

# The Ghost of Hip Hop's Past

Canibus

Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past  
Let's see how long infinity gon' last...

Wake up, what is the date? 1988  
Hip-Hop is barely exposed to the emotion and hate  
I hibernate, rhymin from space, my first album ten years late  
I tried to take it to a positive place  
But it was like a communist state, I tried to escape  
My label shot me in the back as I was climbin the gate  
I woke up, now I'm awake, I found democracy to be fake  
Hip-Hop sucks, who made it this way?  
I was a teenager when hip-hop saved the day  
Paychecks paid the way, not radio play  
Some artists had knowledge of self, that little bit of honesty helped  
Violent lyrics promoted positive guilt  
So even when you thought the message was negative it promoted positive health  
It was about the rhymes, not wealth  
It was about our culture, not about what the culture could sell  
It was a path to enlightenment, not Hell  
We amused ourselves and this confused everybody else  
I memorized "Rock the Bells"  
I memorized "Tales for the Crack Side" I used to rock gazelles  
EPMD, "You Gots to Chill"  
Doug E. Fresh, Slick Rick, Pete Rock, "Mistadobalina" was Del  
Cold Crush Crew, Melle Mel  
Sugar Hill, Salt-n-Pepa, Sweet Tee pretty as hell  
Shante dimple on her face, pretty as well  
I used to wanna smell the pale Roxanne's taie  
Technics 1200, beat it like an SB-12  
Lord Finesse the punchline king, Heavy D was doing his own thing  
Dio and McGruff used to hold things  
Biz Mark's big ass gold chain  
One day I think I saw the Jungle Brothers dancing on Soul Train  
Marley Marl, Craig G, Master Ace, Big Daddy Kane  
Kool G Rap put me under his wing  
On the road to lyricism, with Rakim and them  
Some real lyricists, Eric B. was sick with the zigga-ziggas  
I know I'm trippin, it's been a minute  
So many brothers and sisters it's hard to remember who did it  
Memories disappear like Whodini  
My friends disappeared faster than my budget when my producer was greedy  
{"Fat, Boyyyyyyyyys"} feed me  
I've been eatin emcees, you still don't believe  
Brand of wool, brown teeth, red blood leak from Black Sheep  
Whenever the horns blow it gets deep  
Digging In The Crates for my niggas in the street  
Diamond D had the "Best Kept Secret" for weeks  
D-Nice said, "Bis, you a beast", Redman said, "Peace"  
Def Jam said I couldn't compete  
Killah Priest spit "Heavy Mental" before "Heavy Mental" was released  
Accapella, no instrumental beat  
My Girbauds would hang low, no crease  
Timbs on the feet, Cold Cheeks had a Lex  
Tom Leek had the MPV, J Rav had the Jeep  
Clark Kent had the Tahoe, Charles bought a 4.6 because of Jay-Z  
The program director's name from Hot 97 was Tracy

Tragedy Khadafi, Queens' first intelligent Prodigy  
Probably the first Arab Nazi  
K-9 Posse chew you up like blue chnk chopped meat  
MC N-I-N-E  
"This is the way we walk in New York"  
"Throw Ya Gunz" in the air if you ready for war  
Throw your hands the air if you ready for more  
If I don't like the way you look, I'ma tear your face off  
The Undergod, underground lord  
When it comes to "100 Bars" you niggaz know who to ask for!  
I woke up in the mornin, on a regular day  
I knew my nigga K-Solo would be around my way  
I washed off my Thor hammer, the trigger mechanism lubricate  
It was time to destroy the place  
He kept sayin if I spit my rhymes on the mic  
in no time, I would be back in the limelight  
I said, "Solo, nowadays I don't feel rap  
Cause it ain't like it used to be, the shit is whack"  
He said, "No 'Bis, trust Wolfgang, cause I know my shit  
You already know the flows I spit"  
We love hip-hop, we gotta pay homage to the shit  
I love hip-hop...  
Yeah, the ghost of hip-hop's past  
Let's see how long "Lyrical Law" gon' last

DJ Immortal, get it kid! YEAH!