuck with me,
because if you could've,
you would've did it by now.
Fuck off.
X to the motherfucking z.

West coast
representing, bitch.
I want to get high
So high
I want to get high
So high...
Let me tell you, I'm...
I was... I was
hanging around muggs.
Muggs was living with
aladdin at the time.
Right.
And I heard, uh...
I think it's, uh,
sawed-off shotgun,
hand on the...
Right.
I heard the track,
the dunh, Tch, doo doo
And I'm asking muggs,
"what's that?"
And he said,
"this is cypress hill."
And I'm like,
"what is cypress hill?"
But I didn't...
I never heard none of the vocals over it,
and I'm, like,
listening to it.
I said,
"well, that shit's funky, whatever it's gonna be."
And then when I heard it,
I was like,
"oh, my god,
this shit sounded crazy."
But I think when you
came out, the whole...
The vocal delivery
was so unique.
Now, here's a question
I'm gonna come right out and ask.
Right.
Did b-real always sound
like the b-real we know?

No.

No.

No.

It took... it took
a couple years to get that,
'cause when we started,
I was rapping
in this voice that I talk in,
and muggs
didn't like it,
and sen dog was like,
"I don't know.
The raps were dope."

Mm-Hmm.

But they came at me
like this. They said,
"hey, man, if you
don't do something about that voice,
man, we just gonna
have you write rhymes for sen dog."
I'm like, "oh, shit."

So, you know,
I somehow figured out
how to pitch
my voice a little bit,
you know, going
a little bit higher.
When I was listening
to early cypress hill,
I'm like,
"these motherfuckers sound high.

"Like, they sound
like the gangbangers
that you would not want
to run into, 'cause they would be dusted..."

Right.

"And they would shoot you
"on some bullshit like
you're the wrong person,
they just felt
like shooting somebody."

Right.

Right, right.

And... and

for a time, man,
we were crazy
like that, you know,
and, uh,
that's where a lot of the... the music
when we were
creating it,
it reflected
that lifestyle and stuff like that.
But, you know, we also
were very competitive,
you know,
especially muggs with the production game,
because a... a lot
of his... his influences
were the bomb squad
and stuff like that,
you know,
and we were all big public enemy fans,
and we all said
to ourselves, well, if we're...
If we're gonna get
in this game, if we're gonna represent,
we gotta be as good
as those guys, you know.
And... and they
were like one of my big influences,
and... and, uh,
when I was developing the voice,
there was...
There was two things
that stood out to me
in hip-hop
that I loved in...
In all the groups that were going on.
There was
the beastie boys, 'cause they had a different,
you know, vocal pitch
than everybody else.
The other big influence
was public enemy and flava flav,
how his voice
always cut through,
and I said, well,

nobody's, you know...
Aside from
the beastie boys,
nobody's really
cutting through like that,
so we... we became,
as... as far as our vocal tones,
public enemy in reverse.
Stop scheming and
trying to look hard
I get my bodyguard
You get that booty scarred
I'm a veteran, which means
That I've been
in the game too long
Since the days of paper thin
Way back when I've
been putting it down
Ask your homie
who's the baddest bitch on this side of town
I float like a butterfly,
sting like a bee
Spectacular over m.I.C.,
I go for broke
Never giving it
less than the best
Face off, 'cause your shit is twisted
Screw up your mouth,
'cause this chick is gifted
I stay whippin' in something
you never seen
Ain't into flossing,
but I could put it on some
Call 'em at the crib
Tell 'em you just
lost 1, 2 and 3
I'm about
to run a boston
On, son,
how come I'm on one?
I'm born free,
you born dumb
I pack a fortune
My time is too much

for what it's costing
Hear any chick on the mic,
you know I taught them
What you just might get
Is a chick that spit
that wiz priceless
I made a decision
to play my position
And this is
the place in my life
Where I start delivering,
you know why?
This game ain't
got nothing on me
None after,
none before me
I put the work in,
I want the glory
Here's my chance
to tell my story
Now, the first rhymes
that you actually did out on a stage
or you tried to perform,
by then you were writing your own stuff?
By the time I performed
on a stage for people,
I was performing
I cram to understand u.
Mm.
But prior to that,
george lucien,
full force's father,
used to come to my house
every saturday...
Mm-Hmm.
And I would practice,
because my voice
was like this,
and that wasn't
a rapper's voice.
Like there was... who was I
gonna get to listen to me?
You mean
it was low and...

It was... it was teeny, tiny,
no weight to it.
Mm-Hmm, right.
And I would practice,
and he would say,
"get strong, and come from here,"
and... and for months,
I would sing
salt-n-pepa's songs
or rap them
in my living room
until my vocal
was strong enough that, you know,
so we owe this to who?
'Cause
you're known to have
one of
the strongest female mc voices. That's...
George lucien.
He... he developed
this voice?
Absolutely.
The joy and the beauty of
being a... a hip-hop artist,
you can
truly express who you are and truly be who you are.
When you're a rapper,
you... you get to say what you think, what you feel.
People hear
your perspective.
People hear
your spirit and your soul if you're using that,
and they hear
your imagination
to be able to write
a rhyme and say,
"look, this is what
my life has been about.
This is some of my purpose.
This is my perspective."
People... people will
know what you think.
They know where you stand.
They know... they know

where you fly. Mm-Hmm.
To the hiddip
The hop, you don't stop,
don't stop
Das efx
with the real hip-hop
Hip-hop, to the hiddip
The hop, you don't quit,
don't quit...
I bust gat heat
Right here
at fat beats
My man ice-t,
that is that heat
We here in I.A.
Chilling
Krs always willing
Rhymes keep spilling
I'm off the top
Like what, the sun
My name is krs-one
These stars,
you don't see none
When I come out,
you see all the day
These other
whack rappers, we blow 'em away
Why? 'Cause they don't
understand my cycle
I go from tape,
cd, back to vinyl
Shh, you cats
ain't ready
I'll take it
back to rock steady
And give you
a classic medley
Me? I'm not
bet or mtv
I'm h-I-p-h-o-p
Whoo!
Freestyle.
There was a time when
you had never rapped,

you was
a graffiti artist.
What made you say,
"I think I'm gonna do that."
My first battle
was in a park in melrose projects.
What made... what made you
want to battle?
What made you even want...
A dude was talking
about my clothes.
Um, there was...
It was an mc cypher,
and I was not there...
I was watching
the cypher.
And dude was like,
"and like this dude with his tore-up jeans."
I was like, "Ohh!"
Crowd's screaming.
I'm like, "Ohh,"
my jeans was whack,
everything is whack,
I'm whack,
everything was whack,
and dude was pointing it out.
Nigga just
picked you out the crowd.
He just picked...
I'm there watching with everybody else.
He like, "yo,
and him, like him,"
and that's when I said,
"yo, no, hold up,
I have to say
something."
And, uh...
And I actually did.
I jumped out
right there,
and I did like
a little freestyle
based on what
I heard right there.

I did a quick piece
off the top,
defended myself,
and it was dope.
And then you said...
And I said... and
everybody patting you on the back
like, "yeah,
you gave it to him."
And then I was like,
"whoa, this is not bad.
"Yo, you know what?
I'm gonna do this."
So we really owe
the birth of krs-one
to some nigga
who just out of nowhere...
Out of nowhere.
Picked you out the crowd
and dissed you?
Yeah, started dissing,
out the crowd.
Some mcs get
their notoriety through battling,
meaning that...
Back in the days,
we used to call it
the dozens.
Slaves were sold
one by one unless there was a defect,
their leg was hurt,
an arm was severed,
mental issues,
maybe sick.
Those people were sold,
um, in a dozen.
So slaves would start
going back and forth
with each other,
saying, uh, well,
"your head's
bigger than your neck,
"and that makes you
a lollipop.

"Ahh. Your mother
is so this,
I could do that."
"Ahh." And everybody
would laugh at you.
Then it eventually
became the dozens.
So the idea
of battling,
coming out
of this tradition called the dozens,
where you verbally
attack your opponent
and your opponent
verbally attacks you
until somebody
breaks down and either wants to fight,
cries, whatever it is,
or... or a judge
deems the battle won by either opponent.
This trickles
over into rapping.
It was zulu nation
that first
brought up the idea
of we don't have
to shoot at each other
or beat on each other
or... or this.
We can actually
use this tradition of the dozens
to actually
have verbal warfare through art.
Defeating chino's
an oxymoron
Like happy marriage
I allow for there to be
churches all around
My neighbors
are tired of people
Worshipping outside
of my house
These entertainers
names and lines

I started those
Big chino created
from god's particles
What flows from
my abdominals, abominable
Nonvulnerable,
part animal
Dark paranormal
like ghosts
Man, I hate these rappers
"Why don't you off 'em?"
I hear it often
When I'm gone, son
They won't be worth
a splinter in my coffin
But once I auction off
my crown of thorns
There's no more
Me fall is what they
invented the word "never" for
Every rapper should
change their name to nas
'Cause when they ask,
"can you outspit chino?"
All you'll hear
is a lot of "Nah" s
If you say the right
combination of words
that makes a crowd go,
"ooh," or, "I agree.
That's right.
He does look like that,"
you know,
then you win the day.
I'm wise, you could
learn it from me
Impregnate you
with so many bullets
You could take
maternity leave
I'm gonna say this
And I say this
with a jaded cadence
I'm dedicated to hatred

Escaping off
satan's playlist
I'm dangerous
when I communicate
What I'm thinking,
brain-dead
I'll spit in morse code
Write down
what I'm blinking
Rhyme contortionist
Shot my way
out of hell's orphanage
Using a slingshot
and live scorpions
Some guys that use
vocabulary as a weapon
almost just
to brag or show.
So kind of what I do
in that sense
is like, um, braggadocious,
rhythmic vernacular
Designed to back you up
I back it up
with the spectacular
Yet just a fraction
of my perpendicular
With no particular
linear structure
I'm giving you ruptures
As I erupt
into your cerebellum
I tried to tell 'em,
I open a vortex
Your cerebral cortex
sends a reaction
That has 'em
like a spasm
Upon further review,
you see it was lyrical orgasm
How did it happen?
You can't even describe the vibe
What was the essence of god's
presence felt inside?

Bestowed upon you from
the moment I dropped it on you
I strike like a diva tonight
and can't nobody warn you
I'm on you,
I got that truly godlike
Metaphysical,
neolithical
Ask what you see in me,
lyrical deity
Hip-hop's pantheon,
one step beyond
So I stand
beyond whatever shaitan's fans be on
I lights 'em up like neon,
locks 'em down like deion
Reclaimed my title
three times like ali when he beat leon
And that's what I be on
for the peon
I remember the first
rap battle I ever lost,
and I had this,
hey, chris, you want to see me?
You running like
a squirrel up a tree
So I'm like, you know,
I'm like a little kid and stuff,
and I had this
whole thing planned,
'cause I was supposed
to be the rapper,
and this one dude was
feeling like he could beat me in school,
and, um, he had this...
His rap, uh, Nah.
This whole thing,
he said, "man, you know what?"
You gotta go first.
You gotta go first."
So I spit this
whole long rap, and he's like...
He's like,
"okay, cool." And he said, "yo..."

Uh, his response
to my rap was,
yo, what's up?
My name is chris
Let me
tell me one thing, you smell like piss
Right? And everybody's
like, "ahh!"
Everybody
started running off,
so I lost
my first rap battle.
Part of the reason
why my raps are so simple now.
Way more simplicity,
just get to the point,
you know.
Penitentiary chances,
the devil dances
And eventually answers
to the call of autumn
All them fallin'
for the love of ballin'
Get caught
with 30 rocks
The cop look
like alec baldwin
End-of-century anthems
Based off
inner-city tantrums
Based off the way
we was branded
Face it, jerome get
more time than brandon
And at the airport,
they check all through my bag
And tell me
that it's random
But we stay winning
This week has been
a bad massage
I need a happy ending
and a new beginning
And a new fitted

And some job opportunities
that's lucrative
This the real world
Homie, school's finished
They done stole your dreams
You don't know who did it
I treat the cash
the way government treat aids
I won't be satisfied
till all my niggas get it
Is hip-hop just a euphemism
for a new religion?
The soul music
of the slaves
That the youth
is missing?
But this is more than
just my road to redemption
Malcolm west had the whole
nation standing at attention
As long as I'm
in polo smiling
They think they got me
But they'll
try to crack me
If they ever
see a black me
I thought I chose a field
where they couldn't sack me
If a nigga ain't
shooting a jump shot
Running a track meet
But this pimp is at the top
of mount olympus
Ready to the world's games,
this is my olympics
We make 'em say, "ho,"
'cause the game's so pimpish
Choke a south park
writer with a fish stick
I insist that y'all
get up off of this dick
And these drugs,
niggas can't resist it

Remind me when they try,
to have ali enlisted
If I ever wasn't
the greatest nigga
I must have missed it
I need mo' drinks
and less lights
And that american apparel girl
in just tights
She told the director,
"I'm trying to get into school"
He told her,
"take them glasses off and get in the pool"
It's been a while
since I watched the news
'Cause like a crip said
I got way too many blues
For any more bad news
I was looking at my rsum
Feeling real fresh today
They rewrite history
I don't believe in yesterday
And what's
a black beetle anyway?
A fucking roach,
I guess that's why
They got me sittin'
in fucking coach
My guy said I need
a different approach
'Cause people is looking at me
like I'm sniffing coke
It ain't funny anymore,
try different jokes
Tell 'em and hug and kiss
my ass, x and o
And kiss the ring
while they at it
Do my thing
while I got it
Play strings
for the dramatic
Ain't none
of that whack shit

Act like I ain't had
a belt in two classes
I ain't got it, I'm Comin'
after whoever who has it
I'm coming after
whoever who has it
You blowing up,
that's good, fantastic
That y'all,
it's like that y'all
I don't really give
a fuck about it at all
'Cause the same people
that try to blackball me
Forgot about two things,
my black balls
Hit it
Yeah, whoo...
Victory on the street
is one thing.
Blowing the minds
of 10,000 people in a concert is another.
Run-dmc took the live show
to a whole 'nother level.
You guys took it
to a level
that made everybody
go, "y'all think this is just rap."
This is the biggest shit
in the world."
And when you came out,
yo, yo, yo
dmc is my name
And... and it's like...
Well, can I have
your attention, please?
Just fold my arms.
Yeah, you know.
All run out. Run.
Run, run, run, run
Oh, shit. Like...
I was like what
the fuck is going on?
You know what?

We turned it into a concert.
I'd never seen it.
We turned
the block party into a concert,
'cause we would bust
in there, here we go
Dmc and...
Just, "whose house?"
Like, it was
crazy for 'em.
They couldn't
fuck with that, baby.
Run-dmc was at the top
of the food chain.
No other group in rap
was on your level.
Right.
You're standing
at the top of the pyramid.
Right.
What's that like?
Run might have knew.
Okay.
He had ego.
My shit was...
My shit was this.
You turn to the left,
there's fucking chuck coming at you.
You turn to the right,
there's raki...
You turn over there,
there's the piece...
You turn over there,
there's ll.
You turn over there,
there's kool g rap.
You turn over there,
there's fucking e. P.M...
It was crazy,
so my whole thing
continuously
wasn't about just staying on top.
It was always being...
Staying on top of my game.

Let me tell you
something.
We are run-dmc,
the baddest fucking group
in the world
ever in hip-hop.
It's the return
of monotonous hotness
I rock this,
you watch this
Regardless,
we got this
From hollis,
and y'all gets no chances
No wins and no ends,
I need no dances
No rims or no benz
From the corners
of hollis ave
I came up, blew the game up
Trying to tell me
my reign's up
Bring my name up
rev run, y'all.
There was a moment
when you guys were number one group...
Rap group in the world
undisputed,
top of the mountain,
stood up, looked down.
Right.
What's that like?
It's good for a second.
It's when, if you're
not focused to keep making music,
and you don't cruise...
It's when you're
sitting in the tub,
for me,
eating french toast,
got weed coming,
got a ho coming,
got kwasi bringing me
a rolls royce.

You remember kwasi?

Mm-Hmm.

All this was coming,
and rolling stone
magazine is coming.

So this is all in
the presidential suite.

I just seen ice-t
as I was driving up.

Mm-Hmm.

I just hit I.A.

Can't wait

to get to I.A.

They got best Endo.

They got the best girls.

They got the best
presidential suite.

They got

the rolls-royce, rolling stone magazine.

I'm run. I'm number one.

And then

the realization comes
that, you know,

I'm sitting in the tub.

The syrup's falling
in the tub.

There's ashes

falling in the tub.

The ho's knocking
at the door.

Rolling stone's

behind the ho

and the man

to cut your hair,

and you're like,

"I'm fucking out of control."

What's cracking

with it, y'all?

This is dub sizzle, aka
skip skip the barracuda.

All you niggas

can drown in my nuts.

Fuck y'all. Can't none

of you niggas fuck with me.

Nigga I started
a lot of this shit
on this side
of town, nigga,
and I don't give
a fuck what nobody say out there, nigga.
You come over here,
you gotta see me.
Skip skip,
west sier for lier, nier.
I'm out on the block nigga,
for real.
Fuck y'all.
One time, I was watching
one of your shows.
And you was fucking it up.
You was getting down.
You was out there, and you
was... you was freestyling.
You're freestyling.
And, uh, I think somebody...
Some kind of way
or something, I don't know what was going on.
Whatever, the turntable
must have skipped a song.
Skipped a song
or went off beat.
Skipped and went off beat,
and, you know...
And of course
you stop and everything.
But you played it
the fuck off, though.
Yeah.
You played it off.
You looked in the crowd.
You know, you was like,
you know, you know,
I to the c to the e
Niggas can't fuck
with me you know.
Whoa, whoa,
whoa, whoa, whoa.
And then

it went off and shit,
and, you know, you looked,
and then you played it
real quick.
You went to the crowd
and said, "huh?"
Hey, on the real.
You think I'm lying, nigga.
You fucked me up.
Nigga looked in the crowd
and was like, "huh?"
You know, you looked
at a bitch and was like, "huh?"
Ohh.
What'd you say?
You went to the mic,
yo, yo, yo,
let's start this song...
Let's just start...
I got a... I got
a billion of them.
I got... let me
tell you something.
Am I lying though?
No.
That's some of my shit.
Yeah, okay.
That's some
of my best shit. I got other tricks.
Like if I fucked up
or something
and I be in the middle
of the song,
what I do is I act like
the mic cut off.
So now that I fucked up,
I'll go like this,
and then I'll start
lip syncing like...
And I'll...
"Yo, yo, yo,
the mic cut off."
And I'll make it
look like there was a technical problem,

and we got
to start the song over.
There you go.
That's one
of my tricks.
Here's another trick.
Usually there's a...
A fan in the front row
that fucking knows
every single word.
Word, mm-Hmm.
So I early find him,
and he becomes
my human teleprompter.
So if I fall off, I put
the mic in his mouth...
Mic to his face.
And he'll say the lyric
and jump me back on top
and shit like that. Tricks.
Now, that's the difference
between an mc and a rapper.
That's secret shit.
That's the difference.
Secret.
I sold too much coke
in the eighties
It's my fucking fault,
I made you crack babies
Now you whine
and cold woke me up
Like a wild wolf
won't murder his sick pup
Niggas on the net
talking crazy and reckless
Busters don't know
you get laid down for much less
This ain't no game, cuz,
niggas now we come
.50 cal dum-dum
rubber-grip bear guns
I see you run
like diarrhea
Hide behind

your fucking bodyguards
Like little ballerinas
It ain't no thing when
them damn things flame
Fully automatics
makes the clubs' ears ring
The oldest nigga, true,
that means I done it the most
Question is now
which pussy want it the most?
Y'all ain't shit to me,
never got your g on
Softening the pillows
at the bed, bath & beyond
Your mistake thinking
that I'm dead and gone
Ask your mama,
I'm bloody in the octagon
I'm iller than chucky
in child's play
I bench 300 on a bad day
I'm wild
like uganda machetes
You motherfucking
with a psychopath, you niggas ain't ready
Cracked my nigga t.I.,
but they didn't catch me
My silenced p90 sounds
like sewing machines
Bugatti veyron,
plasma screen
Malibu beach house,
lake house, I'm caked out
I come in all blue,
I don't know red
And I don't throw dough,
I make it rain lead
Coked out, I'm boiling
bricks in the kitchen
It don't matter if you got it
nigga, tricking is tricking
Algebraic,
I multiply my metaphors
I'm so spa from deep tissues

and pedicures
Overlord of niggas
in ski masks
Westside rider for life,
you ain't gotta ask
L.A.,
home of the triple beam
My niggas run all up
in your crib like a swat team
I'll make your suv lean
Full metal jackets have it
rockin' like a raft in rapids
The last nigga in life
that you want to meet
Keep talking shit on the net
I'll see you in the street
Who is the man
with the master plan?
A nigga with
a motherfucking gun
44 reasons come to mind
Why your motherfucking brother
is hard to find
He been walking on the streets
and fucking with mine
Stupid punk can't fuck
with a mastermind
See I never take a step
on a compton block
Or I.A. Without the a.K.
Ready to pop
'Cause them punk motherfuckers
in black and white
Ain't the only motherfuckers
I gots to fight
I think it's better
to be telling the facts
Than cuffed up
and jacked and fucked up
What you niggas
Lookin' at? You going
Everybody knows
dr. Dre don't drop a record a week.
It's like...

It's... it's a process.
What's your process
before we get to hear a track?
You know, it's, um... it's not
the same thing every time.
It really depends
on who I'm working with.
I try to get inside
of the head of the artist I'm working with,
and the record
has to be them.
I don't go approach
an artist and say, "okay",
this is... this is the way
I think your record should be."
I just try to... to make
what they're bringing better
and just add
whatever they're bringing...
Add my thing to whatever
they're bringing.
So I just try to get in...
Get in touch with the artist,
try to get in touch
with their personality
and what they're trying
to do and try to just
take that to... you know,
to levels unheard of, you know.
That's real talk.
So that's... that's just my thing.
I just...
It's no set foundation or no set way of doing it.
I'm thinking like...
'Cause, okay,
everybody knows
your gangster shit
and what you did
with snoop,
but when we heard eminem
for the first time,
you know, hi.
My name is,
we like...

But it was him.
Right.
It was perfect.
It wasn't 50 cent.
You captured eminem.
Right. You know, and I
think that's the reason
for longevity,
you know what I'm saying?
You just... you vibe
with the artist,
and you just elaborate
on what they have to give,
and you just, like,
make what, you know...
I just add my thing
to what they have,
and that's all it is to it.
Eminem, I'm gonna add
my thing to eminem.
Snoop, I can't
go in the studio with snoop with...
In an eminem state of mind,
if that makes
any sense, you know.
Absolutely.
I just have to just...
Just be them almost.
You know what I'm saying?
That's what makes the projects
come out so good.
You got a young kid,
he want to be a producer like you.
He want to...
He want to live the dr. Dre life.
He... he admires
you that... you see something in him.
What would be the first
lesson you teach him
about this game
of hip-hop?
First of all,
you have to make sure that this thing is for you
and it's who you are

and you're built for this, you know.
And then you
have to give it the passion that's necessary, you know.
Like I said, I don't
do it for the money.
The money is gonna come.
I do it because of the love
that I have for it,
you know what I'm saying?
If I was a plumber
or something like that,
I still would make
hip-hop records.
That's how much love
I have for it, you know.
I feel like right now,
I've been in the game close to 27 years,
and I've actually thought
about this just recently.
Out of the entire 27...
My 27-year career,
there's only been
There's... I've never
been out of the studio
longer than two weeks
in my entire career.
That's how much love I have
for this thing that I do.
So that's the thing,
just the passion that you have for it,
and really, really
put your all into it,
and make sure that
your word is the last word.
That way,
you don't, you know...
You don't play the blame game
or anything like that.
If it comes out hot,
it's on you.
If it doesn't come out hot,
it's on you,
you know what I'm saying?
That's all it is to it.

I think, uh,
people I've talked to
that have been...
That had the privilege of working with you
have said the same thing
in another way.
They like, when you go
in the studio with dre, it's not a game.
He's not your friend.
He's in there,
he's working,
and you gonna
do it till dre thinks it's right.
And they all
appreciate that. Yeah.
That's a big difference
between a beat maker and a producer.
Yeah, yeah. I...
You know what?
There's definitely
a big difference between a beat maker and a producer,
'cause you...
Once you finish the beats,
you have to produce the record.
You know what I'm saying?
And I think there's
a big difference between the rapper
and the songwriter,
you know what I'm saying?
Rappers, you know,
anybody can go spit a 16, you know.
The minute you ask the mc to...
To give me the hook first,
most of them get lost.
Mm-Hmm.
You know what I'm saying?
I look for songwriters,
you know.
So that's all it is.
I know, you know,
I'm a little bit tough in the studio,
but everybody's
happy once they come out of the booth.
Mm-Hmm.

Well, you as close
as we can get to pac.
What was
the experience like?
It was incredible,
you know.
I remember being
in the studio with pac,
and, um, he actually
went in the mic booth
to write, you know,
and I'm like, okay, that's different.
So I'm
in the control room, and, um, he writes the lyrics.
"All right,
I'm ready," you know.
He spits california love.
One or two takes,
it was like, all right, put the next thing up.
And he would just sit
in the booth, you know,
like, put the next thing up,
write, put the next thing up.
You know, I think
that's the reason why
he has so many songs and
so much material, you know.
It was just...
It was incredible.
He's like a machine.
Serious machine.
Serious talent.
When I speak
of you, of course I'm incorporating nwa,
'cause you were
a movement.
What... what stroke
did you guys
put on the painting
that wasn't there?
I think, um,
just the element of... of the street,
you know what I'm saying?
That's what

we were going for.
I think you were
a big part of that,
because our first record
was basically just a...
Um, almost a remix
of what you did
with 6 n' the morning,
you know what I mean?
We did boyz n the hood
because of...
Because of the love
for that record so much,
but we just wanted
to basically put where we came from on the map.
Back then, it was just
a lot of new york going on,
and we wanted
to represent compton,
and we wanted to put
compton out there
in a way where it was
just like, it was hard,
and... and we wanted to hit
everybody across the head with a sledgehammer.
Like, "listen to what the fuck
we're doing out here,"
you know? "We got
something to say, too."
Yeah, unh
Yeah, unh
Yeah, unh
Straight out of compton
Crazy motherfucker
named ice cube
From the gang called
niggaz with attitudes
When I'm called off,
I got a sawed off
Squeeze the trigger,
and bodies are hauled off
You too, boy,
if you fuck with me
The police are gonna

have to come and get me
Off your ass,
that's how I'm going out
For the punk motherfuckers
that's showing out
Niggas start to mumble,
they want to rumble
Mix 'em and cook 'em
in a pot like gumbo
Going off
on the motherfucker like that
With a gat that's pointed
at your ass
That's the way it goes
in the city of compton
Gang bang mentality
Movie after movie
Can't get it out of me
Who want to battle me?
Mouth is an uzi
I'll thumbtack your ass
to the concrete
Treat you like a floozy
The pyroclastic flow
that I lay
Will turn this
fucking booth to pompeii
Now what will I do
in broad day?
I'll turn broadway
into a hallway
Motherfuckers want to know
the herbs and spices
They come to me and want
to know what my advice is
I'm spiritual, nigga,
like jesus christ is
And lyrical, bitch,
I'm 'bout the nicest
Content, longevity
Plus I spit shit
that sit on your brain, nigga, heavily
I can do this shit
till I'm 70

On the vegas strip,
yeah, there I'll be
Rap has many styles,
party, gangster,
political, battle.
Give your style a name.
And I think gangsta
is too simple,
'cause I think
you much more complex.
I would call it
street knowledge.
Okay.
You know, I mean,
that's the ultimate title.
And what it means to me
is letting the streets know
what the politicians
is trying to do to 'em
and then letting
the politicians know
what the streets think
of them if they listening.
Mm-Hmm.
So it's street knowledge,
if you ask me.
I agree. I agree.
I always felt
that my style was...
I was always attempting
to drop game.
It was not about...
It was all game.
There was morals.
They were parables.
It was things
that you'd listen to,
and you would learn.
I wanted somebody
to take my album
when they done,
be more intelligent
about the game than they were,
versus me saying,

"you know, hey, I'm tough," like I...
You don't want to get rich
and die trying.
You know what I mean?
1, 2, 3 into the 4
Snoop doggy dog and
dr. Dre is at the door
Ready to make
an entrance, so back on up
'Cause you know we're
about to rip shit up
Give me
the microphone first
So I can bust
like a bubble
Compton and
long beach together
Now you know you
in trouble
We need to take
my bag with my phone in it
out of here, kid.
I think it's in that gray bag.
'Cause it's
gonna keep going off.
These bitches
won't stop calling.
I tell 'em I'm only
in town for a night.
"There's only
one of me."
I'm saying.
I wish I was an octopus.
This is one of my favorites
of all time.

6:

police at my door
Fresh adidas squeak
across my bathroom floor
Out the back window,
I make my escape
Didn't even get a chance
to grab my ice-t tape

Mad with no music,
but happy 'cause free
But the streets to a player
is the place to be
I got a knot in my pocket
weigh at least a grand
Gold on my neck,
my pistol's close at hand
I'm a self-made monster
from the city streets
Remotely controlled
by hard hip-hop beats
But just living in the city
is a serious task
Nigga didn't know
what hit him
Didn't have time to ask
thank you.
Benz with my money
the rest went on clothes
Went to the strip,
started pimpin' the hos
My hair grew long
on my seven-year stay
When I got it done,
on my shoulders it lay
Oh, that was so cold.
That was so cold.
Rap to you,
more music or a sport?
It's a sport to me,
because it's like
you driving me
to want to outdo you.
You understand what I'm saying?
It's like when you
hear a certain lyric,
it's like you
just saw a 360 dunk.
Yeah. And I'm like,
"oh, I can't have that."
I need to try this...
This 720 on a nigga
real quick, ice.

Work with me.
Work with me, ice, this 720 gonna work.
I'm gonna spin
around two times. It's gonna work.
When snoop dogg getting
ready to write a song,
how do you
like it to be?
I mean,
you need to get...
You gotta get blunted?
You gotta...
I gotta smoke
a lot of weed.
Okay.
I gotta have some
old-school music playing,
whether it's
old-school r & b, hip-hop,
anything that's
seventies, eighties,
sixties, you know
what I'm saying?
Something that's
inspiring to me.
Then I gotta have
a couple of, you know,
females around
to give me some inspiration,
'cause I like looking
at 'em while I'm writing my woo-wop.
And then at the same time,
I like...
I just like the whole mode
to just be natural.
What's your style?
My style, I would say,
is tae kwon do.
Bruce lee created that.
Which that means... is that
I'll fuck a nigga up
if a nigga try
to play me wrong,
but for the most part,

I'm a good guy making great music to party to.
Here's what I'm gonna do.
I'm gonna give you something
off the top of the dome,
so that way, I know I won't fuck up.
I like that.
Now, check this.
Artistic as it gets
is big snoop dogg
The one and only,
so throw a pawn in the lawn
And let me show you
how it's supposed to be
Blow up like a bomb,
napalm
Let me show you
what it's supposed to be
Now get close to me,
these are groceries
File them in the cabinet,
stab it, let it go
This is my art form,
I'm so original
Like ice-t, but I don't
drip, drop on the floor
Get a ho, get the door
Let 'em know
from the door
Here we go, let it ride
Snoopy d-o-double-g,
eastside lbc
Show you how
it's supposed to be
Look up at the sky
Do you see
the moon and sun?
It's snoop d-o-doub
Yes, I am the only one
When it come to freestyle,
boy, I'm so cold
Make a nigga flip to it
to a whole 'nother episode
Watch a ho,
hit the stroll

Get the money,
bring it back
Ice-t got his wife
sitting in the cadillac
Cold, cold, there you go
Steal the money,
steal the show
Snoop d-o-double-g,
I told you I'm original
Now you could
use that one. Dope.
Final thoughts.
Melle mel said an art form
can only be as great
as its masters.
So speak to the people
coming up under you
that are striving
to be snoop dogg.
Final thought.
Final thought.
With this thing
that we call hip-hop,
this art, this thing
that we love and treasure,
you must treat it
with love and compassion
and always cherish it,
because one day soon,
it will be yours.
And once it becomes yours,
make it yours.
Put your name on it.
Put your brand on it.
Put your game on it.
Stamp it like it's
supposed to be stamped.
That way, when you are gone,
your music will live on.
Look at the greats before us,
those who have passed,
and their music
is outlasting.
It's because of the art form.

It's because of the passion
that they put
in they projects.
It's because
of what they spoke,
the way their pen cried,
the way their heart followed.
You could be the same thing.
It's one snoop dogg,
just like there's one you.
Find yourself. Find your art.
Find your heart.
So the answer is obvious.
Rap means something different
to every mc...
Whether it's writing
something simple
just to rock the crowd
or writing something deep
meant to move the world.
The one thing I do know
is hip-hop requires skill,
the skill of a great dj,
the ability
of a great break dancer,
the style of
a great graffiti writer
or the flavor and technique
of a talented mc.
To me, rap was always
one of two things.
I was either out
to drop some knowledge
and give the streets
some game,
or it was straight-up combat.
I always look at the microphone
as my weapon.
My ammunition
is my intelligence,
and my caliber,
that's my cadence and flow.
This is not a game.
This is the art of rap.

I was a fiend
before I became a teen
I melted microphones
instead of cones of ice cream
Music orientated,
so when hip-hop was originated
Fitted like pieces
of puzzle, complicated
'Cause I grabbed the mic and
tried to say, "yes, y'all"
They tried to take it
and say that I'm too small
Cool, cool, cool
'cause I don't get upset
I kick a hole in the speaker,
pull the plug, then I jet
Back to the lab
without a mic to grab
So then I add
all the rhymes I had
One after the other one,
then I make another one
To dis the opposite
then ask if the brother's done
I get a craving
like a fiend for nicotine
But I don't need a cigarette,
know what I mean?
I'm raging,
ripping up the stage
And don't it sound amazing?
'Cause every rhyme
is made and thought of
'Cause it's sort of
an addiction
Magnetized by the mixing
Vocals, vocabulary,
your verses you're stuck in
The mic is a drain, though,
volcano's erupting
Rhymes overflowing,
gradually growing
Everything is written
in a code so it can coincide

Cide, cide
my thoughts to guide
48 tracks to slide
The invincible
microphone fiend rakim
Spread the word
'cause I'm in
E-f-f-e-c-t
A smooth operator
operating correctly
But back to the problem,
I gotta have it
You can't solve it,
silly rabbit
The prescription
is a hypertone that's thorough when
I fiend for a microphone
like heroin
Soon as the bass kicks,
I need a fix
Give me a stage and a mic
and a mix
And I'll put you
in the mood
Or is it a state
of unawareness?
Beware, it's the re-animator
A menace to a microphone
A lethal weapon,
an assassinator
If the people ain't stepping
You'll see a part of me
that you never seen
When I'm fiending
for a microphone
I'm the microphone fiend

After 12:

I'm worse than a gremlin
Feed me hip-hop,
and I start trembling
The thrill of suspense
is intense, you're horrified
But this ain't the cinemas

or tales from the darkside
By any means necessary,
this is what has to be done
Make way, 'cause here I come
My dj cuts material
Material,
material
Grand imperial
It's a must that I bust
any mic you're handing me
It's inherited,
it runs in the family
I wrote the rhyme
that broke the bull's back
If that don't slow 'em up,
I carry a full pack