

'Black-Print' for a Hip-Hop Revolution

Written by Minister Paul Scott ID1506
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Minister Paul Scott represents the Messianic Afrikan Nation. HE speaks out on many hip-hop culture related issues.

“Have you forgotten that when we were brought here, we were robbed of our name, robbed of our language. We lost our religion, our culture, our God! And many of us, by the way we act, we even lost our minds.” – Dr. Khalid Muhammad from “Night of the Living Baseheads” by Public Enemy

My favorite movie of all time has to be “DROP Squad.” For those who missed the film’s two week run at the 99-cent budget theater a decade ago, let me hip ya to the facts. The movie was about a group of Brothas and Sistas who went around DROP-ing (Deprogram Restoration Of Pride) sellout Black folks, i.e. agents of white supremacy.

The squad would take a sellout Brotha, tie him to chair and force him to watch the “Eyes on the Prize” video series with Run DMC’s “Proud to Be Black” pumpin’ in his headphones at volume 10 until he swore to never again touch a white girl, eat a pork chop and never ever, ever watch an episode of “Friends.” (Or something like that.) As I flip through the cable channels and pass by the latest Yin Yang Twins video, I have come to one conclusion: Hip hop needs a DROP Squad, bad.

It’s not like there has not been a precedent set in hip hop for some tough brotherly love rehabilitation, as glimpses of DROP Squad-like action were seen when KRS and BDP threw one of the PM Dawn dudes off the stage back in the day or when Ice Cube kidnapped those fools in his “True to tha Game” video and made them listen to Dr. Khalid Muhammad give them a heavy dose of “knowledge of self” for a couple of hours.

But that was well over a decade ago, and most of the pro-Black voices of rebellion have long adopted an “if ya can’t beat ‘em, join ‘em” mentality or at least developed some sort of coexistence, non-engagement policy of looking the other way and pretending that hip hop is not being destroyed by corporate forces who still fear its dormant potential to make Black folks set it off against white supremacy.

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Historically, one of the questions that has plagued the Black community is what should happen to Bothas and Sistas who engage in activities that are detrimental to the survival of Afrikan people. Whether it be in slavery times when the old Negro would sell out the rebellious Brothers and Sisters by telling “massa” about plans for the big payback or during the Civil Rights Era when agents would spy on Brothers and Sisters and report back to “tha man.”

But the question of how to deal with race traitors has paralyzed our forward movement. This is especially problematic for the Black Nationalists who have tried to develop an all encompassing system of Black Unity, even including those who lack a collective, cultural consciousness. It's kind of like that crackhead cousin who is always stealing your TV and you try not to turn him in to the Po Po cause he's fam and everything, but when he jacks you for your set and makes you miss the NBA finals, things get too critical too ignore. So it is with hip hop in 2005.

What if there was a Hip Hop Drop Squad made of black T-shirt, black beret, Red, Black and Green armband-wearing Brothas and Sistas armed with books, CDs and DVDs by our most outstanding scholars and researchers. A pro-Black Propaganda Machine armed to the teeth with laptops, picture phones, copiers, Sharpie pens and posterboard and not afraid to use them for revolutionary purposes.

The Brothas and Sistas could jack TI's new jam “ASAP” and make it stand for Afrikans Saving Afrikan People (from genocide). This nameless, faceless squad of Brothas and Sistas could organize themselves into Black Power Street Teams and regulate hoods across the country.

What if this group went around writing ASAP in big graffiti letters on posters of Hip Hop artists across the country who are guilty of disrespecting Sistas or other crimes against Afrikan people. What if a resistance force began bumrushing Hip Hop Summits and in-store promotional appearances and made rappers “an offer they can't refuse” by publicly inviting them to join the Black Power Movement.

What would happen if there was a well organized group of MCs and DJs who jacked every song that glamorized Black on Black violence and used them to make anti-white supremacy mix tapes. What if the ASAP Squad so saturated the streets of their hoods with the revolutionary remixes that they became more popular than the original versions, at least locally?

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What if before a negative rapper came to town for a crunk concert, a Willie Lynch-type letter began to circulate around the Black community. And just like the infamous "How to Make a Slave" letter began showing up in hoods across America, what if a pamphlet detailing the plot by which hip hop has been corrupted by corporate America started showing up in barber shops and beauty salons.

The pamphlets could inform the community about how present day hip hop is really a "casualty of war" of the COINTELPRO program that bled over into the Hip Hop Era, and the only real war against hip hop was the one waged against Professor Griff, Sista Souljah and Ice T in the late '80s, early '90s.

With these simplistic solutions to the problem of eradicating the negativity in Hip Hop and returning it to its Afrikan origins, one may ask why Black organizations did not implement these strategies years ago. Like dude said in the Coach Carter movie, it is not failure that they fear, it is success.

Many of our Black leaders have a vested interest in the maintenance of the status quo. Kind of like the cop that realizes that although he may detest the crime and violence on the streets, if all the crime would stop tomorrow, he'd be back flipping burgers at Mickey D's.

So it is with the strange relationship between Black leadership and the entertainment industry. Usually when a crisis arises in the Black community, like when cops beat down a Brotha, a restaurant refuses to serve Black folks their burgers or two rappers threaten to blow each other away, a Black "leader" suddenly shows up and assumes HNIC status.

But after a few high profile press conferences and idle threats aimed at the powers that be, it's back to business as usual and the cops go back to pimp slappin' Brothas, Denny's goes back to puttin' the "We're closed" sign on the door when a car full of Black folks rolls into the parking lot (even though it's only 4 p.m.) and hip hop reverts back to tales of sex, drugs, murder and mayhem.

How would Black leadership react to a group of Brothers and Sisters who did not wait for someone to lead them but believed in taking matters into their own hands? What if a Hip Hop DROP Squad already exists? The possibility is there.

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So the next time that your favorite thug rapper starts making CDs about Black Power and your favorite “video ho” Kinky Kim changes her name to Queen Nzinga and starts a mentoring program for Black girls, it may be because of a sudden change of heart – or just maybe they were paid a midnight visit by the Hip Hop DROP Squad.

But then again, like “Garvey” said in the movie, the DROP Squad is just a myth and doesn’t really exist. Or does it?

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