

He's Seeing Paths

Parquet Courts

He's got a MetroPCS and a bike and an alibi
Chinatown, downtown, to Crown Heights and Bed-Stuy
Green paths, grey paths, one way streets
Running through the grid trying to get to point B
Chinese food drivers taking wrong way rides
Driver side doors trying not to collide
Nothing in his mind but a five borough map
Left, right, north, south, east, west, he's seeing paths

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His eyes going side to side, scanning for the haters
Suspicious doorman pointing at the elevator
Later, he's sitting in the park and thinking
Then he hits the ground running when the burner starts beeping
So [?] and the train [?]
First goes up, the second goes down
James on Broome went six for five
And Mike in Union Square got three
Jimmy on Sixty-Ninth got one
Pablo wasn't home, so he got none
Like the boys in the park making [?]
Like a rook through the board he's seeing paths

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At the Wilson Ave checkpoint, he's got to trust his instincts
And slips into the hands of the 83rd Precinct
"Don't touch my bag," he pleads, "Mr. Officer
Nothing in there but clothes and fabric softener"
Yeah they're perched outside every corner store
Cause the powers that be choose to surveil the poor
Avoiding eye contact every time he goes past
[?] to the gut of the beast, he's seeing paths

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