

Portrait of the Artist As a Hood

3rd Bass

Today I'm prepared to bring specific charges
against certain members working in an industry
that reaches into every household in the country

Hoods is up so skills is up
It's a stick-up, so why'd you interrupt?
So such bust material cerebral
I'm eatin cereal with spoons sippin Cepacol
Daddy-O slipped me some cause my breath stank
White gold, but no accounts in Swiss banks
Think tanks once rolled on the city streets
I used to meet your moms between the sheets
Universe is versus hoods prospectus
True flam, flammin words on wax discus
So they dismiss this as vulgarity
And once laughed and pointed at the university
Some perk without skills and push a pen
I send surreal scenes where you never been
Looked out, gave you three strikes, you struck out
Pop shit with the 3rd, knock your fronts out
Blew your blunts out you wings stuck up your ass
Gassed you up then slap you with my staff
I seen your skins like to go to the motels
but your ass won't know to the hotels
Cause a lip is zipped, I paint pictures
A portrait, a self far from ??
My discussion of impression ain't ignorance
So don't label the hoods on appearances
You never thought that a gangsta could talk sense
But this artifice flipped, your beans is spent
Took your papes out your pocket and just stood out
The focus, the portrait of the artist as a hoods-up

Portrait planned it back in the days
Young strays, posted at the L.Q. on Friday's
Waitin for Dice to give the go ahead
Hawkin 50 cent, puttin heads to bed
for a herringbone hear the tune of the Audio Two
Milk was chillin as I chilled in the back room
Listen to snaps, cuts by Scoob and Scrap
Union Square, to tear up the KRS tracks
Torn up by the Kent, the Clark Dark
as the brothers try to spark
We knocked boots, and the boots got knocked
Three A.M. and it was off to The Rooftop
Hip-Hop Starski, the Masters of Ceremony
Ka-ka-cracked out, was hookin property
Five A.M. it was the S&S
A hundred and forty-fifth street, down on Lennox
Starchild made all the hoes squeal
For a dollar crackheads Armor-All'd your wheels
Whippin home in the sunshine, fun time
but now you can't find
clubs like this that kept the music in the street
And pop rap couldn't get a dime to eat
Yo, they're makin mills, but what about the hood?
A parking lot, where the Latin Quarter stood!

A landmark marked in the cranium
but now I bring it back in front of packed stadiums
Picture painted with the goals and the good
The portrait of an artist as a hood

Yo Pete man, yo where the hoods at Pete?
Yo the hoods is in Brooklyn, Queens, Bronx
Money-makin Strong Island
Yo can't forget Newark New Jersey
Philly, D.C.
From Detroit to Mobile Alabama
Memphis Tennesse Cleveland
Yo, money-makin Miami, Chicago
East St. Louis got crazy hoods
Oakland Compton Watts wearin the hoods
Yo true indeed, Louisville
Boostin Houston got CRAZY hoods
New Orleans, Seattle
North Carolina cannot forget about Atlanta
Shockmaster ?? got crazy hoods
listenin to his program
And the hoods are holdin their joint
And they're out
True indeed.. SEE-YA!