

# A Page In Hip Hop's Diary

## Benefit

Gone and left me  
And I'm feelin' mighty low (x4)The current state of events has me depressed  
I used be accessed by the best  
But now the worst has me stressed  
And believe me friend there is no exaggeration  
I was created as a medium for poetic communication  
I was born in the US as an original culture  
I'm definitely art, but not a painting or a sculpture  
I used to be positive, now I'm suffering depression  
Way to much corruption in this poetic expression  
People used to love rockin' shows and it showed  
Once money was involved I traveled on a rocky road  
The love has left me  
Now I'm feeling awfully empty  
And the ones who abused me are driving off in a Bentley  
I'm thought to be ignorant by the mainstream  
'Cause misrepresentation and misconceptions remained seen  
All I want is for people to embrace me  
And if it doesn't happen I want the history books to erase me  
It's a shame that they use my name in vein often  
And it's because of me a few people are in a coffin  
As an individual I'm dastardly lonely  
I wish that somebody would actually master the ceremony  
Without being phony and coming with the real  
Instead of chasing all the money and ignoring the skill  
The love has definitely gone considerably  
So I'll let it be and simply drown in my miseryI'm feelin mighty low  
And I'm feelin mighty low(x4)I'm still sad  
I feel bad blatantly  
I can't watch TV without somebody raping me  
And it's tough to be constantly violated  
The return to my true state is what I've long awaited  
It's really not easy being in an exploited culture  
Everyone bites ideas like rode kill to vultures  
People have taken me so far from my essence  
Like going from being the kings men to the peasants  
Our presence is felt by the dedicated  
To all the rest is big business like federated  
I'm heart broken

But there is no need to start coping,  
I stopped coping a long time ago and I started choking  
On the tear drops that wouldn't stop fallen from my face  
'Cause it seems that i have no place, a fallen disgrace  
    All the love is lost  
    And what it cost to pay  
    To be tossed away  
    Like tea in the Boston bay lost today  
    But hopefully found tomorrow  
    I'd hate to go out and openly profound sorrow  
But that's the way it's headed and that's the fate I'm dreaded  
    And when I'm dead and gone give me my belated credit  
    I feel no reason to live  
    Why should I exist and get ignored and yet continue to give  
    All I want is for people to acknowledge me the respect  
    Signing off hip hop now solemnly reflect

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