

Culture Podcast Transcript

Dave Chapelle Skit:

Yeah, sometimes you know, sometimes racism, it works out black people's favour, but it doesn't happen often times. Very rarely, but when it happens it is fucking sweet.

Yeah, serious time. Racism saved my life, man. I was, I was on a plane. Yeah, I was coming. I was coming from overseas and uh, I don't know how this guy got a machine gun on the plane, but he stood up, man, he said, everybody get on the fucking ground. Don't let nobody look at my face. Yeah. I started freaking out because he was Chinese. I was like, why is he talking like that?

It was screaming and crying. I was the only brother on the plane well I thought I was the only brother. I looked over. There was one other black dude. He was from Nigeria. I looked over at him and he was looking right in my face. Man. He didn't say two words to me, just looked at me. He was saying hmph!,

He didn't need to talk. I know. We're just, we're just talking about looking right back at him.

So on the front of planes people seen us and said, "Oh my gosh. I think those guys are going to try to save us. Yeah. I, we're just communicating. Totally understood the situation. We were both seeing the same thing. What we understood was simple. Terrorists don't take black hostages. I have yet to see one of us on the news reading the hostage letter. Yeah, um they is treating us good. Uh, we are chilling and shit. I like to give a shout out to ray ray. And big steve.. we're not going to see here.

Terrorists are smart. They know what they're doing that you know a terrorist. They know little black people's bad bargaining chips.

They called the White House. Hello? Hello.

J Cole "Neighbours":

I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope Yeah
the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope
Sellin' dope, sellin' dope, sellin' dope

I don't want no picture with the president
I just wanna talk to the man
Speak for the boys in the bando
And my nigga never walkin' again
Apologized if I'm harpin' again

I know these things happen often
But I'm back on the scene
I was lost in a dream as I write this
A teen down in Austin
I been buildin' me a house back home in the south Ma
Won't believe what it's costin'
And it's fit for a king, right?
Or a nigga that could sing
And explain all the pain that it cost him
My sixteen should've came with a coffin
Fuck the fame and the fortune, well, maybe not the fortune
But one thing is for sure though, the fame is exhaustin'
That's why I moved away, I needed privacy
Surrounded by the trees and Ivy League
Students that's recruited highly
Thinkin' you do you and I do me
Crib has got a big 'ol backyard
My niggas stand outside and pass cigars
Filled with marijuana, laughin' hard
Thankful that they friend's a platinum star
In the driveway there's no rapper cars
Just some shit to get from back and forth
Just some shit to get from back and forth
Welcome to the shelter, this is pure
We'll help you if you've felt too insecure
To be the star you always knew you were
Wait, I think police is at the door

Okay, the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope
Hm, I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope sellin' dope
The neighbors think I'm, neighbors think I'm
I think the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope (Don't follow me,
don't follow me)
I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope
Sellin' dope, sellin' dope, sellin' dope
Well motherfucker, I am

Some things you can't escape
Death, taxes, NRA
It's this society that make
Every nigga feel like a candidate
For a Trayvon kinda fate
Even when your crib sit on a lake
Even when your plaques hang on a wall
Even when the president jam your tape
Took a little break just to annotate
How I feel, damn it's late
I can't sleep 'cause I'm paranoid

Black in a white man territory
Cops bust in with the army guns
No evidence of the harm we done
Just a couple neighbors that assume we slang
Only time they see us we be on the news in chains, damn
Don't follow me, don't follow me
Don't follow me, don't follow me

Okay, the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope
I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope sellin' dope
The neighbors think I'm, neighbors think I'm
I think the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope (Don't follow me,
don't follow me)
I guess the neighbors think I'm sellin' dope, sellin' dope
Sellin' dope, sellin' dope, sellin' dope
Well motherfucker, I am

I am, I am, I am, I am
Well motherfucker I am

J Cole speaking at concert:

That song is called neighbours, now, I'm not just making a random song called fuck the neighbours. Why would I do that? That's fucking stupid. I wouldn't do that. Not for no reason. The neighbours is a cool fake relationship. I saw so I'm saying fucking maybe no reason. Some little fake relationship. What I mean. Relationship, career, fake smile and wave at me smiling. When you're right there you go inside the house, your mind, your own fucking business. And I mind my own business every day we got artists and producers in and out. Working. Niggas chasing their dreams. I'm here sleeping on air mattresses every day. Just trying to make this shit happen right? When we know some of the most positive shit in his house that you can ever make it musical vibrations, that maybe one thing they want you to get your mind off. Tell me why. Tell me why. Tell me why one day out the fucking blue, 15 fucking swat police officers wearing some ridiculous shit. I ain't never seen no shit like this. This shit was over the top. Have you ever played call of duty? The shit they was wearing New York City. I don't think Donald Trump's seen the shit that they had on. I don't know if he's approved this shit yet. Some shit they've been saving for isis. But they brought it to my house for some reason.

T.I. "We Will Not": 07:34

No we will not stand here in silence
While they take the lives of our brothers and sisters and partnas
We will not turn a blind eye to the murder with no repercussions

Oh no, we will not
We will not live on our knees, we will die on our feet
This ain't no lie that I speak
All you youngin's out here in the streets only wanna shoot
people who look like you
You can stay home, you too weak
Oh no, we will not go and repeat the mistakes of the past
Ignorin' the snakes in the grass
Payin' you cash
Still we pray and we fast
'Til one day that's your ass
We will not ask for no war
No-no-no-no-no-no, but we will be prepared for one
Hopin' not with a gun
With the unity, using the same shit you did to destroy me
We sick of the garbage you kickin' and teachin'
And lynchin' us, lockin' us up for no reason
And killin' us, no consequences, convictions, you serious?
Lyn' about what you show in the media
Assassinate all the leaders who leadin' us
Leave us with ones who misleadin' us
Then go and reward all the ones who mistreat us
And leave us in projects and give us these poisonous products
On top of narcotics to push to our sisters and brothers
Like them ain't our sisters and brothers
No we will not be run amuck, led astray
Or bamboozled, the buck'll be stoppin' today
See what happen when athletes'll no longer play for you
Tell them accountants to pray for you
On respect or just respect what that paper'll do
Look up, it too late for you
Droppin' you off
Turnin' them profits to loss
When we won't go shop in the mall
United we all, stuck in this bullshit together
Showin' these folk we just won't take whatever
Or else they just roll up and shoot up whatever
Just like they've been doin' forever
The niggas swear they hard be huffin' and puffin'
But ain't gon' do nothin'
The enemy try 'em
They wait behind enemy lines
Why you tryna be so friendly now?
Handle your business now
And we won't fear nothin' but judgement from God
Standin' there lookin' at me sayin' you ain't do nothin'
I bless you when you ain't invested in nothin'
Just kept up the cycle of death and destruction

Ignorin' your neighbor won't help him but helpin' yourself
Just like the devil himself, hmm
Promote all that fornication
All that baby makin', ain't no baby raisin'
For a generation
Now they trapped in systems cause incarceration
Was inevitable due to education
Substandard institution never cared
J's drop, buyin' every pair
Crack rock, crip, blood, all the 80
GDP and whatever else separate us
Hip-hop, king you finally made it
Your time to take it
Pass Martin Luther
All that money and you still blew it
Didn't save and you feel stupid
iTunes came and they bootleggin'
What you get for bein' hard headed
God damn nigga
Might as well gon' and go to hell nigga
Cause I tried as hard as I can nigga
I know you only a man but God damn nigga

Interviewer: 09:57 As an artist who does what people would consider offensive lyrics, what do you feel compelled at all to try and get with the program and and not use those lyrics?

50-Cent: 10:08 The program, let me get this right, right, right..

Are you familiar with politics and music is a mirror. Hip-Hop is a reflection of the environment that we grew up in. It's the harsh realities. They ended up in the music. If I asked you to paint a picture of the American flag and not use the color red, you're going to have a difficult time. You know, I understand it. I'm, I'm actually angry at some points when I'm confused or I don't have information. So again, I understand why I'm constantly being attacked on some levels, but you see T.I. anxious to answer the same question because he falls into the same category.

T.I.: 10:59 If I could, if I could.

Answer the same question. I think, you know, with 50 we're trying to put in the word without, you know, without, without losing his temper, is that like every, like it, it all starts at home. Are you a father?

You're not a father. I'm a father of five. OK. And my kids watch bet. They watch all kinds of videos. They watch movies, they

listen to music, they like 50, they like Lil Wayne, they like, you know, whomever you can mention, but when my children look at these, look at this tv and see these videos and listen to this music, I don't care how impressionable it is, they know they ain't going to have to deal with 50. They're going to have to deal with Daddy. You dig what I'm saying? And I think that's where it starts. I think that we look in to the rappers, athletes and actors to raise our children instead of doing it ourselves.

That's honestly what I've done. And I think that the fact that people are blaming hip hop,

You know, uh, when they really shouldn't be looking in the mirror and blaming themselves, you know, how much more time could I have been there for my child and things that I say come from the life that I used to live. And this is the, this is like you say, a harsh reality. It may be most of you are fortunate enough to not to have ever dealt with. You know what I'm saying? Most of the, I don't know what it's like the way, if you don't sell this bomb of dope, you ain't gonna have nothing to eat for the next three days. You know? Most of y'all don't know what their life is like.

50 Cent:

12:19

Feel this

America's got a thing for this gangsta's shit, they love me
Black Chucks, black skullies, leather Pelle-Pelle
I take spills over raymo shit, I'ma fan
Got through the silver duck tape on my trait old handle
The women on my life bring confusion shit
SO like Nino from New Jack, I'll have to cancel that bitch
Look at me, this is the life I chose
Niggaz around me so cold, man my heart dun froze up
I build an empire on the low the narc's don't know
I'm the weatherman, I take that coco leaf and make that snow
Sit back, watch it turn to dope, watch it go out the door
O after O, you know, homey I'm just triple beam, dreamin
Niggaz be schemin, I'm fiendin to live a good life
The fiends just fiendin
Conceal my weapon nice and easy so you can't see
The penitentiary is definitely out the question for me

I want the finer things in my life
So I hustle (hustle)
Nigga you get in my way when while I'm tryin to get mine
And I'll buck you (buck you)
I don't care who you run with, or where you from
Nigga fuck you (fuck you)

I want to find the thing thats in my life
So I hustle (hustle)

Kanye West: 13:28 We got this new thing called classism, racism, cousin. This is what we do to hold people back. This is what we do. And we got this other thing that's also been working for a long time, but you don't have to be racism anymore. It's called self hate. It works on self. It's like real estate of racism where just like that when someone comes up and says something like, I am a God. Everybody says, who does he think he is? But just told you who I thought I was just told you. That's who I am. Would have been better if I had a song and say I am a Nigga. Say I'm a gangster or have had a song that said I'm a pimp. All those colors in Patinas fit better on a person like me. Right?

Kanye West: 14:31 My momma was raised in the era when
Clean water was only served to the fairer skin
Doing clothes you would have thought I had help
But they wasn't satisfied unless I picked the cotton myself
You see it's broke nigga racism
That's that "Don't touch anything in the store"
And this rich nigga racism
That's that "Come in, please buy more
What you want, a Bentley? Fur coat? A diamond chain?
All you blacks want all the same things"
Used to only be niggas now everybody playing
Spending everything on Alexander Wang
New Slaves

You see there's leaders and there's followers
But I'd rather be a dick than a swallower

You see there's leaders and there's followers
But I'd rather be a dick than a swallower

I throw these Maybach keys
I wear my heart on the sleeve
I know that we the new slaves
I see the blood on the leaves
I see the blood on the leaves
I see the blood on the leaves
I know that we the new slaves
I see the blood on the leaves
They throwing hate at me
Want me to stay at ease
Fuck you and your corporation

Y'all niggas can't control me
I know that we the new slaves
I know that we the new slaves
I'm 'bout to wild the fuck out
I'm going Bobby Boucher
I know that pussy ain't free
You niggas pussy, ain't me
Y'all throwing contracts at me
You know that niggas can't read
Throw 'em some Maybach keys
Fuck it, c'est la vie
I know that we the new slaves
Y'all niggas can't fuck with me
Y'all niggas can't fuck with Ye
Y'all niggas can't fuck with Ye
I'll move my family out the country
So you can't see where I stay
So go and grab the reporters
So I can smash their recorders
See they'll confuse us with some bullshit
Like the New World Order
Meanwhile the DEA
Teamed up with the CCA
They tryna lock niggas up
They tryna make new slaves
See that's that privately owned prisons
Get your piece today
They prolly all in the Hamptons
Braggin' 'bout what they made
Fuck you and your Hampton house
I'll fuck your Hampton spouse
Came on her Hampton blouse
And in her Hampton mouth
Y'all 'bout to turn shit up
I'm 'bout to tear shit down
I'm 'bout to air shit out
Now what the fuck they gon' say now?

Tupac Shakur:

17:07

This world is such a. and when I say this world, I mean, I don't mean in an ideal sense. I mean in every day, every little thing you do is such a Gimme, Gimme, Gimme, everybody back off, you know, everybody's like, you're taught that from school everywhere. Big Bins. If you want to be successful, you want to be like trump, gimme, gimme, Gimme, push, push, push, push, step, step, step, crush, crush, crush. That's how it all is. And it's like nobody ever stopped, you know, I feel like instead of us just being like slavery's bad slavery's that bad yet bad yet. I mean let's stop that. And everybody's smart enough to know that. I

mean we've been slighted hours and I don't mean by like hours, 40 acres and a mule because we passed that. But we need help. I mean for us to be our own two feet.

So being in youth, meaning black people, whatever. You want to take your phone for us to be on her own two feet. We do need help because we have been here. We have been a good friend if you want to make it a relationship type thing. We had been there and now we deserve about payback. It's like you got a friend that you don't never look out for, you know, you dressed up in Jews now America's got Jews and they got paid and everything and they lending money to everybody except us and it's like, you know, everybody need a little help on their way to being self reliant. You know what I'm saying? That's the whole thing about the album, about the Special Olympics. Everybody need a little something and they to be independent. No independent person just grew up and was born independent. You worked and you learn team work and cooperation and unity and struggle and then you became independent and we have to teach that in the steel and why is it that they want to do that?

I mean, if this is truly a melting pot in the country will be cared about and lady liberty got her hand like this. She really loves. Then we really need to be like that and it needs to be the black kids. If there's a, a white person who got money, then you need to help him. He needed to help black kids, Mexican kids, Korean kids, whatever, but it needs to be real and it needs to be before we all die and then you say, Oh, I made a mistake. We should have gave them some money. We really should have helped these folks. It's going to be too late. You know what I'm saying? Then that's when you got to pay your own Karma and that's what God made you.

Tupac:

Speaker 9:

19:23

Come on come on
I see no changes wake up in the morning and I ask myself
Is life worth living should I blast myself?
I'm tired of bein' poor and even worse I'm black
My stomach hurts so I'm lookin' for a purse to snatch
Cops give a damn about a negro
Pull the trigger kill a nigga he's a hero
Give the crack to the kids who the hell cares
One less hungry mouth on the welfare
First ship 'em dope and let 'em deal the brothers
Give 'em guns step back watch 'em kill each other
It's time to fight back that's what Huey said

Two shots in the dark now Huey's dead
I got love for my brother but we can never go nowhere
Unless we share with each other
We gotta start makin' changes
Learn to see me as a brother instead of two distant strangers
And that's how it's supposed to be
How can the Devil take a brother if he's close to me?
I'd love to go back to when we played as kids
But things changed, and that's the way it is

That's just the way it is
Things will never be the same
That's just the way it is
Aww yeah

That's just the way it is
Things will never be the same
That's just the way it is
Aww yeah

I see no changes all I see is racist faces
Misplaced hate makes disgrace to races
We under I wonder what it takes to make this
One better place, let's erase the wasted
Take the evil out the people they'll be acting right
'Cause both black and white is smokin' crack tonight
And only time we chill is when we kill each other
It takes skill to be real, time to heal each other
And although it seems heaven sent
We ain't ready, to see a black President, uhh
It ain't a secret don't conceal the fact
The penitentiary's packed, and it's filled with blacks
But some things will never change
Try to show another way but you stayin' in the dope game
Now tell me what's a mother to do
Bein' real don't appeal to the brother in you
You gotta operate the easy way
"I made a G today" But you made it in a sleazy way
Sellin' crack to the kid. " I gotta get paid, "
Well hey, well that's the way it is

That's just the way it is
Things will never be the same
That's just the way it is
Aww yeah

Kendrick Lamar:

21:59

Gotata make a to change and accepting change. That's the hardest thing for me except to change and when I was on a tour

bus and things is having it back home in my city or in my family that I can't do nothing about is out of my control and you're putting an guys hands. I couldn't understand that and that can draw a thin line between you having your sanity and losing. And this, this is how artists deteriorate if you don't catch yourself. So these things happen in my release therapy is writing the music and this was one of the writers that came about and I said, um, I said to myself, I couldn't have this album without this record.

Kendrick Lamar:

{Screams}

Loving you is complicated, loving you is complicated
Loving you is complicated, loving you is complicated

I place blame on you still, place shame on you still
Feel like you ain't shit, feel like you don't feel
Confidence in yourself, breakin' on marble floors
Watchin' anonymous strangers, tellin' me that I'm yours
But you ain't shit, I'm convinced your tolerance nothin' special
What can I blame you for? Nigga, I can name several
Situations, I'll start with your little sister bakin'
A baby inside, just a teenager, where your patience?
Where was your antennas?
Where was the influence you speak of?
You preached in front of 100,000 but never reached her
I fuckin' tell you, you fuckin' failure—you ain't no leader!
I never liked you, forever despise you—I don't need you!
The world don't need you, don't let them deceive you
Numbers lie too, fuck your pride too, that's for dedication
Thought money would change you
Made you more complacent
I fuckin' hate you, I hope you embrace it
I swear—

Loving you is complicated, loving you is complicated
Loving you is complicated, loving you is complicated

Lovin' you, lovin' you, not lovin' you, 100° proof
(I can feel your vibe and recognize that you're ashamed of me
Yes, I hate you, too)

(Loving you ain't really complicated)
House keeping, house keeping
(What I got to do to get to you?)

You the reason why mama and them leavin'
No, you ain't shit, you say you love them
I know you don't mean it
I know you're irresponsible, selfish, in denial, can't help it
Your trials and tribulations a burden, everyone felt it
Everyone heard it, multiple shots, corners cryin' out
You was deserted, where was your antennas again?
Where was your presence?
Where was your support that you pretend?
You ain't no brother, you ain't no disciple
You ain't no friend
A friend never leave Compton for profit
Or leave his best friend, little brother
You promised you'd watch him before they shot him
Where was your antennas?
On the road, bottles and bitches
You FaceTimed him one time, that's unforgiving
You even FaceTimed instead of a hospital visit
Guess you thought he would recover well
Third surgery, they couldn't stop the bleeding for real
Then he died, God himself will say, "You fuckin' failed"
You ain't try

I know your secrets, nigga
Mood swings is frequent, nigga
I know depression is restin' on your heart for two reasons, nigga
I know you and a couple block boys ain't been speakin', nigga
Y'all damn near beefin', I see it and you're the reason, nigga
And if this bottle could talk—gulp—I cry myself to sleep
Bitch, everything is your fault
Faults breakin' to pieces, earthquakes on every weekend
Because you shook as soon as you knew confinement was
needed
I know your secrets, don't let me tell them to the world
About that shit you thinkin'
And that time you—gulp—I'm 'bout to hurl
I'm fucked up, but I ain't as fucked up as you
You just can't get right, I think your heart made of bullet proof