



VH1

***And You Don't Stop - 30 Years of Hip-Hop***  
*Episode 2*  
VH1 Music Studio  
Cable in the Classroom

Lesson for Music Classes, Grades 9-12

Lesson 2

NOTE TO THE TEACHERS: The programs viewed in conjunction with these lesson plans may include references, consistent with the eras portrayed, to substance abuse, violent acts, and topics of a sexual and/or political nature. Because this may be considered inappropriate for classroom use in some communities, you are encouraged to review the programs before presenting them to your students, and if necessary, choose those sections that enhance your lesson and are acceptable for use in your classroom.

IMPORTANT NOTE: Some lyrics are inappropriate for classroom use and have been edited here by using asterisks in the place of inappropriate words. Please edit the lyrics further as needed. CD's edited for obscene content can be found at stores such as Wal-Mart.

## Objectives

- Students will discuss how Hip Hop changed from city to city as it spread across the United States.
- Students will decide which elements of the music are regional and which are national and how the lyrics reflect local perspectives.
- Students will discuss geographic differences evident in the music within various genres.

### **National Standards:**

6. Listening to, analyzing, and describing music.
7. Evaluating music and music performances.
8. Understanding relationships between music, the other arts, and disciplines outside the arts.
9. Understanding music in relation to history and culture.

## Materials

- VHS VCR Player
- Television
- VH1's *And You Don't Stop – 30 Years of Hip-Hop2* (Cable in the Classroom edited version)
- Web-based lesson materials
- CD Player/Audio equipment
- Overhead projector (optional)
- Pencils/pens and paper (students)
- Teacher selected recordings of three Hip Hop songs from approximately the same year, but from different geographical areas (see end of lesson for songs representing four typically discussed regions that could be used for this purpose)
- Overhead transparencies of the lyrics to the selected songs (optional)

### **Prior Knowledge:**

- Students have experience discussing musical genres.

## Procedures

1. Ask students to suggest where the Hip Hop musical genre began, geographically, in the United States. Make a list of the regions, whether broad or specific, to which they can refer after watching the VH1 program.
2. Show VH1's *And You Don't Stop – 30 Years of Hip Hop*, Episode 2, the section that focuses on Hip Hop stylistic differences that have surfaced in different geographical regions.
3. Have students compare the list created in Step 1 with the knowledge they now have of the regions where Hip Hop began. Lead them in discussing the ways in which regional tastes differ and how other popular musics from a region have influenced the evolution of Hip Hop music. How might a regional style affect the stylistic development of a Hip Hop artist? Could the political and social issues of a particular region have an affect on the topics, language, and mood/emotion used by artists living in the area?

Examples: Southern rappers may be influenced by blues and country music, a slower pace of life associated with rural areas and a deeply entrenched and cohesive Black community; rappers from Oakland, CA may have been influenced by the drug trade in the 60's and the race riots in LA, poverty, and other urban problems. (See the "Supplemental Resources" section for links to information about several different regional styles, and see the end of the lesson for song lyrics representing four different rappers: Outkast, Southern Hip Hop; dc Talk, Christian Hip Hop; Snoop Dogg, West Coast Hip Hop; Big Daddy Kane, East Coast Hip Hop.)

4. Select three Hip Hop songs that were released in approximately the same year, but that are from different areas of the United States (the songs at the end of this lesson could be used for this purpose, or additional selections can be made). Play each selection for the class and have students write down the similarities and differences between them, and then share their ideas. Consider using the following chart to make a combined list of the students' answers on the board or overhead.

	Lyrics	Beat	Other Instruments	Vocal Style	Frame of Reference
<b>Song 1</b>					
<b>Song 2</b>					
<b>Song 3</b>					

5. Guide students in discussing other musical genres and the ways in which they vary from region to region, country to country, etc. Have them look at the styles of country music, rock and roll, Romantic era opera, classical instrumental works, folk music, etc., and expand the discussion into earlier eras. How do artists adopt a musical style, but add their own elements? How might a country's own musics create a reinterpretation of a style adopted from another country? Is German opera different from American opera (other than language)? How did folk and country music change as it moved across the nation from the Appalachian Mountain region to the open plains of the mid-West? If possible, play recorded examples of the styles of music being discussed to help the students make comparisons.

#### Supplemental Resources:

The links below on Wikipedia Encyclopedia Online provide thorough overviews of the various Hip Hop/Rap styles:

- Main category page: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Category:Hip\\_hop](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Category:Hip_hop)
- East Coast Hip Hop: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/East\\_Coast\\_hip\\_hop](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/East_Coast_hip_hop)
- West Coast Hip Hop: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/West\\_Coast\\_rap](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/West_Coast_rap)
- Christian Hip Hop: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christian\\_hip\\_hop](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Christian_hip_hop)
- Southern Rap: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Southern\\_rap](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Southern_rap)
- Miami Bass: [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Miami\\_bass](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Miami_bass)

For information pertaining to Chicago Hip Hop, see "The Chicago Hip Hop Story" at [www.galapagos4.com/blackbook/chicago\\_history.htm](http://www.galapagos4.com/blackbook/chicago_history.htm).

#### National Standards for Music Education:

1. Singing, alone and with others, a varied repertoire of music.
2. Performing on instruments, alone and with others, a varied repertoire of music.
3. Improvising melodies, variations, and accompaniments.
4. Composing and arranging music within specified guidelines.
5. Reading and notating music.
6. Listening to, analyzing, and describing music.
7. Evaluating music and music performances.
8. Understanding relationships between music, the other arts, and disciplines outside the arts.
9. Understanding music in relation to history and culture.

**Outkast's "SOUTHERNPLAYALISTICADILLACMUZIC"  
from the album *Southernplayalisticadillacmuzic* (1994)**

[Big Boi]

Well its the M I crooked letter comin around the South  
Rollin straight hammers and vogues in that old Southern slouch  
Please, ain't nothin but incense in my atmosphere  
I'm bendin corners in my 'llac boi, cause that's how we be rollin here  
Deep, the slang is in effect because it's Georgia  
Kicking the khakis and Adidas  
packin yo' heaters cause you 'sposed to, cousin  
Catfish and grits is how my flow flow  
Rollin steady in that caddy but them 50 bottles got to go  
See Juice and gin used to be my friend, from the begin  
And now i'm just a player sippin sauce, every now and then  
To catch a buzz like a bumble bee  
Niggaz who tried to \*\*\*\* with me  
Get sprayed like raid cause it ain't nothin see

[Andre]

My heat is in the trunk along with that quad knock  
No my heart don't pump no Kool-Aid  
Jump and you'll get you sprayed  
Hooray yo block the one and only OutKast  
Many a nigga fallin fast and  
I continue blastin, swiftly  
Quickly, they ain't gon' get me, got somethin fo' em  
The devil up in yo grill and you still don't even know' em  
Show'em, who's the ok  
Like collard greens and whole eggs  
I got soul, thats somethin that you ain't got  
That's why yo style is ro-ten,  
Stop in the land of ATL  
Where nothin but pimps, fully equiped  
Quick to make a sale, swell  
Swollen got my pockets, business boomin like rockets  
Folks try to stop it but they know that it's that...

(Chorus)

Its that Southernplayalisticaddilac funky music  
Now players if you choose it  
You better make sure you don't abuse it  
We gonna get cha hiiiighh, hiiiighhh

[Andre]

Time to drop these bows, like Dusty Rhodes  
Then I yell ho

We knockin em off they feet like a Southern hustler supposed to do  
I's in the house, house like, a joint is lit fo my kin folks  
And all the niggaz that was down, since we been broke  
Takin em deeper than a submarine  
So scream when you hear the team of two  
My crew be thick as two fat hoes sittin off in a Brougham  
I'm packin my tag backwards if you want to be actin wrong  
Word is bond like super glue  
Its funky like poopa scoop  
And every word I say you can true

[Big Boi]

Well okey dokey KastOut  
I swear to God I got the highest boomin cadillac  
The expialalistic coupe de ville  
Can you handle that you rat  
I take my time cruisin round the city malls  
And under my seat for you suckers its your final curtain call  
The one two to the gauge p-u-m-p  
You want to do a jack, I heat the barrel til it's empty, get me  
See i get friendly gettin in where i fit  
Organized is on the track with the southernplayalistic \*\*\*\*  
So copy my slang and bite my \*\*\*\*  
But don't try gafflin me  
Cause sleepin you'll get served with some Southern hospitality

(Chorus)

[Big Boi]

Well Southernplayalisticadillac music has been laid  
I may wait for all the ... be rolling like that today hoes  
So back up off get up on it if you want it cha'll  
Looking for hoes and snitches was my thing on player's ball yup  
So now I step, rather walk with the pimp  
While my niggas are at East Pointe  
with that College Park hemp smoke style  
Is how I wanna end it on this track  
so I pass it to my partner and step back up in my Cadillac

[Andre]

Step up in my shoes you crews sitting on Trues  
And Vogues for the hoes only when we rollin through  
Atlanta skies be blue  
The sun is beamin it seemin  
That i glisten, rather gleaming  
20/20 got me leaning to the side

Full of pride, now ain't that somethin  
I'm dippin into your hood  
This ain't braile, but i'm bumpin  
Thumpin out the roaches  
Dungeon if ya'll missed it  
Big Gimp, Goodie MOb, PA, Outkast  
Southernplaylistic

(Chorus 3X)

Lyrics courtesy of: [www.go2lyrics.com/O/Outkast/180951.html](http://www.go2lyrics.com/O/Outkast/180951.html)

dc Talk's "Jesus Freak"  
from the album *Jesus Freak* (1995)

[what will people think  
When they hear that I'm a Jesus freak?  
What will people do  
When they find that's it's true? ]

Separated, I cut myself clean  
From a past that comes back in my darkest of dreams  
Been apprehended by a spiritual force  
And a grace that replaced all the me I've divorced

I saw a man with tat on his big fat belly  
It wiggled around like marmalade jelly  
It took me a while to catch what it said  
Cause I had to match the rhythm  
Of his belly with my head  
'Jesus saves' is what it raved in a typical tattoo green  
He stood on a box in the middle of the city  
And claimed he had a dream

(chorus)  
What will people think  
When they hear that I'm a Jesus freak  
What will people do when they find that it's true  
I don't really care if they label me a Jesus freak  
There ain't no disguising the truth

Kamikaze, my death is gain  
I've been marked by my maker  
A peculiar display  
The high and lofty, they see me as weak  
Cause I won't live and die for the power they seek

There was a man from the desert with naps in his head  
The sand that he walked was also his bed  
The words that he spoke made the people assume  
There wasn't too much left in the upper room  
With skins on his back and hair on his face  
They thought he was strange by the locusts he ate  
The pharisees tripped when they heard him speak  
Until the king took the head of this Jesus freak

(repeat chorus 2x)

People say I'm strange, does it make me a stranger

That my best friend was born in a manger  
People say I'm strange, does it make me a stranger  
That my best friend was born in a manger

(repeat chorus 2x)

What will people think  
[what will people think]  
What will people do  
[what will people do]  
I don't really care  
[what else can I say]  
There ain't no disguising the truth  
[jesus is the way]

Lyrics courtesy of: [www.lyricsondemand.com/d/dctalklyrics/jesusfreaklyrics.html](http://www.lyricsondemand.com/d/dctalklyrics/jesusfreaklyrics.html)

**Snoop Dogg's "Lodi Dodi"**  
**from the album *Doggystyle* (1993)**

Yeah, gotta say what's up to my nigga slick rick  
For those who don't like it, eat a \*\*\*\*  
But for those who with me, sing that \*\*\*\*  
As it go a little something like this  
La di da di, we likes to party  
We don't cause trouble, we don't bother nobody  
We're, just some niggaz who're on the mic  
And when we rock up on the mic we rock the mic [right]  
For all my doggs keepin y'all in health  
Just to see you smile and enjoy yourself  
Cuz it's cool when ya cause a cozy conditionin  
Which we create, cuz that's our mission  
So listen close, to what we say  
Because this types of \*\*\*\* happens every-day  
I woke up around 10 o'clock in the mornin  
I gave myself a stretch up, a mornin yawn and  
Went to the bathroom to wash up  
I threw some soap on my face and put my hands up on a cup  
And said um mirror mirror, on, the wall  
Who is the top dogg of them all?  
There was a rubble dubble, five minutes it lasted  
The mirror said, you are you conceited bastard  
Well that's true, that's why we never have no beef  
So I slipped off my khakis and my gold leaf  
Used oil of olay, cuz my skin gets pale  
And then I got the file, for my fingernails  
I'm true to the style on my behalf  
I put some bubbles in the tub so I can take a bubble bath  
Clean, dry, was my body and hair  
I threw on my brand new doggy underwear  
For all the \*\*\*\*\*es I might take home  
I got the johnson baby powder and cool water cologne  
Now I'm fresh, dressed, like a million bucks  
Threw on my white sox, with my all blue chucks  
Stepped out the house, stopped short, oh no  
I went back in, I forgot my indo  
Then I dilly [dally] I ran through an [alley]  
I bumped into this smoker named [sally] from the [valley]  
This was a girl playin hard to get  
So I said what's wrong? cuz she looked upset  
She said um

It's all because of you, I'm feelin sad and blue  
You went away, now my life is filled with rainy days

I love you so, how much you'll never know  
Cause you took your dope away from me  
A-huh, a-huh, ahuh  
D\*\*\*, now what was I to do  
She's cryin over me and she was feelin blue  
I said, um, don't cry, dry your eye  
And here comes your mother with those two little guys  
Her mean mother steps then says to me hi!!  
Decked sally in the face and punched her in the eye  
Punched her in the belly and stepped on her feet  
Slammed the child on the hard concrete  
The \*\*\*\*\* was strong, the kids was gone  
Somethin was wrong I said, what was goin on?  
I tried to break up, I said, stop it, just leave her!  
She said, if I can't smoke none, she can't either!  
She grabbed my closely by my socks  
So I broke the hell out, and I grabbed my sack of rocks  
But um, they gave chase, they caught up quick  
They started cryin on my shoes and grabbin my \*\*\*\*\*  
And sayin....  
Why don't you give me a play  
So we can brake it down the long beach way  
And if you give me that okay  
I'll give you all my love today  
Doggy, doggy, doggy, can't you see  
Somehow your words just hypnotize me  
And I just love your jazzy ways  
Doggy dogg, your love is here to stay  
And on and on and on she kept goin  
The \*\*\*\*\* been around before my mother's born!  
I said, cheer up! so I gave her a hit  
I said, you can't have me, I'm too young for you \*\*\*\*\*!  
She said, no you're not, then she starts cryin  
I says I'm nineteen, she says, stop lyin!  
I says, I am, go ask my mother  
And with your wrinkled \*\*\*\*\* , I can't be your lover  
Yeah, uhh, tic toc you don't stop  
And to the, ah tic toc and you don't quit  
Yeah, tic toc and ya don't stop, and to the  
Ah tic toc and ya don't quit, \*\*\*\*\*!

Lyrics courtesy of: [www.lyricsondemand.com/s/snoopdogglyrics/lodidodilyrics.html](http://www.lyricsondemand.com/s/snoopdogglyrics/lodidodilyrics.html)

**Big Daddy Kane's "Chocolate City"**  
from the album *Looks like a Job for...* (1993)

Mister cee [intro]:

I be the cruddy one that they call the dj mister cee,

With the whole wolf pack in the place to be.

Better known as the chocolate city.

So scoob lover, huh, are ya with me...?

{scoob lover:}

Yo, I break punks up like a fight. give me the mic, I'm hype.

(d\*\*\* kid, you're starvin' for life)

Cuz people be tellin' me, brothers be gellin' me,

Tryin' to get fame from my name but they chumps and they butt-soft.

They know I'm wilder than a dog with hot sauce.

A mic, a stage, a crowd, and I won't stop:

I set it off and get live like an alarm clock.

People thought scoob and scrap was just a nickname;

Now that we rap, we sell more records than cocaine.

Awww, shucks, now I'm back from the down-low,

Here comes scoob with the currrr-ly afro.

No chemical reaction, no need for askin', pure satisfaction,

My last name's jackson.

You slip up, I get ill -- my boot to your grill,

My nine kills, I'm big scoob from brownsville.

The world's greatest lover, the chaaaaa-clate brother...

Chorus:

Who's the committee? (chocolate city!) 3x

Scrap lover are ya with me?

{scrap lover:}

Yo, I drop science kinda like a pigeon;

Over rough tracks I tax any midget with a small digit.

Smooth and mild but complicated,

I put the crowd to to smashed like a driver that's intoxicated.

Rappers write rhymes, and talk about guns and jail,

But wouldn't squeeze a lemon in a cocktail.

Don't say huh? or what? , and don't ask who,

Cuz if you hear me, I must be talkin' to you.

You probably thought I couldn't steal it, cuz I was a dancer,

I didn't have a chance, but y'all can kill it.

You gotta be off your rocker,

I'm lettin' suckers know that scrap got more soul than foot locker.

And if you heard I got skills, believe it's true;

Suggest for pete rock, for reminiscin' over you.

It's not a threat, it's a bet, cuz hey,

The last sucker who tried woulda been 25 today.

Chorus 3x

Big daddy are ya with me?

{big daddy kane:}

Yo-yo-yo-yo, look out, get out the way!

Here comes the k the a the n the e -- huh, ya better flee.

Cuz I don't need no hoodie to be hard, shoot:

I'll kill a nigga in a three-piece suit.

I don't be havin' it so the rear I'll attack,

A size-15 to the buttocks, a-matter-fact.

A hard-core blow to the face I'll provide,

To give you a crooked eye, just like st. ides.

Leave you home and you must be screamin' and yellin';

Not even kool moe dee shades can hide your swellin'.

I bring it rough, tough;

I said that I was browner than bobby, so you know that it's good enough.

I'm untouchable to rappers my size.

You dreamed of beatin' me, you better wake up an apologize.

Some claim to be a daddy or poppa,

But with me, you'd have no ranks if your name was shabba.

Chorus 3x

Now you know you'd too like to be with it...

{li'l daddy shane:}

Shane, I cause pain, I make it rain.

I'm wearin' and tearin' down to the last grain.

Ha, I'm not a chocolate brother, but I don't mourn,

Cuz I swear this vanilla kid got it goin' on.

So don't even step to me if you're worth nothin',

Because I just might hurt somethin'.

My competition thinks twice, cuz yo, for a young nigga, I'm kinda nice...

{laree williams:} [singing]

Oooooooooooooohhhh! chocolate city are ya with meeeee? !

Scoob and scrap and mister cee! kane and shane and laaaarrrrreeeeeeee!

Kaaaaane....would your black a\*\* sing it for mee-heee?!

(kane: ohhh, ho, \*\*\*\* yeahhhh!) [laughter]

Lyrics courtesy of: [www.go2lyrics.com/B/Big+Daddy+Kane/15211.html](http://www.go2lyrics.com/B/Big+Daddy+Kane/15211.html)



*These standards-based materials are provided through a partnership with MENC: The National Association for Music Education. This lesson plan was created by MENC member Rachel Weissman, Music Enrichment Teacher, Evergreen Montessori School, Wheaton, MD*