

The Pullman Porter

LOST:

Run amuck in the mist.

Ain't got no compass,

and I'm pissed.

North star all clouded up.

Where to go?

I can't trust these folks.

Is they friend or foe?

I see the light out,

by the out-house.

But I don't trust thy neighbor.

Fuck him! Fuck his spouse!

Fuck 'em all I DEMAND IT:

Captured and marched through the sand.

Headed west on a boat,

don't command.

Middle-passage garbage,

and fed to the sharks.

Despite I come through.

Pray for the lark,

that's set free – caged in.

All my rage is, burnt black

and it's Cajun.

Baton Rouge. Ahh Scrooge. All of you muthafuckas.

Look what you've done to us.
Run amuck in the terror.
The torrents. Come through pourin'.
Whore his soul. Pour his soul.
Over the beats, then heed master's defeat.
Put him on his back and...
Trust none of them, I just jack them.
Still headed north.
Canadian border's in my sights.
1850. Oh, I hate the night.
The day time's even worse.
They recognize me...SOMEBODY HELP ME.
No disguise, making it.
The pigment and my skin-tone is forsaken, it's...
My XY chromosomes won't let me make it home.
The terrordome.
I shake due to earthquakes.
I shake in my boots,
but still I'm resolute.
My peoples won't revolt.
Won't revolute.
Where the fuck we goin': cannot sit.
Shoot.
My clothes got holes in 'em.
My hoes keep closin' 'em

Them bloodhounds,

On a nigga's trail.

Trapped, in the S-T-L.

Dem can't make up dem minds.

LOOK:

Missouri Compromise.

Three-fourths resolute.

FUCK THEY FREEDOM, EVERYTHING GOT POLLUTED!