TUPAC

by Lonnie Carter

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Five cars in his entourage rolling down the strip
White beemer gives him coorage like a goddess on the prow of a ship
Snipe avatar snipe the rapper the main jet
Fresh from a prize fight where he cadged every bet
With a fistful of franklins he scratches his small goatee
Contemplating his fate with his record magnate honey honey bee
Honey honey bee 300 pounds behind the wheel so tight
With thoughts of his own on this fight night so bright
Iron Mike be like Mike yeah
Tyson the Muslim Tyson the god yeah
L.V. the city of light luminescent
Nevada the state of power incandescent
Casinos and slots, 21 and blackjack
Afros and 'Mericans Sicilianos and Gangsterwhack
Gangsta rap be all the rave and rage
Ain't nobody with a ghetto badge going to reach no ripe old age
Suddenly as they all accelerate
All five white beemers and a jagyouare leap the gate
Out of the turn come a white Cadillac
Stealing and peeling past the fried chicken shack
Even up with Snipe Avatar and Honey Honey Bee
Open fire 'cross their bows
Lordy Lordy, you and me
Snipe takes it in the lung between his tattos of Cleopatra Christ
Thug Life Sings the Blues and cries "My mama said I'd never
look her in the eyes. I'd be dead before I got the prize."
But she was wrong
I got the p-r-i-y-z
Blap Blap
Two 'pocalypse e-y-e-e-z
I say, "Dear Mama, I was in your womb with Daddy Black Panther
in Rikers and the Tombs"
And I knew I was born astride the grave
Did not prevent me from being brass and bold and brave
I gatted all those things 'midst the star starry night
'Bout cops copkillers and hot bitches
Not right
Don't you see I was trying to get through through the shite

On the roof on the beach on the asphalt so black
I'm trying to make my point front center yo Jack
Ladies and girls you got you your receptacles
Homies and boys you got you your unbound testicles
Bound to be bursting every which way and then
Careful my bloods you be up for five to ten
Let us all be Aretha and R-E-S-P-E-C-T
We got nothing else on this earth
'Cept what's love and light for you you and me
And now I'm dead
Bled
Fled
I said
Those bullets in my head
I cannot resist
They are the final dissed
Gone
I'm a pawn
From history's dawn's early light
The fight is endless
But the struggles depends less on us
Than on broken glass
Shards up the ass
Twisted 'round
Manacle-bound

Oh say can't you see
By this Snipe's early blight
How so loudly I jailed
At the twilight's blast screaming
Whose raw swipes and knife scars
Torso tattoed with might
O'er the rampage they watched
'Twas so Central Park creaming
And the glockers red glare
Magnums bursting in air
Came through through the shite
That my balls were ripped bare
Oh say does that star-shattered sphincter yet quaver
O'er the land of bloody me
And the home of the slave - er
Play ball

The fight is endless
But my life is not

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