

When life is just a memory
All I ask is you remember me
We so scared to face our history
How will we replace that energy

Hip-Hop is immortal
It's survived many attacks and many wars using, our minds eyes
to portal
Folding the spaces between generations and races
So that we can come closer through the struggle
It's easy to move muscle, bone, skin and sinew
Movement of the mind is the type grind I'm into
So I kick the mental over sick instrumentals
Get respect with the pencil, never flex with the stencil
I'm in love with the artform that still keeps my heart warm
Presented with the most virtuous intent but in a hard form
They say Hip-Hop is dead, assassinated by niggas
But on the charts I read, all the hits was by niggas
There's no surrealer drama, they wanna steal her from ya
Take her out to a field in the woods but we ain't gonna let 'em
kill the hood
Can't kill it with the pistol, can't beat it with ya chain
Can't crush it with your rims, but you can save it with your pa
in
As long as we breathe, Hip-Hop gonna breathe with us
As long as we real, folk can't help but feel us
The White Manifest Destiny got 'em they dirty land
But no matter how clean they shave, they got them dirty hands
My story says what his-story doesn't
In the passage of my people they tried to murder all my cousins
They celebrate they Independence and ask us to forget how they
abused it
But we remind them everyday coming gangsta with this music