

Hip Hop is Home *by Erin K. Hylton*

Hip Hop is home. It's where I belong.

The music. The fashion. The films. The beats. The art. The dances. The battles. The radio stations. The social justice. The movement. The people. The groups. The companies. The streets. The tracks. The memories all together are like a time capsule.

From Pele Pele jackets on Fordham Road to True Religion jeans. From graffiti writers on the yard at Gun Hill Road and Yankee Stadium. From the Harlem Shake to the Funk Master Flex bombs. From hot sauce fries at Kennedy Fried Chicken to the new Jordans everybody wished they could ball in. From durags that shine to waves in the hair to tattoos on the face and rainbow colored hair. From breaking and crumping to popping and locking to the two step and bopping. From the high school trips to the McDonald's on 42<sup>nd</sup> Street to the shopping on Grand Concourse. From all of the love despite beef and tears. From block parties with DJ Kool Herc to yachts with Ciroc. From seeing *Brown Sugar* to the lands of Wakanda, hip hop is home.

Good and bad rush through my mind as I think of how hip hop has been with me and evolved. A place of political power and capitol with real cash that is flowing, it's a real mature situation. It has power players and billionaires. Hip hop is a big deal all around the world, it's international and full of flare.

Hip hop has been the basis of friendships. Songs remind me of barbecues in St. Ann's park, nights on the 2 train and new dances that I had to keep replaying on YouTube, over and over again to understand. Hip hop has been inspiration. It can never be contained or explained. Hip hop is The Bronx. Lots to look forward to and lots to look back on. Hip Hop is the past, present and future.

The music. The fashion. The films. The beats. The art. The dances. The battles. The radio stations. The social justice. The movement. The people. The groups. The companies. The streets. The tracks. The memories all together are like a time capsule.

Hip Hop is home. It's where I belong.