

Forgot About Jack

MC Lars

Here's the story of a dude named Jack Kerouac
who hit the road 'cause he was never coming back
to write an epic book and see the country
with a very close friend named Neal Cassady
they were lovers but we didn't know until much later
'cause America then was full of homophobic haters
it was all about the journey and spontaneous prose
at the Six Gallery he heard Ginsberg flow
'cause Jack went hard and got turned up
passed the port after he filled his cup
A Catholic Buddhist with a giant heart
wrote everything down the in the service of his art
went to Big Sur, saw a dead otter
thought about his mom his cat and his father
drank himself to death in his Florida home
was laid to rest in Lowell at 47 years old

Who's that? Jack, Jack, Jack Kerouac! Who's that?
(The French Canadian Dharma Bum, who lived his life to the maximum)
Who's that? Jack, Jack, Jack Kerouac! Who's that?
(Writing poems down in Mexico, left his mark just to let you know)

Tupac Shakur, yes I'm sure,
was the Kerouac of rap 'cause they both opened doors
they defined a culture, both died really young
both came West and had hella fun
they went out in the club with their fans getting hyphy
up in the bar with their crew drinking nightly
prolific and brilliant and real and alive
made poetry mainstream and changed people's lives
East Coast to Marin well they both made the trek
the Thug Life purveyors who always caught wreck
poets who loved and supported their moms
and when they were focused their words were the bomb
maligned by the press for their derelict ways
the gangster aesthetic, a sideways beret
the posthumous gifts of two iconoclasts
RIP Tupac and RIP Jack

Who's that? Jack, Jack, Jack Kerouac! Who's that?
(No commitments, feeling free, up all night writing constantly)
Who's that? Jack, Jack, Jack Kerouac! Who's that?
(Literary iconoclast, who grabbed the moment and made it last)

Who's that? Jack, Jack, Jack Kerouac! Who's that?
(A Lonesome Traveller, On the Road, writing prose about the life he chose)
Who's that? Jack, Jack, Jack Kerouac! Who's that?
(Stacks of paper, piling up, shot of whiskey up in his cup)

And I'm talking about the Beats
not the ones you're hearing on Ableton
'cause the whole hip-hop generation
really could not have been enabled son
to express a postmodern view point
form the streets to the stage to the stadium
without Burroughs or Ginsberg or Kerouac
cause antiquated norms they were changing them

with art and music and poetry and prose
but counterculture then was a big no no
cause Cold War America was all about fear
conformity and status, '57 was the year
when On the Road changed the game
then Howl and Naked Lunch set the world aflame
it would never be the same as you already know
Kerouac opened doors with that beatnik flow

Who's that? Jack, Jack, Jack Kerouac! Who's that?
(World renowned for his honest words, shouted loud 'til his voice was heard)
Who's that? Jack, Jack, Jack Kerouac! Who's that?
(Defined a movement and paved the way, so MCs like me could take the stage)

Who's that? Jack, Jack, Jack Kerouac! Who's that?
(Bad reviews all in his face, but no one else could ever take his place)
Who's that? Jack, Jack, Jack Kerouac! Who's that?
(A Roman candle in the dark, who exploded like a spider across the stars)

Nowadays everybody want, to tweet like they got something to say
But nothing comes out when they move their thumbs, they just let their fingers run
And bloggers wanna act like they forgot about Jack [x4]

Who's that? Jack, Jack, Jack Kerouac! Who's that? [x2]

Who's that?