Goines Tale

Cru

Yo
This joint right here
Is dedicated
To the infamous, late great
Donald Goines
Word life, C, R, U, Cru representaionBlack Girl Lost, her pop is, Daddy Cool
Former, Dopefiend now a pimp, damn fool
He's a, Black Gangster, Inner City Hoodlum
Phat prankster, must admit a pretty good one
But little do he know he on a, Death List, and shit
This'll be, Kenyatta's Escape, Kenyatta's Last Hit
Crime Partners, he and Ken' was
Till one day they spark that traum up and got a buzz
Said he heard Kenyatta had phoned his wife
So, he shot him over this rumor, tried to take his life
Promised Kenyatta would, Never Die Alone
So he went home, and shot his wife while she was on the phone
Shot her in the head and then she lay dead
Pimp jeted in his, Eldorado Red
Kenyatta didn't die he would, Cry Revenge
Wouldn't stop till he saw the pimp's dead end
Pimp went to whore house to see his, Street Players
Collect all the doe cause yo that's what the game is
Pimps called, Swamp Man, cause he's like a Munster
Violent in the street ever since he was a youngster
See you was a, Whoreson, son of a whore
And from this the violent mental scars we wore
Forgot about Kenyatta thought Kenyatta was ghost
While doin what he gotta tryin to make the most
And for those two shootins, he never got caught
Smart man ended up in the new house he bought
Ken' found out with the quickness where he lived
Written the address then went up the crib
Ooze and vest he ain't fest
Sprayed his rest, shit is best to put that pimp to the test
Six months later Ken' was back
Instead of an ooze this time he had a mack in his backpack
Yawnin, in the wee hours of the mornin
Pimps' known to leave his whorehouse at dawnin

There he is, suddenly appears
Nuthin in his hand except a six pack of Heiniken beers
Steps out the bushes, the trigger he pushes
Hits up, Swamp Man, and mad blood gu-shes
Fills him with lead, puts the last in his head
Then slides, Swamp Man, lay dead
Runs up a few blocks there go the cops
They must have heard the RAT A TAT pops of the shots
His mind's racin wonderin what he should
Give up or say, Fuck It!, and spray the cops too
Stops in his tracks and bends down to kneel
She been shot before yo he know how it feels
He drops his gun, and with it the beef
Now a, White Mans Justice Black Mans Grief

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