

22nd March, 1997

## **BIGGIE SMALLS 1972-1997**

DEAR DIARY, I love hip-hop but I'm not your average fan. I don't like some of the sexually explicit lyrics but I think that rap on the whole has a story to tell and I like stories and I like the beat. Often, the lyrics are cleverly put together and I find it fascinating that music that has been given a label of antagonism can be very sharp and observant.

Rap lyrics, like poetry, doesn't always make perfect sense but it's personal to the writer and sometimes you like the story, sometimes you identify with it. My friend Garfield, who loves music and is a bit of an anorak when it comes to songs and lyrics HATES rap and thinks rappers and hip-hop's a bunch of b\*llocks.

I liked The Notorious B.I.G. There was something charismatic about him.

I don't know enough about his feud with Tupac and the rift between their camps to make an informed opinion about the controversy surrounding his death, all I know is that both of their deaths, Tupac's six months ago and Biggie now, seemed untimely. I wasn't ready to see them go. Tupac was quite a good actor too and he was also a poet and I think that these two; although nowhere near the pedestal which hold Malcolm X or Martin Luther King, these two young men could and did move people with what they had to say and their passion. I guess their passion may be part of the reason why they were all cut down in their prime.

This is the impression I get about America, I might be wrong, but if you're too strong, you're too black, you're too honest, if you've got a loud voice, if you have dedicated followers, if you're passionate enough about your work that you're ready to die for it, someone will hide behind a bush and kill you and the man who pulls the trigger will never ever be found.

Tupac's murder remains unsolved and I daresay Biggie's will remain unsolved too.

*August Mayfield*