

(Always writing&?| always revising)

Shorty feels the pressure on his shoulders as he's liftin it  
Wonders why the elders always tell him not to question it  
Options at the bottom of the ladder got him desperate  
But all he ever wanted was a weapon to protect him with  
Riding a 36 through the veins of the beacon  
The water is the heart, its rainin when its beatin  
In the city that I sleep in I'm dreamin while I'm awake  
The miserable escape but they're too high to ponder faith  
But who am I, to use their plight to illustrate a rhyme  
With everything around me that I've never had to live  
But I observe the inner qualities to serve the people properly  
Tell them that their freedom isn't found in private property  
Prostitutes are more than just the folks who sell their bodies  
See this shit applies to those who's souls are a commodity  
I can hear the colony callin me back to be  
The bullet in the belly while they lock, load, and squeeze

Rebel with a pen lettin off buckshots in threes  
Rewriting what it is into what it ought to be  
They made a mockery out of the possibility  
But under constant revision is the poem that I be

Rebel with a pen lettin off buckshots in threes  
Rewriting what it is into what it ought to be  
I be the emcee in the place not to be  
But under constant revision is the poem that I be

Shorty feels oppression on his shoulders as he's liftin it  
Wonders why the elders always tell him not to question it  
Conjuring the courage just to conquer what's been killin him  
He says its fucked up cause he knows no other synonym  
Hidden from the truth, seen youths turned to troops  
Who's goal at 21 is to turn 22, true tuition's too high  
And those with the privelage to pay don't listen, it's a shame, go figurin  
The name of the father, the son and holy lyrics  
I suppose those who know what I'm sayin when they hear it  
Might rage against the system, or hate me for dissin  
The house in which they live in as a slave to the rhythm  
But I walk the broken sidewalk paved with the magic  
Of those who walk past it, just to survive traffic  
If paybacks a bitch, then gravity's a bastard  
Avenues I used to call familiar turned backward  
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Yo.. shorty's getting grown old enough to read the messages  
Understands the elders as he then begins to question them  
One generation handed down what they've inherited

Another generation rewriting the master narrative  
Older folks overdose on broken hopes often  
Children then begin to grow comatose and lost up  
In the clutches of the wickedest fingers  
Indicative of the systems inhibited  
Ability to listen to the voice of the dyin who've been tired of cryin  
Nightsticks fall where projectiles are flyin  
Through a straight path narrow like the gap between heaven and hell  
They skip class cause they goin to jail, true  
Students prevail when the knowledge is passed  
But others seem to fail sittin flat on their ass  
And now I be the emcee in the place not be  
Under constant revision in the poem that I be

Rebel with a pen lettin off buckshots in threes  
Rewriting what it is into what it ought to be  
I be the emcee in the place not to be  
But under constant revision is the poem that I be