"REWRITING SURVIVAL STRATEGIES": HIP HOP, SAMPLING, AND REENACTMENT

By

Destiny O. Birdsong

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Professor Lynn Enterline

For Swole Bowl and Shorty Doo, who make life almost too wonderful to be true

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Introduction: Reenactment in African American Art

According to R. G. Collingwood, the historian does far more than simply present a series of facts to his audience. Such an individual actually "re-enacts past thought...within the context of his *own* knowledge and therefore, in reenacting it, criticizes it, forms his *own* judgment of its value, [and] *corrects* whatever errors he can discern in it" [my emphasis] (215). And, instead of such subjectivity being an abomination of "true" history, or an assault on the annals of documented record and accepted fact, it is, as Collingwood calls it, an "indispensable condition of the historical knowledge itself" (215). This groundbreaking re-assessment of what history is and what historians are supposed to do has recently opened up the field to all kinds of opportunities for scholars to reenact, critique, and revise historical record, but, more exciting, it has forced many of them to ask questions like: What is history? And who is a historian? Ian Balfour and Jonathan Lamb have taken such questions and forged powerful new inroads between the oftentimes-contentious genres of history and memory, but I would argue that such questions have long been the focus of scholars of African American history, culture, and literature. In fact, in 1979, in the midst of an international resurgence of interest in black history, John Blassingame (who, despite his death more than seven years ago, remains one of the preeminent voices in the field) wrote that the story of the past—indeed, all history, if it is any good—is a composite of tallies and testimonies, narratives and "known" facts (490; 492). Thus, according to Blassingame, in order to gain a more panoramic view of the past, the subjectivity that Collingwood seems to embrace as an essentiality of history is exactly that: complementary, but, more important, necessary. However, what most interests me is that Blassingame, a scholar of

slave testimony who was decades and continents removed from Collingwood's lectures, was using similar theories to legitimize the study of black autobiography; a form of self-fashioning that has, since the antebellum slave narrative, been essentially subjective about history, and is, at its core, a hybrid of "truths": of abolitionist endorsement and lurid exposé, of Protestant reform narrative and African oral epic. In short, Blassingame identified a genre of literature, of historical analysis, of art, that was putting Collingwood's theories about history into practice long before the recent interest in historical subjectivity and reenactment surfaced.

Though it is important to note that, as Blassingame's copious work in the genre has proved, the African American slave narrative—a text that Houston Baker calls the *locus classicus* of African American literature[1]—continues to be a rich source for the study of history, reenactment, and testimonial subjectivity, I would argue that there is also a burgeoning genre of black narrative that extends the work of its literary predecessor, but in a new medium. This genre is hip hop music. While the slave narrative once served as a unique reenactment of Anglo-American art—mimicking the religiosity of the Protestant conversion narrative, but also subtly challenging the mores of the society that created such narratives by discrediting widespread misconceptions about black inferiority—I would argue that hip hop has since replaced it as the foremost deliberate alteration of mainstream art forms in the black community. This change most likely began during the Harlem Renaissance, when poets like Langston Hughes and Sterling Brown began to experiment with the new rhythms of jazz and poetic form (Henderson 50); however, according to Houston Baker, it was during the Civil Rights era

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[1]See Baker's Blues Ideology and Afro-American Literature: A Vernacular Theory (Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1984), 31.

that "songs became the expressive mode in which the struggle [for black equality] attracted the voices of the young across the nation [.... S]ongs were the preludes and spurs to committed action in the streets, towns, and cities across the American South" ("Critical Memory" 278). And I would argue that hip hop's rise to prominence in the 1970s and 1980s is a result of this fact. Indeed, during the 1960s *music* became the mobilizing tool in the hands of Civil Rights activists; hymns and spirituals sung during marches and other protests spoke of the same community solidarity, social determination, and perseverance against racism that the black narrative once did. However, over time, as artists like Nikki Giovanni and Larry Neal began to use them in the spoken-word poetry of the Black Arts Movement, such songs also began to represent the unfiltered frustration, determination, and rebellious commitment to revolution that many slave narratives and early twentieth-century African American art either could not or would not do (Henderson 49-50). Furthermore, their marriage to the spoken word also created poetry with a vibrant new sound; poetry that, when *reunited* with background music or with bits of pre-recorded songs, would ultimately become the genre of music that is today known as hip hop.

And indeed, over the decades, as black music and poetry have come of age in the post-Reganomic era of urban decay, their voices have become more distinctive, and, unlike slave narratives, more eager to define themselves *against* mainstream expectations about the representation of the socio-cultural self. However, despite this evolution and black art's subsequent marked difference from slave narratives, hip hop music is one black art form that continues to reenact, judge, and critique both history and present-day culture by using bits of pre-recorded music as an intricate part of its incisive social

commentary. Ironically, however, it is this very practice that has often threatened to discredit the art form itself; thus, it is important to review the birth of hip hop, and the ways in which its artists have come to deliberately use reenactment to redefine autobiography, originality, and aesthetic beauty.

The Roots of Sampling in Hip Hop

Since its inception in the late 1970s, African American rap music—also known as hip-hop[2]—has been dismissed for what many critics consider its unoriginal, parasitic nature. This longstanding accusation may be due, in part, to the way in which this genre of music began. In the late 1970s, disc jockeys at clubs along the East Coast began to experiment with the records they normally played for patrons. The disc jockey—who is most commonly referred to as a deejay—played certain parts of popular songs, while a master of ceremonies—an MC—urged people to dance, (Schloss 2). However, as time progressed, MCs expanded their roles in these musical collaborations, incorporating elaborate rhyme schemes, riddles, and complex narratives to their dialogues with the music. This spoken-word accompaniment soon became known as "rap": a term long used in African American dialect to refer to street conversations or other forms of casual discourse ("Rap" def. n1. 5b). Although the lyrical origins of these "raps" go back to the black poets of the 1960's Black Arts Movement, to the blues singers and jazz musicians of the 1920s and '30s, and even to traditional African oral historians called *griots*, the accompanying art of "sampling"—borrowing composed music, voices, and/or beats from

[2] The twin terms "rap" and "hip-hop" are often used interchangeably among rappers, listeners, and critics to refer to the music that will be discussed in this paper (and I will do the same), but it is important to note that hip-hop is also metonymic with the culture that surrounds the music itself.

pre-existing records to serve as a backdrop for songs—was a relatively new phenomenon, one that was considered by some to be highly plagiaristic (Dyson 61; 67).

Despite such accusations, however, many scholars argue that hip hop music is much more than authentic art—in fact, it is the ultimate form of post-modern art, or, as Michael Eric Dyson calls it, "modernis[t art] in drag" (*Reader* 437). Although, in 1919, when T. S. Eliot (arguably one of the most prolific "samplers" in English literature) wrote that "if we approach the poet without this prejudice [that his work must be different from his predecessors] we shall often find that not only the best, but the most individual parts of his work may be those in which the dead poets ...assert their immortality most vigorously" (367), one can hardly imagine that he was thinking ahead to contemporary "poets" like Tupac Shakur and Jay-Z; however, his words certainly ring true for them. Indeed, with its basis in the referential, and with its artists' tendencies to incorporate allusion, quotation, fragmentation and analyses of the past as part of their assessments of the present, hip hop music is the essence of art according to Eliot's modernist criteria. Furthermore, outside appropriation in hip hop music has often served, not as a brazen attempt to steal from and capitalize on the work other artists, but as a means to enhance the message of the art being created by the deejays, rappers, and record producers who people its industry. Indeed, in earlier forms of rap music, artists often borrowed parts of songs from traditionally-black musical traditions like spirituals, gospel, jazz, and the blues, and such sampling deliberately paid homage to those genres' singers and musicians, who those in hip hop considered to be their cultural and artistic ancestors. Additionally, hip hop's early artists sincerely believed that, by openly embracing music legends like Bessie Smith, Miles Davis, Diana Ross, the rock band *Chic*, and many

others, they could promote a sense of cultural pride throughout the black community that was much needed after the social turbulence of the 1960s.

But, as time passed, a newer and far more controversial phenomenon began to take place in hip hop music, one that has arguably received even more criticism than the original borrowing from black music. The sampling of parts of songs from white artists has recently become the justification for many to dismiss hip hop as inauthentic "vampirism" (Dyson *Reader* 308). However, I would argue that, like the sampling of black music that preceded it, it too has created a fascinating level of social commentary that pays homage to its ancestors by hearkening back to the techniques of slave autobiographers of long ago, but it also addresses white art through a black medium in fascinatingly fresh ways. Indeed, there is a unique kind of cultural dialogue that occurs when an artist takes an American song that is iconic in mainstream culture, and makes it the backdrop for a piece that speaks to a current social problem in specific cultural communities, especially those that are a part of African America. Such "reenacting" is most interesting to me because it literalizes and continues the process of self-definition, self-incorporation, and self-preservation that W.E.B. DuBois identifies as a longstanding part of the "double-consciousness" of the African American (2). In the same way that black artists often sample white music, narrating tales of poverty, drug addiction, police brutality, and gang violence over the soundtracks of popular culture, creating unique amalgamations of artistic expression, so too have African Americans long worked to define themselves both within and against the predominant American culture while simultaneously molding themselves into what DuBois calls "better and truer sel[ves]": individuals who are viable contributors to American society, but who also maintain ties to

their individual communities (2). Although this act of cultural tightrope-walking is the story of nearly every ethnic group in America, the binary opposites of black and white—the cultures that the economics of slavery and the system of racial oppression have attempted to keep apart for more that four centuries—when melded together in the form of artistic expression, demonstrate a fascinating form of musical—and cultural—re-appropriation that that I would argue is unique in comparison to current forms of reenactment. Not only does sampling in hip-hop illustrate the ongoing struggle of "double consciousness" that remains an issue in the black community, it also allows scholars to begin to discuss the ways in which reenactment can work as both cultural memorial and cultural agent. Through reenacting certain songs, and making them the soundtrack of one group of the underclass, sampling illustrates how reenactment can teach us both new ways to memorialize the past, as well as better ways to begin the kinds of conversations that can change the problems of the present.

My Proposed Argument

However, although this thesis will focus solely on African American rap music composed over the past decade (1996-2006), it is important to note that hip hop has become a part of global culture—today's rappers are as artistically, culturally, and nationally diverse as the world itself. Nevertheless, I chose to focus on black artists because the genre of hip-hop rose out of a very critical moment in the black community, one wherein African Americans had tasted, but were not yet reaping the fruits of the Civil Rights Movement and national desegregation. Furthermore, despite the influx of non-black artists—white rappers like Eminem and Paul Wall, Latin American artists like

Pitbull and Daddy Yanki, and many others—hip-hop remains rooted in and committed to what Richard Shusterman calls "the black urban ghetto and its culture" (462). Indeed, African American artists continue to use rap music as a medium through which they can voice ongoing concerns about the black underclass. And, although recent developments in the subgenres of hip hop—like the rise in "crunk" music, a form of rap that generally focuses on flaunting one's material wealth, partying, and maintaining one's elevated social status—have led even some of its strongest supporters to dismiss it as merely "simpleminded loops of beats" stolen from familiar, though not socio-culturally significant songs (George 95), artists continue to use rap music and the art of sampling to make incisive observations about the world around them, both past and present. In fact, one could create endless categories for hip-hop's myriad themes and "messages," but, in my own experience as an avid listener to rap music (though by no means an expert), I have identified three major themes connected to reenactment, ones that, due to their continual resurfacing in the messages latent in the sampling of various rap songs, deserve special attention. They include: the re-appropriation of themes of popular songs in order to expose of the current conditions of ghetto life; the referential use of traditional pop lyrics in an effort to revise the tale of "The American Dream" (oftentimes done in order to include the stories of the "rises to power" of the rap artist himself); and the use of older songs to underscore intra-cultural critiques of the black community itself. Though these categories are in no way mutually exclusive—songs may often fit into one, two, or all three categories—their ongoing recurrence in the discourse of both rap music and the culture that surrounds it implores a careful examination of the intricacies of each. In this thesis, I will do so using three songs written, produced, and released over the past decade:

Tupac Shakur's posthumously-released 1998 single titled "Changes," which is a semi-autobiographical tale of black life in urban America (recorded shortly before his death in 1996); Jay-Z's 2002 "I Did It My Way," which chronicles his rags-to-riches rise to hip hop royalty; and Lupe Fiasco's recently-released "Daydreamin'" (September 2006), which is an eloquent mixture of an incisive portrait of "ghetto life," an indictment of mainstream America for its seeming ambivalence to that life, and, most important, an uninhibited critique of the black community's emerging hedonistic materialism. In each song, the artists rely on the irony of the sampled selection to reinforce the urgency of their messages, thus using reenactment as both a re-visioning of the artistic merits of the borrowed texts as well as a call for national redress of some of America's most egregious and longstanding social ills.

Tupac Shakur's "Changes"

As an actor, poet, convicted felon, and unapologetic spokesperson for social revolution, the rapper Tupac Shakur was as notorious for his controversial lifestyle as he was noted for his music. As a self-proclaimed "ambassador" for African Americans, Shakur was intensely concerned with the economic conditions of black people in urban ghettoes across the country. And, as a young boy who was shuttled from one housing project to another for most of his childhood, he was a perceptive eyewitness to the atrocities that were common in inner-city life. "If there's one thing we have in common as black people, it's that we share poverty," says Tupac in a self-narrated biographical tribute titled *Tupac: Resurrection (In His Own Words).* Indeed, Shakur's lyrics are often riddled with childhood memories of hunger, living in tenements without electricity or

proper sanitation, and the early knowledge of the fact that his family, friends, and neighbors shared the same unbearable quality of life. As a result, Tupac was determined to use what he had seen to create art that spoke of the horror of ghetto life. And, by selecting originally innocuous pop songs to use as backdrops for his shocking narratives, Shakur was voicing what he called a "battle cry" to white America. The melodic sampled tracks, when contrasted against the stories of crime, drug-abuse, poverty, and violence, serve as literal wake-up calls to a still-slumbering mainstream society, ones that were cleverly couched in what were originally carefree melodies taken from songs written by famous white artists (usually in the 1980s, during Shakur's childhood). Such careful aesthetic amalgamation is a hallmark of Tupac Shakur's music, but nowhere is it more eloquent than in his 1998 single titled "Changes."

"Changes,"[3] a song that addresses many of the recurrent themes in Tupac's music, is a sample of Bruce Hornsby and The Range's 1986 hit titled "The Way It Is."[4] In the original version, Hornsby gently laments society's callous disregard of the poor and the Civil Rights legislature's failure to create true equality, which is most prevalent in job discrimination. Hornsby's chorus, which reads "That's just the way it is/Some things will never change/That's just the way it is/But dont you believe them"[5] is an admonishment urging individuals to abandon passivity; however, it stops short of advocating any major social change. Though both songs are thematically similar—Tupac also laments the lack of major social change for blacks since the 1960s—Shakur's version, which samples the instrumental component and the single line "That's just the

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[3] Shakur, Tupac feat. Bruce Hornsby and the Range. "Changes." Rec. 1996. *Greatest Hits.* Amaru/Death Row/Interscope, 1998.
[4] Hornsby, Bruce. "The Way It Is." Perf. Bruce Hornsby that the Range. *The Way it Is.* RCA, 1986.
[5] Hornsby, "The Way It Is."

way it is," is far more incindiary. Even his choice of the diametrically-opposed title "Changes" seems like an intentional call for America to discard its history of slow-moving action and carcastic acceptance of the status quo that Hornsby's title alludes to. And, while the original version of the song opens with the relatively peaceful scene of "the welfare line"—which suggests that, although those waiting for assistance are poor, aid is forthcoming—Shakur's portrait opens with the early-morning thoughts of a poor African American youth: "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."[6] Such uncensored thoughts take the listener much further into the personal lives of the destitute, and give a rationalization for the necessary criminal activity that often stigmatizes young black men. Thus, while Hornsby is merely giving an extrinsic view of the underclass, Shakur responds to his ballad by agreeing with him—"I see no changes"—but he also provides a first-person account of a nationally-ignored problem. Such exposure "reenacts" Hornsby's message, but gives it a newer, far more revealing poignancy.

As the song progresses, the disparities between the original and revised versions continue to play off of one another. While Hornsby alludes to the failure of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, Shakur points out the fact that black individuals were also fighting for equal rights during that time, but their attempts were either ignored, or murderously stopped by the government. Huey Newton was a Black Panther and community activist who advocated a radical approach to procuring equal rights, one whose violent sense of urgency contradicted the sea change taking place in contemporary legislature. Shakur memorializes Newton in this song, remarking that Huey's message of "It's time to fight

[6] Shakur, "Changes."

back," was powerful, but was one that abruptly ended with "two shots in the dark"—a line that may simply allude to the unknown identity of his killer, but its placement right after the reference to his politics could also be read as a subtle suggestion that Newton's mysterious death was orchestrated by individuals who were afraid of his potentially-revolutionary advocacy.[7] Such violence during the Civil Rights movement was a dangerous reality, one that Hornsby's song merely skirts with tales of segregation and racist thinking. However, Shakur seems to recall Hornsby's cultural tact merely to discard it, and chooses to use his music in order to usurp the singer's history lesson by discussing the much bloodier confrontations between blacks and whites living in the 1960s.

Additionally, in "The Way It Is," Hornsby's portrait of a young boy who must learn the intricacies of segregation early in life is condensed in the ironically-innocuous lines: "They say hey little boy you can't go/Where the others go/cause you don't look like they do."[8] However, in "Changes," Shakur is coldly dismissive of the simplicity of such an explanation, remarking that, although a return to the simplicity of childhood would indeed be wonderful, it is also impossible: "I'd love to go back to when we played as kids/but things changed, and that's the way it is."[9] Again, this statement is just the opposite of Hornsby's calm disapproval, but it also does something unique with Hornsby's title line: "That's the way it is." While Hornsby uses it sarcastically, Shakur inverts its directive, referring instead to the inability to go back to simpler times, to an era before young black children were scarred—hardened, ruined by poverty, hunger, police brutality, and the constant exposure to drug dealers and addicts. While Hornsby is

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[7] Ibid.
[8] Hornsby, "The Way It Is."
[9] Shakur, "Changes."

sarcastic about the disregard of social problems, Shakur is sardonic about the simplicity of such a treatment. He seems to suggest that, although it would be good to simply "not believe" that things will remain as they are, such deliberate blindness is impossible, and one must address such problems with much more action that Hornsby's song allows. During the bridge of "Changes," Shakur reiterates this message by saying: "You see, the old way wasn't working so it's on us to do/what we gotta do, to survive."[10] Thus, by using an older pop song that laments the current conditions of America's underclass, Tupac appeals to cultural memory, but he also revises the message of the same song, rallying for national change by urging individuals to take a more active role in making it happen.

As is the case in the body of Tupac Shakur's music, one of the ongoing themes in contemporary rap is the struggle to survive the economic hardship that accompanies being a member of the black underclass, a fight for survival that is often done without help from the population at large. In "Changes," the lines "It's war on the streets and a war in the Middle East ./Instead of war on poverty they got a war on drugs/so the police can bother me,"[11] Shakur points out some of America's most egregiously misplaced priorities, arguing that, while American soldiers are fighting wars abroad, and police officers are obsessed with the "war on drugs," people are starving, and no one seems eager to rally for that cause. Again, by describing public apathy in the face of widespread human suffering, Tupac Shakur critiques the gentle reproves of individuals who react to such issues in the same way that Bruce Hornsby's song does. He seems to, throughout "Changes," advocate active resistance to oppression (near the end of the song, he warns

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[10] Ibid.
[11] Ibid.

the underclass not to "let 'em jack you up, back you up,/crack you up and pimp smack you up"[12]) by specifically responding to both the lyrics and the tone of his sampled song's assessment of history. However, he also exposes the realities of ghetto life, and uses this exposure to galvanize individuals both within and outside the community to action. But, what is most innovative about this particular song is that Shakur uses a sample of a formerly-popular song to enter into a conversation with the past, to illustrate the desperation of his community, and to voice the need for those who have power to discard their mild tactics and work towards real change.

Jay-Z's "I Did It My Way"

Indeed, Tupac Shakur repeatedly alludes to the realities of public apathy and individual desperation in "Changes," remarking how some individuals resort to selling drugs simply because they "have to get paid", while he himself has never done a crime he "didn't have to do."[13] Indeed, such images of hopelessness and poverty-induced crime seem ubiquitous in rap music, and have led many listeners and critics to accuse artists of glorifying such lifestyles instead of warning other individuals against them (*Resurrection*). However, I would argue that, more often than not, such tales are often parts of meta-narratives that also include the success stories of many rappers whose artistry has allowed them to leave their criminal pasts behind. Such is the case of Jay-Z (a pseudonym for rap artist Sean C. Carter), whose slew of multi-platinum albums, compounded with a host of past and present positions—including his current position as president and CEO of Def Jam Records (one of the most powerful record labels in the

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[12] Ibid.
[13] Ibid.

country); his former job as co-owner of Roc-A-Fella Records, his current co-ownership of the 40/40 Club (a trendy nightspot in New York City); and new co-ownership of the New Jersey Nets—all attest to his success as both a rap artist and a hip-hop entrepreneur ("Jay-Z"). However, in a genre of music where financial success and artistic merit are not always contingent, Jay-Z has also maintained a reputation as a first-rate MC, a title which is hard to keep in a business where image and catering to marketplace demands often takes precedence over art. Although the eloquence of his lyrics is often astonishing, I would argue that one of his most valuable talents is—for lack of a better term—the ability to recognize a good beat. Jay-Z's first major commercial success—the 1998 single titled "Hard Knocks Life"—sampled the chorus of the song by the same name from the Broadway musical "Annie," and immediately propelled the then-new artist to the forefront of rap music.[14] I would argue that what was most interesting about this song was its ability to appeal to a wide range of music-lovers. Its iconic chorus made it extremely popular among mainstream audiences, but its gritty tale about Jay-Z's truly "hard knocks" life as a drug-dealer in his native Brooklyn, New York appealed to hip-hop aficionados who had become accustomed to hearing such stories told through rap music. In that particular single, Jay-Z managed to do what few artists before him had done: sample a song that was completely distant from the culture of hip-hop and garner millions of new fans, yet, at the same time, keep his former traditionally-hip-hop-loving fan base satisfied.

Since the release of that particular single nearly a decade ago, Jay-Z has experimented with sampling from a wide variety of musical genres, including gospel,

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[14] Jay-Z. "The *Playboy* Interview with Rob Tannenbaum." *Playboy Magazine Online.* April 2003. 2 December 2006. <http://www.playboy.com/magazine/interview_archive/jay-z.>.

jazz, classical, blues, and rock-and-roll—all to the delight of fans from various socio-economic, religious, and cultural backgrounds. As a result, his music has made him both extremely powerful in the music industry, and extremely rich. On the 2002 album titled The Blueprint II—which was supposed to be one of his last—Jay-Z includes a personal retrospective titled "I Did It My Way,"[15] a song that samples the iconic song "My Way,' which was performed by both Paul Anka (who wrote the English lyrics for the formerly French ballad), and Frank Sinatra, for whom it would serve as the signature song for his career ("Paul Anka"). Like "Hard Knocks Life," "I Did It My Way" samples a song that alludes to both the subject matter of the lyrics dubbed over it, as well as the mainstream culture that African Americans like Jay-Z often feel isolated from, a culture that may arguably be to blame for the difficult lives that many rappers lead before achieving stardom. On this particular track, the rap artist uses both of these powerful allusions to create a thematically complex musical autobiography.

The most interesting thing about "I Did It My Way" is the fact that, although the song is today synonymous with Frank Sinatra and his illustrious career, Jay-Z decides to sample Paul Anka's version, which, although it is as beautiful as Sinatra's, is much less popular. Although monetary issues may have played a large part in this choice (buying the rights to use Sinatra's voice on a record were undoubtedly much more expensive than the price for Anka's), the decision to use the song's composer, a Lebanese-Canadian who became a naturalized citizen of the United States in 1990, is exceptionally fitting ("Paul Anka"). By doing so, Jay-Z is paying homage to another minority who has truly achieved the "American Dream" (wealth, popularity, success, and citizenship), yet the

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[15] Jay-Z feat. Paul Anka. "I Did It My Way." *The Blueprint 2: The Gift and the Curse.* Roc-A-Fella/Island Def Jam, 2002.

song's iconic status due to its link to one of America's most famous balladeers still evokes popular cultural memory. Even though it is Anka's voice crooning in the background of his single, Jay-Z himself also alludes to the Rat Pack in his lyrics, calling himself Sinatra while referring to his then fellow record-label owners—Damon Dash and Kareem "Biggs" Burke—as Sammie Davis, Jr., and Dean Martin, respectively.[16] However, despite the ingeniously subtle double commentary latent in his unique choice of the song's version, its most significant messages lie in Jay-Z's ability to enter into a conversation with the song's lyrics as well as its iconography throughout his eloquent verses.

The beginning of Jay-Z's "I Did It My Way" opens with Paul Anka's melodious voice singing the following lines: "And now, the end is near/And so I face the final curtain./My friends, I'll say it clear,/I'll state my case, of which Im certain/I've lived a life that's full/I've traveled each and evry highway;/And more, much more than this,/I did it my way."[17] However, interspersed through these lyrics is the voice of Jay-Z describing his old life as both a poor boy whose mother had to work unbearably hard to purchase clothes and shoes for her children, and detailing his new life as a hip-hop icon: "I'm goin to Japan tomorrow!" quips the rapper. "You understand what I'm sayin? Can you believe that? They have people, waitin at the airport like five days like I'm a Beatle or somethin! [...] Seen the best of the best, the worst of the worst [and I'm] still here."[18] In these lines, Jay-Z literally responds to Anka's lyrics: by chronicling his rise from life as a boy whose mother could barely afford decent clothing, to being revered like the Beatles (whose

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[16] Jay-Z, "I Did It My Way."
[17] Anka, Paul, Charles François and Jacques Revaux. "My Way." Perf. Paul Anka. *Music My Way.* American Broadcasting Company. 25 April 1977.
[18] Jay-Z, "I Did It My Way."

iconic status evokes a cultural memory all its own). Indeed, his interspersed comments illustrate that he has truly “lived a life that’s full” and “traveled each and every highway”—including those that were not as scenic as the one he seems to be traversing now. Thus, between the lyrics of this “all-American” song, Jay-Z begins a truly “American” story of a rise from poor obscurity to powerful popularity.

In the opening lyrics, Jay-Z elaborates on this story, calling himself a “gangsta nigga” who “put [his] hustle down” and “tore the game up” as well as “tore down the door down to the Hall of Fame.”[19] These lines detail his decision to give up a life as a drug dealer and his ability to use the stories from that life to “tear” down the cultural barriers that often separate “white,” and/ or “Hall of Fame”-worthy music from its lesser-respected hip hop counterpart—something that few rap artists since the Beastie Boys and Run-DMC had been able to do (although hip-hop’s rising popularity in recent years has indeed made it a global cultural commodity, and immensely popular among music lovers around the world). Additionally, his reference to success in “the game” refers to his popularity in the hip-hop “game”: the community of hip-hop artists whose popularity among fans usually gives them a “superstar” status. Thus, through his bilateral popularity in both hip-hop and mainstream music, Jay-Z, like the lyrics in the sampled song, has indeed done it his way.

However, in subsequent lines, Jay-Z reveals that, despite his immense personal success, he is still, in some ways, a cultural outsider. In the lines “Grandma's favorite, she could not understand/how there's people in the world who wouldn't want me as a neighbor./Had to explain to her, you think these folks want me in the penthouse/as a

[19] Ibid.

reminder that I make top paper?",[20] the artist seems to alludes to a unique form of upper-class housing discrimination, wherein "penthouse" inhabitants refuse to let the rapper live close to them, since they are jealous—if not disturbed—of seeing the fruits of his success. Such an admission seems like a touching reminder of the fact that, despite all of the best efforts, some individuals may never be able to fully live out the "American Dream"—not simply because they do not have the ambition, but because America has not accepted them as individuals who have the right to do all things "their way."

Nevertheless, despite this poignant reminder of the continuing outsider status of even the wealthiest and most powerful African Americans, Jay-Z quickly returns to his original subject, proudly detailing his struggle for prosperity. In the lines "Black entrepreneur, nobody did us no favors/Nobody gave us shit, we made us"[21], the artist continues to point out the racism implicit in the previous lines about his exclusion from the penthouse, but only a few lines later, he quips, "But that's alright, cause they knew they had to see us/When it was time for us to re-up, make us multi-millionaires."[22] Typical of the bravado of the original song, Jay-Z admits to the hardships of rising to power as a formerly-poor African American, but he still applauds his own ability to become successful, despite the fact that few if any people helped to make it happen. Thus, it seems that Jay-Z's lyrics better embody the original song than its own. Without resources, support, or help from outside, he has still managed to prosper; thus, he has done so alone, following his own "way", since no one else has opened any doors for him.

By sampling a song as iconic as "My Way," Jay-Z both lyrically inserts himself into a tradition and a culture by responding to its lyrics with his own tale of struggle and

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[20] Ibid.
[21] Ibid.
[22] Ibid.

triumph, but he also, like Shakur, highlights the continued struggles of many blacks to overcome poverty—struggles that are often ignored if not completely hindered—by those outside. Thus, through the eloquent amalgamation of rap lyrics with an American cultural classic, Jay-Z is honoring the success stories of individuals like himself, but he is also addressing the still-prevalent racism that often makes such success elusive to so many. Although he himself has become powerful enough to literally rewrite the recipe for the "American Dream", he repeatedly reminds his listeners that the dream has not been re-written enough to include many others like himself.

Lupe Fiasco's "Daydreamin'"

Although he is a relative newcomer to hip-hop music, Lupe Fiasco—unlike Jay-Z—does not yet have a success story to tell; however, he still has plenty to say, and most of it is about the culture that surrounds his art: "The music business, hip-hop in particular, thrives on negativity," remarked Fiasco in a recent interview with *The Village Voice.*[23] "People will be in the hood with their gun and their chain [jewelry], and they're out there because Jeezy [a rap artist] made it cool to hustle [sell drugs] and it motivates you to hustle and to shoot someone [...] Hip-hop needs to stop for about a month and do a nice inventory, a nice overall of itself and look and see what it's actually affected to see how to proceed."[24] Indeed, Fiasco feels that the direction in which hip-hop music is going is having a negative effect on the community, and his recent single titled "Daydreamin'" is an incisive critique of rap music's failure to recognize its own impact on the cultural community that it was originally created to serve. However, what is most

[23] Fiasco, Lupe. "Status Ain't Hood Interviews Lupe Fiasco [Interview by Tom Breihan]." *The Village Voice.* 4 October 2006. 2 December 2006. <http://www.villagevoice.com/blogs/statusainthood/archives>.
[24] Fiasco, "Status Ain't Hood."

ironic about this song is that its chorus, which is a direct sample of the British group I Monster's "Daydream in Blue" (2001), has already had a long history in European music. With a melody borrowed from Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*, and lyrics originally written by a Belgian band named The Wallace Collection, it was subsequently covered by the Gunther Kallman Choir, and has since become an important sample in Bristol trip-hop, a genre of "downtempo electronic music that grew out of England's hip hop and house scenes" ("Daydream"; "Trip Hop"). Thus, even before Fiasco appropriated I Monster's version for this particular song, it had already been borrowed by other artists who used it in various genres of world music. Although the tune is not nearly as popular in the United States as it is abroad, it is still a sample which Fiasco effectively uses to "wake up" the masses. By using it this "Euro-hippy string affair" as the backdrop for a lyrical diatribe on inner-city life and the current state of affairs in rap music, Fiaso is calling for an end to the slumber of those who seem apathetic about the disastrous things taking place within the black community.

In the first lines from "Daydreamin'," [25] Fiasco describes the first-person account of a fantasy: living inside a giant robot. However, the next few lines shift to both the machine's and the dreamer's shortcomings: the robot cannot cry because its inhabitant may "fall out" of its eyes; the narrator has no control over the robot because he cannot drive (thus the machine works on auto-pilot); and there is only room enough for one passenger—the narrator's friends are unable to share in this particular adventure.[26] This seemingly childhood dream of living inside a steel giant is slowly revealing itself to be a nightmare. In fact, in the following lyrics, the narrator warns the robot not to step on any

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[25] Fiasco, Lupe feat. I Monster and Jill Scott. "Daydreamin'." *Lupe Fiasco's Food and Liquor.* Atlantic, 2006.
[26] Fiasco, "Daydreamin'".

children, remarking that “There’s news cameras filmin’/This walkin’ project buildin’.”[27] In this simple pair of lines, Fiasco reveals something new about this particular robot: it is actually a metaphor for the projects—a massive structure whose actions cannot be controlled by the people who live in it. As he begins to map this neighborhood on the body of this uncontrollabel mechanism, he carefully reveals the true terror of life “behind its eyes.” Prostitutes pedal their bodies around its “toes,” just a few feet away from drug addicts and “crooked police” who do nothing as drive-by shootings occur “up and down the thighs” of the plagued robot, and a car chase occurs “right around the waist of the machine.[28] Nevertheless, amid all of this negative action, the narrator is still able to find “somethin’ to write about” as he recovers from injuries incurred from, as he states, “fightin’ the White House,” a line that seems to do several things. Simultanneously, this phrase elides the narrator’s body with that of the robot; it alludes to the level of socio-economic decline in urban centers due to poor legislation and the government’s seeming lack of concern for the projects’ inhabitants; and it serves as a subtle reference to rap music’s recent attacks by politicians who believe that its lyrics are often the impetus for much of the crime that occurs in the projuects, or, as is the case in the song, on the body of Lupe Fiasco’s figurative robot.[29]

Thus, there is a deliberate act of delineation in the first verse of “Daydreamin’.” While the opening lines suggest the reveries of a daydreaming boy, the subsequrnt lyrics reveal that there is no possibility to do so in a world where crime, drugs, and death are as close to an individual as the narrator is to the chaos occurring just outdide his sanctum, on the body of his ravaged machine. However, just before the chorus, which contains the

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[27] Ibid.
[28] Ibid.
[29] Ibid.

words of the sample—"Daydream/I fell asleep beneath the flowers/For a couple of hours/On a beautiful day"—Fiasco suddenly shifts focus from the personal to the political, alluding to the genre of music that he will critique in the next section of the song. And in that eloquent couplet that describes the dual processes of artistic creation and healing, he both alludes to this music and illustrates its connection to the world from which it originated. Not only is hip-hop a product of the project environment that Fiasco details (since it gives one "something to write about"), it is also the first place at which the cultural process of "healing" can begin, both for hip-hop music, as well as for the community from which it comes.

Indeed, it is not until the second verse of the song that Fiasco addresses the issues that seem so important to him: the current state of hip-hop music. After the melodious chorus, the artist describes a music video wherein rappers glorify cocaine and guns while scantily-clad women dance in pools around them. He continues with a sarcastic call for "more champagne" and directorial commands for the video artists to look menacing as they flaunt their jewelry and marijuana, while "smoke machines" and "simulated rain" create a manufactured atmosphere around them.[30] Then, just after this description of the typical hip-hop video, he asks for quiet, so as not to wake up "the baby," who most likely has little or no idea what the world has "up both sleeves" while he sleeps.[31] This sense of danger solidifies Fiasco's message about the harm implicit in current rap music, but it also reminds listeners of the sheer dangers of the pre-described "hood", who is tip-toeing around in hopes that the baby remains trapped in the oblivion of innocent slumber, or in, as the sample suggests, an eternal daydream. The song then ends with this image of the

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[30] Ibid.
[31] Ibid.

unknowing child who listeners know is already in danger of being crushed by the robot and the "news cameras," which often seem to be so ubiquitous in the ghetto. As an adult who has had to turn his back on the "hustling" that exists both on the streets and in hip-hop, Fiasco sardonically thanks "the streets that drove [him] crazy/ And all the televisions out there that raised [him]."[32] As a product of the "robot"—the crushing mechanism of project life—these are, for him, the most influential of forces.

Thus, in this particular example, Lupe Fiasco uses sampled lyrics as an ironic call to stop the "daydreaming" that seems to be ever-present in hip-hop music: indeed, while some rappers prance around in expensive jewelry and promote illegal lifestyles, they seem completely oblivious to the realities of project life—the drugs, violence and poverty that these "artists" seem too preoccupied with their own images to address. By using "Daydream in Blue," Lupe Fiasco is telling listeners to wake up to the nightmares of real life, and to begin writing music that helps to heal a wounded culture. Interestingly, however, he does so using a sample of a globally-popular song; an act that suggests that, although his message seems to speak to the inhabitants of the urban ghetto alone, it will, ultimately (in the adulthood of the sleeping child, perhaps?) affect the world outside the robot. Thus, Fiasco uses a song with a long history to reenact his own childhood in the ghetto, as well as to point out that African American artists are, in many ways, preventing urban black childhood experiences from getting any better.

Conclusion

In Bernard Bell's 1987 work titled *The Afro-American Novel and Its Tradition,* he argues that most works within the genre are "rewriting[s] of survival strategies," texts

[32] Ibid.

that address ways in which the black community can begin to reassess old problems, and learn new techniques of survival in an ever-changing America (xii). I would argue that such is also the case in African American hip-hop. As writers tackle the persistent social problems of their culture, they utilize newer and more innovative "inter-textual" analyses to do so, melding sounds, genres, and voices in efforts to bring together people who are truly dedicated to national and global socio-ethnic equality. While artists like Tupac Shakur conduct biting critiques of mainstream America's seeming dismissal of the problems of the urban ghetto by lyrically responding to the futility of earlier, gentler musical calls for change, artists like Jay-Z are writing themselves into the American story, using iconic ballads as soundtracks for their unconventional rises to power. Finally, rappers like Lupe Fiasco are also "reenacting" music through sampling, selecting songs with antithetical lyrics in order to advocate an end to the greed of hip-hop artists and their seeming dismissal of the real problems that persist in the "hood." Although it is true that sampling is currently on the wane—lawsuits seem to have wreaked the most havoc on the practice—artists are still using old songs in an effort to address the problems of the present. As a result, they create music that, while it is eloquent, innovative, and new, still adheres to the old criteria of true hip-hop by using music to promote widespread change through evoking the collective cultural memory of the past. Furthermore, they also are continuing the tradition of African American art, which has, since the days of the antebellum slave narrative, defined itself through subtle antithesis. Black artists have long couched their own messages in the seemingly-innocuous packages of art that only pretends to mirror the mainstream. Such use of reenactment as a means to "bait-and-switch" has long been discussed in the slave narrative tradition, but

I would argue that more research needs to be done in the genre of hip hop music, because it too contains what R. G. Collingwood and John Blassingame would call necessary history by true historians: those who have, for a long time, protested without voices, but who have now found them in the lyrics of hip hop, and in the melodies of bygone songs.

APPENDIX[33]

A. "CHANGES"
[By Tupac Shakur]

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 & 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 & 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

[Bridge w/ changing ad libs]
Come on come on
That's just the way it is
Things'll never be the same
That's just the way it is
aww yeah
[Repeat]

[33]The transcript of the lyrics to Tupac Shakur's "Changes" is available courtesy of *Tupac-Online.Com.* 2006. Rap News Network. 3 December 2006 <http://www.tupac-online.com/lyrics/>. The transcript of the lyrics to Bruce Hornsby's 'The Way It Is " available courtesy of *Lyrics Freak.* 3 December 2006 <http://www.lyricsfreak.com/b/bruce+hornsby/the+way+it+is_20024963.html>. Transcripts of the lyrics to Paul Anka's/Frank Sinatra's "My Way," Jay-Z's "I Did It My Way" and Lupe Fiasco's "Daydreamin'" are available courtesy of *A-Z Lyrics.* 2006. 3 December 2006 <http://www.azlyrics.com/>. Lyrics to I Monster's "Daydream in Blue" available courtesy of I Monster's *Daydream in Blue* Instant Karma/Dharma, 2001.

[2]
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

[Bridge]

[Shakur Talking:]
We gotta make a change...
It's time for us as a people to start makin' some changes.
Let's change the way we eat, let's change the way we live
and let's change the way we treat each other.
You see, the old way wasn't working so it's on us to do
what we gotta do, to survive.

[3]
And still I see no changes can't a brother get a little peace
It's war on the streets and a war in the Middle East
Instead of war on poverty they got a war on drugs
so the police can bother me
And I ain't never did a crime I ain't have to do
But now I'm back with the facts givin' it back to you
Don't let 'em jack you up, back you up,
crack you up and pimp smack you up
You gotta learn to hold ya own
they get jealous when they see ya with ya mobile phone
But tell the cops they can't touch this
I don't trust this when they try to rush I bust this
That's the sound of my tool you say it ain't cool

my mama didn't raise no fool
And as long as I stay black I gotta stay strapped
And I never get to lay back
'Cause I always got to worry 'bout the pay backs
some buck that I roughed up way back
comin' back after all these years
rat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat that's the way it is uh
[chorus repeats ‘til fade]

[Tupac Shakur] Some things will *never* change

B. “THE WAY IT IS”
[By Bruce Hornsby and the Range]

Standing in line marking time--
Waiting for the welfare dime
cause they cant buy a job
The man in the silk suit hurries by
As he catches the poor old ladies eyes
Just for fun he says get a job

Thats just the way it is
Some things will never change
Thats just the way it is
But dont you believe them

They say hey little boy you cant go
Where the others go
cause you dont look like they do
Said hey old man how can you stand
To think that way
Did you really think about it
Before you made the rules
He said, son

Thats just the way it is
Some things will never change
Thats just the way it is
But dont you believe them

Well they passed a law in 64
To give those who aint got a little more
But it only goes so far
Because the law anothers mind
When all it sees at the hiring time
Is the line on the color bar

Thats just the way it is
Some things will never change
Thats just the way it is
But dont you believe them

C. “I DID IT MY WAY”
[By Jay-Z, feat. Paul Anka]

[singing: Paul Anka + (Jay-Z lyrics in parentheses)]
Now, the end is near (Can you believe this shit Guru?)
So I face (I'm from the hood man) the final curtain
(No the REAL hood the hood, not the RAP hood)
(The REAL hood, like three pair of pants)
My friends, I'll say it clear (pair of sneakers)
(My moms is bustin her ass) State my case
(Nigga I'm goin to Japan tomorrow!) Of which I'm certain
(You understand what I'm sayin? Can you believe that?)
I lived a life that's full (They have people, waitin
at the airport like five days like I'm a Beatle or somethin
That's real talk!) And I travelled each, and every highway
(Seen the best of the best, the worst of the worst) and more
Much more than this (still here) I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy
Let's try this one

[Jay-Z + (Anka’s lyrics in parentheses)]
Uhh, yeah... gangsta nigga!
Put my hustle down, tore the game up nigga
Took your high score down, put my name up nigga
Tore the doors down to the Hall of Fame: It’s Jigga
I did it my way (and more.. much more than this)
That's right, it's a beautiful thing man!
(I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy) I did it my way -- Hovi baby!

Momma's youngest and strongest, survived summers like saunas
Mastered a corner like Deion in his uniform
Pop hurt and deserted, flirted with death
Damn near murdered before my first album hit the shelf
Grandma's favorite, she could not understand
how there's people in the world who wouldn't want me as a neighbor
Had to explain to her, you think these folks want me in the penthouse
as a reminder that I make top paper?
Black entrepreneur, nobody did us no favors
Nobody gave us shit, we made us
The Rap Pack, I'm Sinatra, Dame's Sam Davis
Big's the smart one on the low like Dean Martin
We came in this game, not beggin niggaz pardon
Demandin y'all respect, hand over a check
And while y'all at it, hand over the jet
We the reason they ain't hand over Def Jam so quick

They knew every year I was droppin new product
I was raisin the stock up, while buildin the Roc up
But that's alright, cause they knew they had to see us
When it was time for us to re-up, make us multi-million-ires
Je-je-jeah!

(And more, much more than this; I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy)

Jeah! "In My Lifetime"
I caught smaller cases, but I had capital
Hypocritic system let me right back at you
You better hope a rich rapper never attacks you
Not even that scratches you, 'specially if you black dude
They don't give a shit unless the accused just happen to rap
And they can look good by paintin him as bad news
Cause in my past, I seen dudes get half of they views
exposed to the curb and nobody said a word
So imagine how disturbed I was
When I seen how big they made my fight scene at the club
Let me explain exactly how this shit was
This nigga Un yo I scratched him, he went home without a aspirin
But it's cool cause we back friends, it happened and it’s over
It's in the past and I'm glad, now I'm back to bein Hova
Maybach with the chaffeur, laid back
Helicopter seat, feet inclined, shit feelin like a sofa
Helicopter meet me, take me to the borough take me over
somewhere peaceful for the weekend now it's back to speakin to vultures
So the next time that Page Six approaches us
Here's a quote from Jay, nigga I did it MY WAY

(And more, much more than this; I did it myyyyyy wayyyyyyy)

D. “MY WAY”
[By Frank Sinatra] [By Paul Anka]

And now, the end is near;
And so I face the final curtain.
My friends, I’ll say it clear,
I’ll state my case, of which Im certain.

I’ve lived a life that’s full.
I’ve traveled each and evry highway;
And more, much more than this,
I did it my way.

Regrets, Ive had a few;
But then again, too few to mention.
I did what I had to do
And saw it through without exemption.

I planned each charted course;
Each careful step along the byway,
But more, much more than this,
I did it my way.

Yes, there were times, Im sure you knew
When I bit off more than I could chew.
But through it all, when there was doubt,
I ate it up and spit it out.
I faced it all and I stood tall;
And did it my way.

Ive loved, Ive laughed and cried.
Ive had my fill; my share of losing.
And now, as tears subside,
I find it all so amusing.

To think I did all that;
And may I say - not in a shy way,
No, oh no not me,
I did it my way.

For what is a man, what has he got?
If not himself, then he has naught.
To say the things he truly feels;
And not the words of one who kneels.

The record shows I took the blows -
And did it my way.

E. "DAYDREAMIN'"
[By Lupe Fiasco, feat. Jill Scott and I Monster]

[I Monster; Jill Scott echoes]
Daydream
I fell asleep beneath the flowers
For a couple of hours
On a beautiful day
Daydream
I dream of you amid the flowers
For a couple of hours
Such a beautiful day

[Lupe Fiasco]
As I spy from behind my giant robot's eyes
I keep him happy 'cause I might fall out if he cries
Scared of heights so I might pass out if he flies
Keep him on autopilot 'cause I can't drive
Room enough for one I tell my homies they can't ride
Unless they sittin on the shoulders but that's way too high
Let's try not to step on the children
There's news cameras filmin
This walkin project buildin
Now there's hoes sellin hoes like right around the toes
And the crackheads beg at about the lower leg
There's crooked police that's stationed at the knees
And they do drive-bys like up and down the thighs
And there's a car chase goin on at the waist
Keep a vest on my chest
I'm sittin in my room as I'm lookin out the face
Somethin to write about
I still got some damage from fightin the White House, just a

[I Monster; Jill Scott echoes]
Daydream
I fell asleep beneath the flowers
For a couple of hours
On a beautiful day
Daydream
I dream of you amid the flowers
For a couple of hours
Such a beautiful day

[Lupe Fiasco]

Now come on everybody, let's make cocaine cool
We need a few more half naked women up in the pool
And hold this MAC-10 that's all covered in jewels
And can you please put your titties closer to the 22s?
And where's the champagne? We need champagne
Now look as hard as you can with this blunt in your hand
And now hold up your chain slow motion through the flames
Now cue the smoke machines and the simulated rain
But not too loud 'cause the baby's sleepin
I wonder if it knows what the world is keepin
Up both sleeves while he lay there dreamin
Me and my robot tip-toe 'round creepin
I had to turn my back on what got you paid
I couldn't see had the hood on me like Abu Ghraib
But I'd like to thank the streets that drove me crazy
And all the televisions out there that raised me, I was

[I Monster; Jill Scott echoes]
Daydream
I fell asleep beneath the flowers
For a couple of hours
On a beautiful day
Daydream
I dream of you amid the flowers
For a couple of hours
Such a beautiful day

Daydream
I fell asleep beneath the flowers
For a couple of hours
On a beautiful day
Daydream
I dream of you amid the flowers
For a couple of hours
Such a beautiful day

F. "DAYDREAM IN BLUE"
[By I Monster]

Daydream
I fell asleep beneath the flowers
For a couple of hours
On a beautiful day
Daydream
I dream of you amid the flowers
For a couple of hours
Such a beautiful day

[A voice making indiscernible sounds]

Daydream
I fell asleep beneath the flowers
For a couple of hours
On a beautiful day
Daydream
I dream of you amid the flowers
For a couple of hours
Such a beautiful day

[A voice making indiscernible sounds]

[Synthesized voice]
Five Thirty [Repeat]

[Repeat Chorus]

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