

# Telegram

## Saul Williams

I'm fallin' up flights of stairs  
Scrapin' myself from the sidewalk  
Jumpin' from rivers to bridges  
Drownin' in pure airHip hop is lyin' on the side of the road  
Half dead to itself  
Blood scrawled over its mangled flesh like jazz  
Stuffed into an over sized record bagTuba lips swollen beyond recognition  
Diamond-studded teeth strewn like rice at Karma's wedding  
The ring bearer bore bad news  
Minister of Information wrote the wrong proclamationAn' now everyone's singin' the wrong song  
Dissonant chords find necks like nooses  
That nigga kicked the chair from under my feet  
Harlem shakin' from a rope but still on beatDamn, that loop is tight  
That nigga found a way to sample the way the truth the light  
Can't wait to play myself at the party tonight  
Niggas are gonna dieCop car swerves to the side of the road  
Hip hop takes its last breath  
The cop scrawls vernacular manslaughter on a yellow pad  
Then balls the paper into his hand decidin' he'd rather freestyle"You have the right to remain silent"  
"You have the right to remain silent"  
An' maybe you should have, maybe you should have  
Before your bullshit manifestedThese thugs can't fuck with me, they're too thugged out  
Niggas think I'm bugged out 'cause I ain't Sean John or Lugged out  
This ain't hip hop no more, son, it's bigger than that  
This ain't ghetto no more, black, it's bigger than blackSo where my aliens at? Girl, we all illegal  
This system ain't for us, it's for rich people  
An' you ain't rich, dawg, you just got money  
But you can't buy shit to not get hungryTelegram to Hip Hop  
Dear Hip Hop, stop  
This shit has gone too far, stop  
Please see that turntables an' mixer are returned to Kool Herc, stopThe ghettos are dancin' off beat, stop  
The master of ceremonies have forgotten  
That they were once slaves and have neglected  
The occasion of this ceremony, stopPerhaps we should not have encouraged them  
To use cordless microphones  
For they have walked too far from the source  
An' are emittin' a lesser frequency, stopPlease inform all interested parties  
That cash nor murder have been included to list of elements, stop  
We are discontinuin' our line of braggadocio

In light of the current trend in 'Realness', stop  
As an alternative, we will be confiscatin' weed supplies  
An' replacin' them with magic mushrooms  
In hopes of helpin' niggas see beyond their reality, stop  
Give my regards to Brooklyn  
These thugs can't fuck with me, they're too thugged out  
Niggas think I'm bugged out 'cause I ain't Sean John or Lugged out  
This ain't hip hop no more, son, it's bigger than that  
This ain't ghetto no more, black, it's bigger than black  
So where my aliens at? Girl, we all illegal  
This system ain't for us, it's for rich people  
An' you ain't rich, dawg, you just got money  
But you can't buy shit to not get hungry  
These cats can't fuck with me, I purr purple  
Sold, increased, toe shell like a turtle  
I walk the streets like the lie that I'm tellin'  
One listener grips me and starts yellin'  
I see through speakers, I speak what's seen  
I eat and shed, I sleep and dream  
I walk the streets of London like, "Know what I mean?"  
An' chillin' rack a momma, eatin' crib soy beans  
It's like that

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