

## Fame

# "Tyrone's Rap"

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Don't need no rich bitch, to tell me which  
Fork to use, I paid my dues  
In a rat-trap building called New York  
Livin' off beans, greens, and pork  
In a basement, tenement,  
No one's got to tell me what it meant  
To be black, Jack  
Ace of spades  
All the car-wash washers and day-work maids  
Can't wash it off, never fades,  
It's who you are until you're dead  
Now ain't that a kick upside the head?  
Yeah, I know about Pryor and Portier,  
Can't get higher than Sugar Ray  
Muhammed Ali and Doctor J  
And 90% of the N.B.A.

Reggie Jackson, Jesse Jackson,  
Michael and Mahaliah Jackson,  
Now what's that got to do with me?  
On the street the only thing I see is:  
Crack dealers, pocketbook stealers,  
Coke snorters, Time Square daughters,  
Eight-year olds who dance for quarters,  
And tokes, and two-line blows,  
New Adidas and stereos!  
That's us! That's it!  
So don't be tellin' me all that shit!

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