

Supreme

Recoil

Supreme talks about his baby's mother like a whore.
Sweet 16 she is,
with future uncertain,
love incomplete.
Soapy days for Jr. and she.

At 3, Supreme comes to give his boy a pat and a pound,
put his hoodie on the couch,
his Timberlands up on the coach
so his bitch can bring him a beer.

'So, this is the Nuclear family?
Mommy, baby... and
Daddy makes a mess of his baby's mother's hair as they fuck
'til her mother comes in from work.
She's playing house,
he's playing man
and Jr. is the only one who accepts he's just a child.

Wild nights she had with a swish of her stuff,
knocked up to a waddle,
a baby carriage bustle
and still gets her play.

But her dream is true romance...
well sorta
Everyday from 3 to 6.

Supreme leaves out before Mommy comes kick his lazy narrow behind back onto
the street.
He's not a corner boy.
The bodega in the 40's is midblock where bullets flock,
no names engraved and he may be next.
Shielded by the patron saint of the brothers.
Being there is all there is.
Living lovely without turning the corner,
reaching for a swig brings sweat to his brow and shit to his mouth,
dispelling knowledge on the stuffs,
the pleasing things the baby's mother do,
dousing the sidewalk with wretch of a boy/man,
breaking Friday night to seek manhood in a paper bag.
Says, "Fatherhood is real cool
and the kid looks like me so she better not let nothing happen to him or I'm
a gonna kill the bitch."

Sudden twitch to the roll of the wheel,
trained steel stained blue puts
punk on the wall for some trumped up call from precinct 101.

Monday at 3,
the baby's mother waits,
Jr. in her arms, patiently at the door,
doesn't know what she misses.
Locked into the routine,
a project queen.
Supreme rode off into the sunset with a 3 to 6 all his own.
Took a week for her to find out,

a minute to promise devotion,
her life on hold as Supreme calls checking on his boy
(and the baby's mother).

Life on the outside ain't even worth it.
Shit.

Who screwed whom?

There's not enough room in the pen for them both to stay locked into their l
ittle worlds they will.

Leather gear, X skullie, Size 2 Docs.

Man, Jr.'s the fliest shit in nursery care.

Paid for by W.I.C.

so who's getting dicked?

Who reigns supreme?

Who reigns supreme?