

## 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 Tennessee 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!