

# Autobiographical

Black Sheep

It's the brown child, better version of the story  
Sees Conji, a sister, mother played by Tori  
In Astoria, kid named Tiki took the cake  
The greens and the steak and the potatoes and the plate  
Never a dummy, rejections are funny  
First years of my life I thought that food stamps were money  
So by ten I was the mess, got a men and then I had friend  
So now I'm snatching pocket books with Sean Wilkinson  
'Get that money, lil nigga' that's what they told me  
I never sweated props cause like my pops they couldn't hold me  
Until he found shorty's got it going on, rolling on  
Who told? Damn, bendecion..  
The Bland man, and my pop don't give a damn  
The day I played with matches, took the stove to my hand  
Hot temperature! He told me the players' version  
The ego in submersion for the end of week excursion  
Until I'm back, back on the scene  
Like a ball on the green, giving strokes with my team  
And despite the commentary pop told me, I'm lowly  
And moms change-bank can't hold me, so  
She don't scold me, she just grabs the belt  
Knuckle the buckle, tells me all about the pain she felt  
At the precinct when a pre-teen was spotted at the scene  
Came up with the green, not a cop could intervene  
Listen here, you little motherf\*\*ker  
You ain't going to f\*\*k with me  
Got me coming to this damn precinct  
Dammit, I'm a kick your motherf\*\*king ass  
Shit! You ain't going to drive me crazy

Now, happens Tori met Tom not too long ago  
He was a nigga,, yo, he said he had the flow though  
He loved a bro, I know I didn't see you grow  
To a TV show cause the nigga said we all could go  
So I'm up and out of the ghetto, son of a gold miner  
City-slicking Carolinian standing out like Ming china  
A golden bull at heart though I moved around  
The balls bounced to the bottom, settled at a small town  
'Hey, boy! What's your name?!' First day, first fight  
I'm out of New York and, boy, it don't sit right if you're white  
Light were my steps from there  
Did my dirt on the low, a Southern town nightmare  
Cause the next year it was me and Ef on the furlough  
We were the only Queens kids but there were other boroughs  
With Rockwell, D-Ski, Ron Duke and Freddie  
New York was represented like we danced for Rock Steady  
Stan had tables and mics, every brother nice  
Not only could we rip and rhyme but backspin and slice  
With Paris and Foxy and Christina P's bust  
You know them loud, raunchy, trouble-making niggas? That was us  
A menace yet still I played tennis, ain't that cruddy  
Advanced with the Reeboks, they called them 'cut buddies'  
I hung with one, only one younger brother  
Shorty Doo-Wop could cut and scratch up any other  
Bigger than his size, was barely five feet  
In '83 broke beats that today rock streets  
With no one to grade it, still never debated  
Some saw and hated but they never contemplated  
It was the wild child with foul styles, pal but not foul  
A dis was never okay unless it came before corral  
Pals of mine, peoples though were down

I graduate next week and, yo, next week I'm NY bound  
Seven days from that one I'm leaving love that weighs a ton  
I'm going to miss you niggas, yo, that rapping shit was crazy fun  
But I'm leaving on the next bus  
I've got your numbers and we'll keep in touch, I trust  
Gliding, riding back to my domain  
For love and money, f\*\*k fame, my life will never be the same  
As the next man's words, can you dig it?  
I say I got a scheme, a-yo, I gots you figured  
Yo, wassup, wassup. Is money out here?  
Yo, I just got a call from that nigga Tiki  
Remember that nigga Tiki?  
He on his way from down South  
My real pops was a pusher, when we left he had a section  
So I keep it in the family, or at least I make connection  
With the prime figures for affiliated support  
In my purchase of cargo in the import and export  
Flushing, Queens: back when junkies was the fiends  
My childhood friends held buddha, had babies in dreams  
I took pops off my shit list cause he had the fitness  
To help Tiki get his, what the f\*\*k, pop? Jehovah witness  
What the f\*\*k, pop? What's with the fizz-plop  
I'm like, I can't put him down but the shit don't stop  
Worked at a law firm, for lack of fear  
I wrote a resume, spending words like a millionaire  
>From there to the bank, see the bank's down the block  
So now I'm close to home, I clock, I plot  
With Popote, he's my cousin and a wily one  
Though the kid was younger, quick like thunder  
With the heart to put you under  
Props even, the shit can't fail  
I saw Reese, bagged with Pote and made a sale

Go ahead, get that money  
Get that money!  
I ain't going to let nobody see you  
I got your back, baby, I got your back  
You want five? You only got two  
On one late night, I had made a nice amount  
More than two weeks pay, playing with the new accounts  
So I rose like a petal, f\*\*k pops, I run with thugs  
Levis, Tims, hoodie, coat, skully, drugs  
Fatigues before they were the fashion  
Pockets with work and others with cash in  
Thought I was cool with tools and mad trap  
My pops was like "read this" but I was like f\*\*k that  
So I jingle-jangled, clocked at every angle  
Tiki's getting paid and his crew's star-spangled  
And everyday, all day/night, yo, whatever  
Niggas on the strip in sub-zero weather  
Back before the first generation of fiends  
My team was sheer cream, keeping dollar bills green  
Fashion, Calvin cooler, playing Rick the Ruler  
And I can't front on nobody cause I pulled on a woolah  
Back in '86 first, foremost and final  
Rhyming on the corner, all I want to be's on vinyl  
I bum rush and boom bash, not even for merit  
Bounce out to see Reg and Joe down on Merrick  
But mostly it's the strip that I played like a cock  
On the block until the day I got knocked  
[Police sirens to fade]