1987

Esham

Acid-wash Guess with the leather patches
Sportin' the white Diadoras with the hoodie that matches
I'm wearing two Swatches and a small Gucci pouch
I could have worn the Lugi but I left it in the houseNow, my niggas, Duce and Wayne got gold plates with their names
With the skyline on it, with the box link chain
I'm wearing my frames, they match my gear with their tint
And you know Lagerfields is the scentNow, my nigga Rafael just got his jeep out the shop
Mint green sidekick, custom-made rag top
'Strictly Business' is the album that we play
'You're A Customer', the pick of the dayNow there's a nigga on the block, never seen him before
Selling incense and oil, my man thinks that he's the law
But why on earth would this be on their agenda?
As he slowly approaches the window"Uh, uh, I've seen you before, I've been you and more
I was the one bearing the pitcher of water
I rent the large upper room, furnished with tidings of your doom
Or pleasure, whichever feathers decrease"Yo Ralph, is he talking to me?
"No I'm talking to the sea son's resurrected
I'm the solstice of the day
I bring news from the blues of the Caspian"My man laughs, he's one them crazy motherfuckers
Turn the music back up 'cause I'm the E-Double
"Wait, but, but, but, but I know the volume of the sea
And sound waves as I willWill you allow me to be at your service?"
My man Ralph is nervous, he believes
That this strange tongue deceives
And maybe he's been informed thatHe's pushing gats hidden in the back, beneath the floor mats
Come on Jack, we don't have time for your bullshit or playin'
A'salaam a something' or another
"Wait isn't Juanita your mother?""I told you I know you, now grant me a moment"
At the gates of Atlantis we stand
Ours is the blood that flowed from the palms of his hands
On the plow till earth till I'm nowMoon cycles revisited, womb fruit of the sun
Full moon of occasions wave the wolves where they run
And we run towards the light casting love on the winds
As is the science of the aroma of sleeping womenLost in his eyes they soon reflect my friend's are grinning
But I'm a pupil of his sight, the wheels are spinning
Yo, I'll see ya'll later on tonightIn the beginning her tears where the long awaited rains
Of a parched Somali village
Red dusted children danced shadows

In the newfound mound of mascara that eclipsed her faceReflected in the smogged glass of Carlos, east street bodega
Learning to love, she had forgotten to cry
Seldom hearing the distant thunder in her lovers ambivalent sighs
He was not honest, she was not sureA great grandmother had sacrificed
The family's clarity for God in the late 1800's
Nonetheless she had allowed him to mispronounce her name
Which had eventually led to her misinterpreting her own dreamsAnd later doubting them but the night was young
She the firstborn daughter of water faced darkness and smiled
Took mystery as her lover and raised light as her childMan, that shit was wild, you should have seen how they ran
She woke up in a alley with a gun in her hand
Tupac in lotus form minutes, blood on his hands
She woke up on a vessel, the land behind herThe sun within her, water beneath her
Mushed corn for dinner or was it breakfast
Her stomach turned as if a compass
She prayed the east and lay there breathlessThey threw her overboard for dead
She swam silently and fled into the blue sea
La soh fa mi, re do, si
The seventh octave, I don't mean to confuse youMany of us have been taught to sing
And so we practice scales
Many of us were born singing
And thus were born with scalesMermaids, cooks and field hands
Sang a nightsong by the forest
And the ocean was the chorus
In Atlantis where they sangThose thrown overboard had overheard
The mystery of the undertow
And understood that down below
There would be no more chainsThey surrendered breath and name
And survived countless as rain
I'm the weather man
The clouds say storm is comingA white buffalo was born, already running
And if you listen very close, you'll hear a humming
Beneath the surface of our purpose lies
Rumors of ancient man, dressed in cloud face minstrels in the skyThe moon's my mammy, the storm holds my eye
Dressed in westerlies
Robed by robes ol' man river knows my name
And the reason you were born is the reason that I cameThen she looks me in the face
And her eyes get weak
Pulse rate descends, hearts rate increase
Emcees look me in the face and their eyes get weakPulse rates descends, hearts rate increase
Emcees look me in the face and their eyes get weak
Pulse rates descends, hearts rate increase

It's like "beam me up, Scottie", I control your bodyI'm as deadly as AIDS when it's time to rock a party
We all rocked fades, fresh faded in ladidadi
And when we rock the mic, we rock the mic
And when we rock the mic, we rock the micAnd when we rock the mic, we rock the mic
But let's look feminine side, ignore the feminine side
Let's the feminine side, ignore the feminine side
Let's the feminine side, ignore the feminine sideLet's the feminine side
I presented my feminine side with flowers
She cut the stems and placed them gently down my throat
And these tu-lips might soon eclipse your brightest hopes

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