

Lalala

Saul Williams

Nigga, you betta drink half a gallon
of shaolin before you pluck the strings
of my violin, my life is orchestrated, like
london symphony, concentrated. Niggas waited
and waited. i'm birthday wistles, belated.
blow out the candles, i wait in the
darkness, like a vandal. the silloutte
of set in this mirror on the mantle.
fire place is in the heart. water
places the art 'round the island of
desiring wheremost primitives stalk
sacrificing their daughters, but these
primordial waters carry a feminine
agenda that no man ever taught us.
true they captured and caught us,
transported, sold us, and bought us. they
constituted and lawed us, distorted truths
that they taught us. we rebelled, then
fought us. we conformed, then
they formed us. Now these niggas rhyming
'bout material possessions. My adidas are
three years old, like my daughter, niggas
rhyme 'bout alize and need to rhyme about
water. but out of chaos comes order
out of chaos comes order out of chaos comes
order....Fake niggas run for the border
LA LA LA LA LALA LA LALA LA LA
LA LA LA LA
in a past life i was a woodcarver's knife
the sharpened blade of a woodcutter
the eldest son of the chief's brother:
maker of drums. we scraped the
inside of goat hides to seek the hollows
where sound resides, offering the parts
we did not use to invoke the muse.
music of the ghettos, the cosmos,
the negroes, the necros: overcomers
of death, disciples of breath. dissection
of drumbeats like Osirus by Seth.
breakbeats into fourteen pieces.
dissembled chaos, organized noise.
a patchwork of heartbeats to resurrect
true b-boys. be men let's mend
the broken heart of Isis. age of
aquarius. mother nature is furious
while you rhyme about being hardcore be
heartcore. what is it that we do art for?
metaphor. metasin. it's an age of
healing. why not rhyme about what you're
feeling? or not be felt. deal w/ the cards
you're dealt. calling tarot readers and
sparrow feeders to cancel the
apocalypse....metaphorically speaking
(meta: greek for beyond)