

I Gotta a Story (to Tell)

Ladies and Gentlemen,

For once in my lifetime, there's someone to love me.

I Gotta story to tell.

What am I to do?

Hangin out in the same club wit *Da Kompetition*:

“It's a small place we hustle in.”

“Gotta bridge up outta here.”

“Gotta get more muscle, then.”

“Sit ‘em all down to discuss with them...”

“... general mistrust of them.”

No time for wunderlusterin’.

Scope ‘em out and bust at ‘em:

“Take all they cash...”

“...all they jewels that's encrusted and...”

“Look, man! This game got me disgusted...”

“...And?”

“It's a trip, this modern cattle-rustlin’.”

Strong-armed tactics,

while whoopin’ these people’s asses.

“Finish the task...”

“...or risk the spreadin’ of rashes.”

“My *rationale* escapes me: why the FUCK do we fight to uphold this here slavery?”

I'm comin' for you.

Outlawed sets,

threats of ill description.

Diction: it feel more script than fiction.

Pitchin'll get yo ass batted out the park.

Sparked on, disembarked from and slaughtered.

“Bartered.”

“And sold down river!”

Oh, these real killers:

disgruntled postal employees turned cap-peelers.

“Drug dealers and known prescription stealers.”

Canary-yellow and green.

“When pinched,

they squealers.”

Get the fuck on.

Before I buck on,

Ya whole crew.

Ah fuck it, I'ma dump on:

All you lil' testifyin' miscreants,

Death defyin' *cedeants*.

Seediest.

What a fuckin' mess.

Stuck in a 6 x 9 til about six after nine:

Freed on my own *recognizance*.

See, I gotta lotta *sense*.

I'm seekin' witnesses,

Huntin' lawyers down.

I ain't got no *common sense*.

Every since this drama hit,

My name been poppin' up in a whole lotta shit.

“And well...they been poppin' a whole lotta clips.”

“And well...sometime the wrong person gets hit.”

“Damn. _____!”