

Heritage

There has to be a reminder, that it's not...we can't...it's not...we can't cool out and...it's not time to chill out at banquets and shit. It's still on. It's on just like when you was young and you wanted to say fuck that, just like you said fuck that back then. So how come now, that I'm _____ something years old, and ready to start some shit up: e'erybody telling me to calm down? You know, don't curse, go to school, go to college...Well, FUCK THAT! You know, we done had colleges for a while now...

Come, come now!

I'm so numb now.

And to this game:

a nigga done succumbed now.

Dumb-founded. I used to be astounded by how I used to run it
but, niggas keep on clownin'.

Ain't nobody sounding the horn
to alert my peoples.

Only recourse left is the Desert Eagle.

Oh, please. Tell me: why this game unequal?

Unleveled.

The purpose for the shovel with the heavy metal.

Wipin' my ass, after shittin' on 'em.

You gotta be kiddin'. It's written on dem kittens.

Dem feminine.

No kin to them.

I sin, AGAIN!

Drinkin' gin, AGAIN!

To my chagrin. Knock the faders down and let it all blend, AGAIN!