PSA FOR WHITE AMERICAN MEN WHO LISTEN TO HIP HOP

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Maybe deep down we're still afraid of our tongues making love to the wrong fountain. How race reverts our mouths to cotton. We respect poetic justice, even though it's a sorry knock-off for the real Holyfield. The truth is when we fuck with black culture, we don't go back. We co-opted blues, the duality of Hughes, beloop, hip hop. Can't stop? Won't stop. If only royalties doubled as reparations. Of course, we'd have to turn blind eves to our finest Rineharts, men who are, at best, both slim and shadu, mackle and moor. We can slam the Grammy's for advancing our tribe called white, vet we never mind the gap between suburban urban album sales and empathy. What's cooler than ice cold? The mysterious case of our inherited headphones, which for some reason weren't engineered for lows so low. When we're told to throw our hands in the air and wave them like we just don't care, we miss the simile. Chuck D got it twisted. Hip hop should be every American's CNN. Our ears should burn like the South Bronx in '77 when Biggie Smalls says the streets is a short stop, either you slinging crack rock or you got a wicked jump shot, when Nas says judges hanging niggas, incorrect bails for direct sales, when Vince Staples, a toddler the day Pac got popped, says as a kid, all I wanted was to kill a man, be like my daddy's friends. We can't forget rap is a call and response. We as white men should be hype men, twirling our towels like the blades on Obama's chopper, reinforcing the rhymes like line breaks, without remixing the sentiment, fronting and grunting, my family had it rough or race is a social construct or why can Nas drop n-bombs but not me? No letting our skin be thin as our women.

All this off-color obfuscating is masturbating into a megaphone. Ask Weezy, real Gs move in silence like lasagna. Don't be Pino and stress the I in Italian. Knowledge of self is equal parts knowledge of not-self. If you want to do the right thing, just say word. Bond.