

Christine

Billy Woods

Black car on a backstreet, little me asleep on the back seat
Lulled by street lamps and the blackness in between
My parents' argument picking up speed
In and out of bad dreams
That's what they said when she saw him dead in the road
Now I know it was the shadow of them black wings
Unmarked followed us for ten blocks
Nigga said if they try to make the stop, I'm fleein'
Brake lights bright red, lit his face like a demon
We took a left, they went straight, we all laughed but I seen it
Some had the trap in the trunk of the bimmer
Some kept the cracks up front so they could eat 'em
Some went through the windshield, some went to the precinct
Some got yapped out driver's seats in parking lots and left bleedin'
Some things only make sense in their time
I paid a hundred for the whip, so when police took it, I never paid no never
mind
Easy come

From Mandeville to Sligoville, coffin runnin' around
Upsettin', upsettin', upsettin' the town
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They lookin' for the vehicle
Took the plates off, put it in his Granny back yard
Told her somethin' believable
He got killed, it was still there for a year or two
I'd seen it drivin' through
Granny on the stoop, she never waved back
High grass, four flats forward with the front passenger door mismatched
Blacked out truck with the rifle rack
The hunter checks his traps
Bait car with the kill switch
Gingerbread house full of abused kids
Inflatable sky dancer said "No money down"
Every sign said, "If you lived here, you'd be home now"
(... Strawberry on deck, Strawberry already with three hits tonight!)
Asleep at the wheel
Gently over the guardrail, flipped heads or tails
One died, she survived
Asked why, I replied, "God's not real"
Ducked the question
In a hospital room full of flowers, I plucked the best one
In a world full of cowards, it's bound to be tension

[?] behind on [?] with a single, he got behind on Butler and lined-
out, it's now 2-0
Daniels' with a game situation here
If he can work his way aboard, then the load falls once again on Daryl Straw
berry
As he has a chance to play hero once again for the Dodgers
But it's up to Daniels at this point

Fuck 23 and Me, mom's an inventor

From our DNA to Cambridge, Mass
Maafe, that's Skippy and poulet
Dispatched from Venice, [?] Kilgari
Tyrant that [?] Mali and a Bamako property
Jump to imperial Benin, fifteenth century, trade routes heavy
Break the bank like Musa, mint the gold, truth aplenty
We still feed on dreams in need of remedy
Trauma not an enemy
Perverse German woodcuts could've been Dürer
Three heads on a jackal, fantastic creatures in Africa
Universalis Cosmographia
Sebastian Münster, lying bastard
Wolfman in a Speedo, Cyclops and Chest Master
I first heard Culture on the island of Gorée, international urn
I was twelve years old, still could have gone ofay
So bless that day
And damn the last three centuries