

# 1987

## âœ•âœ•âœ• (Crosses)

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 face  
Reflected 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 sure  
A 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 dreams  
And 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 child  
Man, 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 her  
The sun within her, water beneath her  
Mashed corn for dinner or was it breakfast

Her stomach turned as if a compass

She prayed the east and lay there breathless  
They 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 you  
Many of us have been taught to sing  
And so we practice scales

Many of us were born singing

And thus were born with scales  
Mermaids, cooks and field hands  
Sang a nightsong by the forest

And the ocean was the chorus

In Atlantis where they sang  
Those thrown overboard had overheard  
The mystery of the undertow  
And understood that down below

There would be no more chains  
They surrendered breath and name  
And survived countless as rain

I'm the weather man

The clouds say storm is coming  
A 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 sky  
The 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 came  
Then 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 weak  
Pulse 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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