

## Verve Pipe

### "Black Bastards"

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\* this album was only released promotionally (bootlegs do exist though)

"I ain't black, I ain't white!" (Repeat 12x)

[Zev Love X]

Well I'm a be a pleaser, if I had skeezer  
I'd put skeezers stacked up like ice cubes in my freezer  
I'd rather live to be an old geezer, O.E. squeezer  
Any times I need a stress easer  
Like Ebenezer Scrooge I'm rude, my batting average  
is huge  
Making street kids like Quaker with the goods  
For as a monkey spits, I never gots the shits  
Some rappers is faking, they silicon tits with plastic  
nipples  
Pass the ripple, or anything sippable  
Except for plum juice, the plums ???  
Slip and slide, the next thing they say is we're with pit  
Who's to flip? Who's the bitch to get fucked by a clip?  
Ask Tyson, he knows about a hoe is rotten juice  
Want fifteen cent, and burning like a loose  
I take it to the grudge match, and she made my budget  
budge  
Kick ehr in her snatch, and drown her in some fudge  
I judge trees by the fruits and the deepness of the  
roots  
Hard pack, and rats, chewing fruits of the roots  
Some are coming bums, some zoot suit apparel  
Either way to wreck shop, lock, stock, and barrel  
Shirts I get ??? some dump especially when I hump  
Get dough by the lump sum then hops get the jump  
Sip wine in the dump, rowdy ways of any state  
When I roll, bounce, rock, skate  
Life will concentrate, concentration  
Location's Strong Island, most skeezers on strike like  
Penn Station  
If you don't believe me, kid come, I'll show you  
We'll nurse the black bastards who act like they know  
you  
They say 'What up black?' I say "What up?" I'm taking

you black  
Has to be hard they way they master how to act black  
Give my monkey slack, a funky track, still wack, you're  
black  
You suck, you're too black, get your back

"Ya black bastard!"

[Some ragga toaster]  
Ayo, yo bum raga a la  
You ain't nothing but a dumb black bastard, man  
Your mama was a bastard, and your daddy, too

[Zev Love X]  
Yo black, yo black, I'm back ransacking through the  
stacks  
Of maniacal thoughts I brought to distort the black  
Of mistakes of something, so Zev says "Keep 'em slum"  
Styles to dough, rum is on my right  
Of black bastards and bitches, which reminds me, I left  
them out  
Two on my list of shit I don't give a fuck about  
Smokes an artist and a butcher wears a smock  
Like a butcher I got beef with a a looptie for my cock  
Call me a carpenter from how a brick my lumber got  
Some now they try yard and black bumba clot  
it was a lover's birthday party, a block from the spot  
On stage I heard some off-beat "Lick shots, lick shots!"  
Well goddamn, guess who, looking bitchy as hell  
Parker Lewis, well well, I brings an L  
I gave him a "Beep beep" look, he acted like he  
couldn't tell  
I guess that was the sucker in him, ready sense of  
smell  
The door said it was insane, the price to maintain  
The damage has to be hard the way they master how to  
act like  
Or off the funky track to rock the house that can bang  
As we sat with curiosity and sipped champagne  
See I became underground like the life in the street  
The love of the beat, large is the fleet  
That will remain underground for all my boys who souls  
sleep  
Six feet deeper than the soles of my feet  
it's like that, never the wack, and actual fact  
It's like this, sweet as a kiss, I've simply got the knack  
I've thought I've seen the worst with the pimps and the  
macks  
The blacks in skull caps, suckers keep popping that

"I ain't black, I ain't white!" (Repeat 12x)

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