

# I Killed Hip Hop

JJ Demon

I killed hiphop, night of the living dead, a splitting head decision, the ribbon is getting red.  
We need to check what we're selling within the biz, if you're a skeleton you're not relevant with the kids.  
Embellishment's making a mess of your cranium, painting ancient history, Mesopotamia  
Audio Saudi Arabian automatic, switch over to cable, fix all the static  
Otherwise you rick-shaw the baggage and you carry it, you sold heroin to buy your car? It ain't a chariot.  
You guys are fuckin' hilarious, lemme tell ya. You love hustlin' so much, why don't you marry it?  
Grabbing Sagittarius, gripping him by the horns for those that live vicariously threw songs.  
Don't embarrass me, this ain't no parody rap charity, what we see's inherently different than what out parents see.  
Apparently I'm just glorifying a homicide, honestly, only the phony rappers were traumatized.  
You should have dropped 5 years ago, you're wack to me, under the bar songwriting is unsatisfactory.  
Don't bat a lash to me, salt water fishin' with a shark on the line, "Which way to the Walt Whitman?"  
You need to jump off of a bridge, CAUTION: This entertainers lifestyle resulted in the loss of his head! Fuck it.  
Toss him the cred, turn him into a martyr, put his face on a t-shirt, tell his youngins to come a little harder.  
...like rapping about killing makes your dead friends proud, what a dead end, WOW.  
I got out of jail in '09 for those crimes you can read about, came home and weeded out the people and the places,  
the things that were keeping me in the bracelets, still I gotta walk off 7 years of probation.  
Only murder these cliches, choking the game, got my finger on the pulse, I'm about to open the vein.  
Understand, you're inching this shit closer to the grave, kids around the world are ripping down your poster, it's a shame.  
Bleeding heart vulnerability, self guillotine, correctional facility silhouette.  
Rehabilitated and still the latest in party technology, all the scene girls are starting to acknowledge me.  
Halloween synthesizer dancing all over my record, this is like talking to an expert.  
Walking through a metal detector was a tell-tale back then, don't worry it's just my belt now.  
Barking at the hellhounds, dressing in Obey, Circa on my feet cuz my circle has no lames.  
Saying "I Killed HipHop" is either a bold claim, or just a good way to rekindle an old flame, WHATEVER.

Hands tied together with a blindfold on this is Goodbye Forever

.

The opposite direction from you opening your eyes, and your fear is like a casket, closing you inside.

All that braggadocio rapping and boasting is a lie, when you feel close to emotional you'll know I arrived.

Cyanide, every time you scribble it you die inside a little bit, just consider this your final diatribe...

...Really?

The kids want something with a little more feeling.

Sealing you up in the walls of your design.

If I killed HipHop, it needed to die.

"You're the reason why hiphop's dead." Really?

The kids want something with a little more feeling.

Sealing you up in the walls of your design.

If I killed HipHop, it needed to die.