A Dedication

Aloe Blacc

This is dedicated to the number one thing in my life
So close to me that you could call it my wife
It's dedicated to the one that I wake with and sleep with
Every morning I get up and I brush my teeth with
Even when I'm watching the thundercats and heathcliff
Eating my rice crispies in the living room seat with
Battle with and when it's time to split blaze a saddle with,
If we was out in the midwest I'd tip cattle with
The one I sip tea with and used to climb trees with
Dedicated to the one I fell out of them trees with
One love to the thing that kept me most out of trouble
Invested time and effort and it paid back double
I dedicate this to the culture and people and the music
The b-boys, the b-girls, graffiti and the movement
Dedicated to the old school it just don't stop
This is a dedication to hip hop

When I was just a snot nose youngin runnin around
They called me little rock, the dopest little b-boy in town
We had a crew we used to be putting linolium down
We battle for beef but always leave the street with a pound
Taking the crown for the fame and representing the name
Late night meet at the tracks to rock the Santa Fe train
Pull out your sketch or freestyle it if you think you got game
Find a spot to claim or cap a sucka toy if it's lame
Don't even wait for it to dry just take a flick and be out quick
Make it to Unity before the line gets too thick
Back in the day it used to be a Lincoln just to get in
Nowadays you lucky if less then ten
Meet my boys on the inside greet them with hip hop salutations
Made up of hand shake combinations
Looking for the spot where the circle is formulating
The true essence a symbol of the hip hop nation.

I don't know what life would be like without hip hop
Without the kick and the snare with out the pop lock
Without the chirp and the flare without the up rock
Without the fist pump and head bop when dope beats drop
I don't know what I would do without a microphone
Without the underground spots and feedback tones
Without the bus without my walkman and my headphones
Without the different crews that be representing in every zone
I don't know what I would be without the culture
Without graffiti scribbled on desks, books, and folders
Without the stickers and t-shirts and posters
Without the battle between east and west coasters
I don't know where we would be without the beat box
Without the Yes yall, and you don't stop
Without the way we dress and walk, the way we talk
I don't know what life would be like without hip hop

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