

(Always writing&?| always revising)

Shorty feels the pressure on his shoulders as he's liftin it
Wonders why the elders always tell him not to question it
Options at the bottom of the ladder got him desperate
But all he ever wanted was a weapon to protect him with
Riding a 36 through the veins of the beacon
The water is the heart, its rainin when its beatin
In the city that I sleep in I'm dreamin while I'm awake
The miserable escape but they're too high to ponder faith
But who am I, to use their plight to illustrate a rhyme
With everything around me that I've never had to live
But I observe the inner qualities to serve the people properly
Tell them that their freedom isn't found in private property
Prostitutes are more than just the folks who sell their bodies
See this shit applies to those who's souls are a commodity
I can hear the colony callin me back to be
The bullet in the belly while they lock, load, and squeeze

Rebel with a pen lettin off buckshots in threes
Rewriting what it is into what it ought to be
They made a mockery out of the possibility
But under constant revision is the poem that I be

Rebel with a pen lettin off buckshots in threes
Rewriting what it is into what it ought to be
I be the emcee in the place not to be
But under constant revision is the poem that I be

Shorty feels oppression on his shoulders as he's liftin it
Wonders why the elders always tell him not to question it
Conjuring the courage just to conquer what's been killin him
He says its fucked up cause he knows no other synonym
Hidden from the truth, seen youths turned to troops
Who's goal at 21 is to turn 22, true tuition's too high
And those with the privelage to pay don't listen, it's a shame, go figurin
The name of the father, the son and holy lyrics
I suppose those who know what I'm sayin when they hear it
Might rage against the system, or hate me for dissin
The house in which they live in as a slave to the rhythm
But I walk the broken sidewalk paved with the magic
Of those who walk past it, just to survive traffic
If paybacks a bitch, then gravity's a bastard
Avenues I used to call familiar turned backward
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Yo.. shorty's getting grown old enough to read the messages
Understands the elders as he then begins to question them
One generation handed down what they've inherited

Another generation rewriting the master narrative
Older folks overdose on broken hopes often
Children then begin to grow comatose and lost up
In the clutches of the wickedest fingers
Indicative of the systems inhibited
Ability to listen to the voice of the dyin who've been tired of cryin
Nightsticks fall where projectiles are flyin
Through a straight path narrow like the gap between heaven and hell
They skip class cause they goin to jail, true
Students prevail when the knowledge is passed
But others seem to fail sittin flat on their ass
And now I be the emcee in the place not be
Under constant revision in the poem that I be

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