

The good thing about learning
a new language is...
you must think

before you speak...

Copyrights ©2001 Derrick -BLUE- Wilson

Library Of Congress Catalog Number TXU887-348

International Standard Book Number ISBN 0-9712581-2-0

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Published by The Great Persuader Publishing

[Facebook.com/Brad bathgate](https://www.facebook.com/Brad bathgate)

[myspace.com/bradbathgate](https://www.myspace.com/bradbathgate)

[Twitter.com/bradbathgate](https://twitter.com/bradbathgate)

This book is a work of fiction. names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual person, living or dead, events, or local is entirely coincidental.

Cover design and layout by Derrick Wilson

Printed In the United States of America

Thanks a lot to Lady Go, Mahogany Browne
and Nicole Alexander

Much love to my baby Shaquila Ali

Smoke Fire

C lose the bridges and the thruways into the Bronx and it would look just like a concentration camp

It's already like a makeshift reservation and the only thing missing are the casino's and valet parking...

But I know once they built that middle class coffee shop in the heart of Black Mecca...the rent would go up

That was the whole purpose of Crack being pumped into the neighborhood

It was to pimp the misery of the working poor, and eventually Harlem would be a playground for the Bougies

Then it would be just like Jamaica

It would be just like Puerto Rico

It would be just like any other Caribbean Island where there's a hotel or resort that separates the Have from the Have not's and if anybody ever spoke about social injustice or racial equality, they would simply be classified as a nut case... Just like me

But who remembers Marcus Garvey?

Who remembers when those crooked cops shoved a wooden stick up that mans rectum and the media insisted that he was sexually assaulted?

But the Rectum is not a sex organ...

It don't reproduce

In The Middle Of The Block

What it is, is word play - that plays on the patriotic passion of the average American with subliminal messages and subconsciously we're taught to believe that everybody named Muhammad is an enemy

It won't be long before we start teaching our children that the solar eclipse and earth quakes are linked to terrorism

All while we're quoting verse from the bible, we have the audacity to sing the national anthem...and that's a big contradiction

That's just like having smoke detectors inside of a Tee pee and we're passing around Peace Pipes- wondering why is the alarm is going off....

But ya'll know the ole sayin'...

Where there is smoke....

Going To Philly

Unseen words carry no weight, but they can be heavy

They leave dents in my mind if I don't speak my mind, that's why
it's a must that I... speak my mind

If not I can't sleep at night

It's like having bricks in my bed

There's a war going on inside of my head and a truce is necessary
so I speak up!

I be spitting in Ebonics when I be chilling with my people

We be conversing in a language that some might consider
unfit for corporate America

That's when everybody wants to be somebody

Everybody wants to feel important but they're not willing to
endure the rigors of the mission

We can't sit home watching television and think welfare is
going to rectify our condition

Fronting like celebrities - making babies on top of babies
and we can't feed the ones we already have

We can make room for our rat's and roaches
and our pit bulls make a nice bed for our pet fleas

At the end of the week we buy beer and dog food with Food
stamps while the children get a balanced breakfast of potato chips
and Kool-Aid

In The Middle Of The Block

Everybody is trying to get rich quick, playing Quick Pick
but the next man is always the winner
That game makes money off poor people's misery
Misery loves company and that's why people that live alone
talk a lot!

I didn't get here in an inner tube just to become shark bait
over the Atlantic...*I was born here!*

In the core of the apple, at the pit of the borough
I hung out with the rejects and the down trodden
But this city was rotten before I was begotten
So I ask you, am I the eye sore just because I saw rats bigger
than cats and a cool cat was the terminology to describe a friend
Back in '76

Now he's my dog
My girl is my bitch and my friends are my niggers...

I live underneath the under, at the bottom of the low
I was eavesdropping on Army ants tryin' to find a source of
unity

I bought a bus ticket but I couldn't take it to the hereafter
so I just settled in Philly, but when I got there the same bullshit was
going on, so I came back and the minute I stepped off the bus all I
could hear was, "excuse me, Brother

Pardon me, Black
Do you have a quarter?
Do you have a nickel?
Do you have a dime?
Do you have a cigarette?
Do you have a light?
Do you have the time?
Pray to Jesus
Pray to Jehovah
Pray to Jah

Corner Stores

Pray to Allah

Pray to Guiliani because he thinks he's God !11”

99.9 percent of the people in this world are convincing
back stabbers!

“Don't eat sugar

Don't eat salt

Don't eat pork

Don't eat meat

Save the dolphins

Save the whales

Save the children

Save the rain forest.”

Time out, if life is a game, who's playing?

If we're a race, whose winning?

Being that we're at the door step of technology, Scientists
are trying to mock the womb of a woman and create children
without the act of sex

Viagra will be for some rich fuck that just wants to get his
dick up, jack off in a jar... and then freeze his bastards to insure he
has an heir to his crown

Everyone listen up... Every mind is a world and only you can
make you happy, just don't bother me with it!

That's why I stopped giving my money to bums!

I got tired of them throwing my pennies in the street

Then they act like they don't want to eat the food that I try
to give'em

Don't you know this one bum told me he's a vegetarian!

He went on to say that life had thrown him a curve ball

I think he was trying to use me to get a hit

In The Middle Of The Block

Bad habits stay on the shoulders of the rejects that wait for a check...then get upset when the mailman is late

Conflicts occur in the front lobby but he was the same guy that had the hobby just like he's was a millionaire, with sneakers piled up to the ceiling

buying a new pair when the first pair got dirty...

But now he's begging!

Contrary to popular belief, you can't get rich selling drugs because a decent lawyer is expensive

But in every state there's a ghetto and in every ghetto there's a corner and on that corner there's somebody thinking that they can defy the odds...

I guess its O.K. to sell death to the people as long as you "*Keep It Real*"

Because when you're "*Keeping It Real*" that then gives you a reason to be part of the problem

People will go and protest police brutality but won't say anything about the pusher

That's because they know the pusher personally and he's just "*Keeping It Real*"

We call each other brothers...then we kill over colors and mug one another for chump change

And it's never enough change to change our standard of living but then we sit back and complain "that nobody gives a damn about the people in the hood!!!"

But what about the preachers and their fashion conscious congregation?

It's funny how black people had it all before segregation now it's like we don't have jack to show for it but a sign that reads: BUY BLACK

We call each other niggers and figure the bigger the gun

Corner Stores

the bigger the boy because he's the one that sits home watching TV

Someone has him believing he's a straight up "GEE", so he keeps his right hand in his pocket and it's the same hand that he smacked his girl with

It's the same hand that he describes his words with
And it's connected to his trigger finger and it's all a bullshit concept of

Keeping It Real!