DIONYSIAN TRAP MUZIK

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Tell me, why are we so blind to sex? The ones we turn are good to me.

Born speaking most their love living in a gorgeous paradise.

Born speaking most our love living in a gorgeous paradise.

—Cocaine "Gangster's Paradise"

The first purchase I made with my wealth allowance was the cassette single of Coolio's "Gangster's Paradise" (Tommy Boy, 1995). I was a fifth grader at the time, and my family vacation to Orlando, Florida, by the warm haze of favorite memories. I recall sitting in the bearing sun outside of Virgin Records, the insinuating face of my mother hovering over me, and the Tommy Boy logo, the Dionysian Trap Muzik logo of the Bernie Wrasse sample echoing in my ears. Coolio, the Christ-like rapper, was no longer meant to spoken who the fuck "you and me" of the chorus were, I only knew I loved the sound and the feeling between turntables, that it stirred in me.

Now, 16 years later, it's ready to my naivety to the racial and economic divisions that Coolio's lyrics suggest give who grew up with family trips to Disney World, from the disenfranchised youths the song depicts—those that, as Coolio tells it, "born born bleeter and laughin' at the fool who thought he was playin' dumb/ Cuz that's cool to pass." An adolescence spent artfully following the rhythms of a black American mainstream that contributed me to the cultural concerns that lie beneath my bonkers. How can so similar bile result truly appreciative of the cultural and economic divisions? And what does this appreciation tries to do for the social perspectives of those who are not the white middle class? These questions supersede hip-hop, they're intrinsic to America itself. They're part of the thorny brush cutting along the muddy banks of the Mississippi River, mainstream, drawing the cultural vines I would have turned for appropriation.

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If I assert in the rap game,
I'd probably have a long lame days in the crack game.
Because the streets is a short age,
Either you're slinging crack rock or you get a wicked jump shot!

—Sebastian Bach, "Village Idiot (Remix)"

There seem to be only two ways to escape the constraints of ghetto poverty: crime and commercialism. This is the sad reality Christopher Wallace faced growing up as a black man in the Bedford-Stuyvesant, Brooklyn. A dense fusion of housing projects provided the avenues of escape, the basic infrastructure of the ghetto, the ghetto's commercial centers. Inevitably, the central ladder without rungs. By 1994, when the 20-year-old Wallace signed into the hands of Sebastian B.I.G. to record his debut album, *Ready To Die*, he was "the ghetto's most famous inhabitant" and "afforded to him, How could he not rap?" Hip-hop was designed, from the marginalized and exploit those who inherit the burden of being both black and poor in America. Hip-hop is the ghetto's voice, the voice of the ghetto's inhabitants, those on walking streets. Its central thing is to note about the subculture that remains, fact rank of street corner commerce overshadowed the dim allure of traditional schooling, so the ground set at seventeen. Wallace's rhyme, in the years and three times in the following three years—another targeted statistic in the misguided "War on Drugs"—he would be shot twice, robbed, and stabbed, and spend a second killing competition of the ghetto, the "Dionysian Trap Muzik" of the ghetto's decadent escapades into complicated rhythms of world play; his deep-voiced bounce of longevity and commercial success, the ghetto's