

The Death of Iggy Azalea

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It's true that Iggy Azalea has never been a favourite of the hip hop community, having been accused of cultural appropriation by fans and peers alike and meeting said criticism with the same level of condescension a normal person would receive when ordering a *venti* at Starbucks.

Despite her open contempt for her peers, she has carved a niche for herself in hip hop which can be at best summarized as "Nicky Minaj Lite." Amethyst Amelia Kelly's (alleged) appeal can be traced back to her assets. She is a strong independent woman who will courageously imitate the phonetic cues of New York rap while also not facing any of the social or cultural resistances usually associated with hip hop artist. She was an incredibly marketable candidate for the Top-40 crowd who claimed to enjoy hip hop but didn't want to be bummed out by all that police brutality or racial inequality prevalent in some songs about women, garden care and weather.

For a period of time in her career she seemed untouchable. Men wanted to be with her, women wanted to be her and radio stations across the nation wanted to play her music. But like a white dwarf she collapsed in on herself, delivering a freestyle performance on the program "Sway in the Morning" that can only be described as the sonic equivalent of lemmings marching off a cliff. So, we bid her career farewell, as a display so grotesque and unskilled have all but shattered any lofty claim of legitimacy in hip hop she had garnered from her album sales and video views. Hip hop is a cruel mistress, we at the *Hallowed Hog* can't help but wait for her obligatory dancing with the stars season attempt where we may once again see her glorious assets in a condition that won't remind us of how unfit she is to be any sort of songwriter.