

## 2 Skinnee J's "Wild Kingdom"

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Here's the confessions of an unrepentant Skinnee  
From the depths of my soul  
in my hole in New York City  
I arose from my frozen abode  
in the north Came forth on course  
and write my rhymes from the source  
To delight Dr. Lecter I'll recite some invective of my  
own  
Here's my quid pro quo Omens and portents  
have come forth in torrents  
It's time to realize my rise  
has been foretold  
From the sticks to the streets  
I beat a path that'll last  
I came to NYC by the way of the pasture  
Naive and pure,  
I stepped from the steppes  
From the pie to the apple  
like Ming it's merciless  
But my mastery of majesty brings tragedy  
My mastery of majesty brings tragedy  
My insanity loves company  
so I stray into the fray  
cause the chaos comforts  
But some of thee in front of me  
want to rumble The fauna, causing trauma  
in the jungle I be  
the lion in winter,  
the hinterland  
dweller Accapella  
dash fast like a sprinter  
Test me like litmus,  
but witness the fitness  
Of my wit  
quick come get with this

The sun comes up and I run with the animals  
Enter wild kingdom  
The sun goes down and I run from the cannibals  
Enter wild kingdom

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Due to my ability  
to flow with agility  
I take my place amongst the nobility

But fuck the futility,  
my mobility is upwards  
But my cupboards be bare like Hubbard's  
and it's killing me  
Stress make me pound my chest like a Gorrilla  
be To prove my verility  
search for sense and sensibility  
Like Austin  
I lost in Philly, D.C.  
or Boston  
so I jet back to Willy B  
But trust in me,  
like Kaa said to Mowgli  
I've escaped the snake like Houdini,  
so hold me Enthralling,  
I'm calling like the wild 100% intelligent man-child  
Now I'm making ends  
and I'm trying to make ends meet  
Hoping that the enemy and lurking  
where my friends be To feed  
on em like a frenzy of pirhannas  
While some silly Sallies  
dilly dally  
like the Lama Make no mistake,  
I'll frustrate them when they hunt me  
More underground than Salman Rushdie  
My learning's obscuring like Jude  
I want to walk like you,  
I want to talk like you  
so what's the hullabaloo,  
we've got the bear necessities  
I'll secure you're secrets with my opens  
and my sesames effervescently sent to inlay,  
rhizomes,  
like Jim Jones says Hey,  
KoolAid

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