

Cold Lunch

WHY?

I always wanted to be the voice of the streets
But my father was a rabbi and my mother made beats
I mean books
And the kids from the streets always gave me dirty looks
It's watching your own shadow on a dirt bike
Get shot in the back under a street light
When you arrive at the party it will not be
Without a bullet in your back
And a poem about death
And of course your walkmen