

Central Park

Billy Woods

I'm enjoying the day outside
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It came in two pieces
No arm no breakdown
Still felt like gifts from Jesus
Water in a drought
If you scared
Go in the house
Married to the game
Abusing my spouse
Bout it like Viktor Bout
Mums the word
Idiots open they mouth remove all doubt
I'm in the park when it's dark out
Twist the bark
Hands of a surgeon
Never went the shark route
Eggs from a sturgeon
Sour candy from an urchin
Ask not for whom The Raven's perching
It caws for you
Tower of London when I punch in
For him
They built a supermax under the dungeon
Panopticon octagon within an octagon
Rapped my way out like word is bond
My 10 percent was militant
Knowledge of self
Nigga rich
Negro recidivist
Lonely hearts club
Apparently I'm the only rapper that didn't fuck your bitch
Yet
In lieu of respect I'm now accepting certified checks
Wade through the crowd
Swiper in hand
Shorties unconvinced when I say I'm with the band

Urban green spaces
Metal-halide lamps
Black Green Acres
Good fences
Pale neighbors
You can have the streets
Inconspicuously absent when them things start clapping
Green in the wood like absinthe
White flight like Aspen
The hustler in me wants to give back
Help kids with they fractions
Metric system
Reading comprehension
Theoretical math
Like if you give a dude a half
What's the likelihood he brings it back
Pop quiz what's the line between being crazy high and a panic attack
Trick question

Told son
You can run with the best of them
Years later found eating Jim Crow in the colored section
You wrecked
Slow horses fast betting
Police sweep
Little homies caught in the netting
You prolly could of done something but you didn't
Now that it's to late
A whole bunch of predictable hand wringing
Blame the family
Blame myself
Or blame the system
Fact is gun charges with two priors
My little cousins going to prison

I'm out here till I got no work left
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