

## Rpms

**Billy Woods**

What they do is, they sort of sit in, uh, fake taxis, you know, four beefy white guys, uh, sit in a fake taxi by the side of the Williamsburg Bridge, and they eyeball what's coming over from Brooklyn. And, if the car looks like a \$200 shit-box, or some body's got an afro or a ponytail, uh, they pull up, pull in behind the car, and they wait to see if the guy's going to go all polite in his driving, like put on lane-change signals, then they know he's dirty

Bucket seats  
Back of the squad car, ridin'  
Through smudged glass, concrete, wrought iron flyin'  
Knees jammed, sea legs, dry land  
Cuffed hands, mouth fulla sand  
Thick, stone in the shoe  
Still talk slick like, "I'll be home in a few"  
They're amused, took the right on Throop  
Came down Hewes, chills like the flu  
Thoughts of the box, a hundred niggas just like you  
Warm milk and mayonnaise, nobodies scratch they names  
Empty vessels, grindin', mortar to pestle  
Moon hang, jaundiced bezel  
Engine wrestle, up blocks  
Radios crackle with fired shots, knockos on that no-knock  
"Who's there?" They smell fear  
Front windows down, weed in the air  
Brown bag beers  
Grilling on aluminum foil, Summer nights, slow boil  
Driving slow, just to be jerks  
Negroes watch like it's a hearse  
Dug deep, gave the whole hood that Max B smirk