

1987

Seeing Suge

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 house
Now, 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 scent
Now, 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 day
Now 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 will Will 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 that He'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 now Moon 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 women Lost 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 tonight In 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
 Mushed 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 night song 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 body I'm as deadly as AIDS when it's time to rock a party
We all rocked fades, fresh faded in la dida di
And when we rock the mic, we rock the mic
And when we rock the mic, we rock the mic And 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 side Let'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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