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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