

## Cold Lunch

WHY?

I always wanted to be the voice of the screets  
But my father was a rabbi and my mother made beats  
I mean books  
And the kids from the streees always gave me dirty looks  
It's watching you 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