

## WHY HELL-O-WEEN?

Does racism still exist? Well, not if one is looking at it from an overt standpoint. If the absence of lynching, and conversely the progression of our nation electing its first African-American president are enough to convince a person that racism has been eradicated, think again. Racism is still as alive and active today as it was in the past, but it's just much more subtle.

Using Halloween as a back drop, IK teaches on the pervasiveness of covert racism in their latest single "Hell-o-ween". Citing many spiritually and psychologically destructive primitive and modern examples, "Hell-o-ween" highlights the damage done not only to the African-American community, but also globally to the whole world at large.

The song contends the reason racism is often excused and goes undetected is due to its connection to economic gain and success. Subsequently, those less fortunate suffer at the conceit of the triumphant blind. The insatiable appetite for prosperity for some who have landed on the beneficial end of this equation has created hostility toward contentment. The result is neutralized values, denial bred by compromise, and sadly the disregard and silence of a people who may consequently turn away from God.

Nevertheless, all hope is not lost. Like all the other social ills discussed over the years in IK's lyrical lessons, the answer doesn't lie in government or programmatic intervention. While "Hell-o-ween" is a sometimes painful trip through the past and present condition of the African-American community, it is ultimately a call to arms for the church and holy hip hop artists to be the go between to help African-Americans become part of the solution rather than part of the problem. And the only way that can be done is through the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ.

*"But such evil makes Jesus worthy  
His death on the cross is true victory"*

*– Hell-o-ween by IK*

**Title:** Hell-O-Ween

**Subject:** The pervasiveness of covert racism

**Written by:** C. Scott

**Inspired by:** Ephesians 5:11

**Produced by:** Rob Brambila for Minus One Productions

**Recorded by:** Rob Brambila

**Mixed by:** Rob Brambila

**Publishing:** (ASCAP) C. Scott's Music, Sol Searchers Music

**BPM:** Fast 121; Slow 71

(Verse 1)

Once upon a time right now in the ghetto  
Right now, the origin of Hell-o-ween rap  
Europeans seeing, the need for fleeing  
Cause they're being oppressed headed west to find freedom

This Christian quest would be blessed  
Faith stretched and tests, but got in the flesh  
Success, but selfishness changed the goal  
When they saw the cake they made from the first black man sold

Ahh! What an opportunity  
Exploit black folk in chattel slavery  
Ain't looking for a battle, but bobbing for an apple  
You're more likely to dabble, than get most whites to grapple

With the fact that America made  
Black skin a stigma only race enslaved  
On U.S. soil, an enigma  
Though lynching ain't your passion today, remember

You still benefit from the tricks in the past man  
I can't forget, cause your still doing it, in the present  
Oppressing, depressing, obsessed with possession  
Spiritually and psychologically upsetting

We're headed down a road that serpentine  
Toward destruction corrupting dreams  
It seems in this land of milk and honey

Racisms the means and our god ain't Jesus its money!

(Hook)

Tricked by treats, mad deceit  
Power, wealth, and status be  
Up to no good constantly, treats for the tricking  
Hell-o-weened what we're getting

Tricked by treats, mad deceit  
Power, wealth, and status be  
On the hunt for more power  
Worshipping the Almighty dollar, holla

(Verse 2)

What keeps racism living?  
What keeps cats from forgiving? Can't we all get along?  
Compromise too much is surrender  
Hush is betrayal the devil's agenda

If it's true  
Bigots need Christ to repent for what they do  
How they gone see the light, if we in darkness?  
Expose the light! Spark some it might?

To integrity, transform-ity not  
Hostility cause it breeds, neutrality  
Results in opportunity  
For more conspiracy equipping the greedy

With more ammunition to separate the needy  
If King, Malcolm X, and the Kennedy's died of  
Natural causes, black folk  
Are living in a world with more hope

Politics of the 60's, assassinated  
The Panthers policed and regulated the streets  
Brutality decreased by the crooked police  
When they were infiltrated gangs were created

To carry out what the Panthers orchestrated  
Hippies protested "Nam" aggravated  
Powers felt threatened drugs infiltrated  
To keep us sedated, intoxicated, separated

Some fought the power by getting educated  
Some rejected that, took they chances on the pavement  
Cause after they saw Dr. King assassinated  
They said, "Yo! I'm still a nigga no matter where I graduated!"

The course of Bloods and Cripps changed  
They became dedicated to the drug game  
Black on black crime escalated in my backyard  
Turf wars over pennies turned my hood into a graveyard

Black-ploitation was created  
Cause Affirmative Action, took jobs from the white man  
Got his job security  
When our image was degraded to buffoonery

From King and X to no self-respect  
Pimps, pro's (prostitutes)... stupid, lazy, fly, and fresh  
This image barred and scarred  
Disqualified black folk from jobs

Hard, to negate in fact son  
Cause reality is hard to distinguish from acting  
Duplicating these stereotypes  
Exploits blacks and creates more wealth for whites yikes!

(Repeat Hook)

(Counter Hook 1)

I'm in this for the truth, the love, the souls  
You in this for the cars, the cash, the clothes  
We tricked by the devil, the world, and the fleshly lust  
And these treats keep on distracting us

(Half Hook - Repeat 2 xs)

Tricked by treats, mad deceit  
Power, wealth, and status be

(Counter Hook 2)

I'm in this for truth, you in it for the clothes  
I'm in it for the love, you in this for the pros  
I'm in this for the souls, you in this for the cash  
I'm in it for the Lord, you in this for the flash, and the stash

(Verse 3)

We danced away our troubles on the double with funk  
Disco and R&B, popping, roboting,  
Watching Re-run, locking its fun  
But the party's just begun and it's fun

The rap game came with fun themes of a party  
Kool Herc, Bam, and Flash  
Sequence, Sugarhill, Grand Master Caz  
Kurtis Blow, Busy B we free at last

A voice of a people emerged from the mire  
Courage under fire, coping with the liars  
Melle Mel kept us all, from going under  
Moe Dee, the Treacherous underground thunder

Planet rocking and shaking  
*Wild Style*, *Beat Street*, boogaloo Shaba-doo breaking  
The glove and Ice-T, history making  
Uncle Jam's Army, the party over taking

The emcee was the icing, the deejay was the cake  
It shifted to the emcee if he didn't perpetrate  
Hardcore nothing more than skills on the mic  
*"It's Like That," "Rock the Bells"* ruled the night

“B-i-d-d-d-d stick’em,” “Friends” be careful how you pick’em  
Packed concerts banging sound systems  
Beat box Doug E. Fresh  
Slick Rick, graffiti by the neighborhood’s best

Corp execs didn’t look our way  
‘Til Run, D, and J said “Walk This Way”  
Beasties Illin’ , conscious  
BDP, Rakim, and Big Daddy, P.E. killing

The press attacked them, they still went platinum  
Popping they trunks, street gold in six months  
Sharing the wealth, though competition  
Notice no emcees were visiting morticians

Ahh! Another opportunity  
Exec’s saw the paper, but hated rappers behavior  
Intelligent, confident, independent  
They rather dependent, miscreant, delinquent

They want us in prison, they can’t take that risk  
Unity is mutiny aboard this ship  
The black-ploitation that rocked cats  
Early rap saved that gave our dignity back

Soon the crack game merged with the rap game  
The Huxtable and Jefferson image brought to shame  
“*Coming to America*” we’re moving up  
But the pimps needed pros to trick, to break it up, break it up

(Hook)

(Proclamation)

Greed, peep the patterns  
Every time they trick us  
They smiling like jack-o-lanterns  
Ain’t yawl tired of it?

(Counter Hook 3 - Repeat 2 xs)

Tricked by treats mad deceit  
Power wealth and status be  
On the grind constantly  
Losing their soul for the greed

(Verse 4)

87, 88, 89 brought with it  
The return visit of African pride exhibited  
Get rid of it quick, powers knew they had to find, a way to keep us blind  
Keep doing them tricks, lagging way behind  
It's all designed, to play with our mind

So they had to find some poor Negroes  
That didn't mind selling out, they people  
Just like they did with black-ploitation  
Same stuff, different day, with this generation

Ahh! Enter that Gangsta rap  
The ultimate jack, booby trap where cats  
Swap home training for fame and entertainment  
To gain the opportunity to be the next celebrity man

To qualify no skills are needed  
Just selfishness and greed and the appetite to feed it  
Keep it hood, keep it real, compromise stay high  
Glorify, sex, drugs, and violence, cuss and lie

Your success will be defined by your compliance  
Symbolized by bling-bling appliance  
You're a failure without, these pluses you're minus  
Cause diamonds are your security blanket Linus

Fast forward, houses haunted, with high black unemployment toting gats  
Wearing tats, bandanas, and hats turned back  
Pants so low, you can see they but cracks though  
Orphans of the storm, who's gone hire you like that yo?

And if you start a business  
Who wants to do business with that image?  
The state of the black man is making me nervous  
Couldn't pass a background check to work for the circus

Can't help but applaud the blood sucking psychology  
Intelligent, patient, and ruthless monopoly  
Don't worry 'bout these powers that be smoking me  
Cause the threat this is, some black's will do it for free

But in the defense of gangster rap  
Part of me understands why some cats do that  
When you try the straight and narrow and you get pushed back  
I've observed, violence occurs when you're not being heard, it's disturbing

But such evil makes Jesus worthy  
His death on the cross is true victory  
Powers superbly try to hide the truth that self-evident  
Going platinum is at the expense of black residents