

Holly Golightly "Southside Revival"

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Hungry is an adjective attached to my philosophy, it's
Gotta be, progress revolves around economy
And I can see the consequence of capital first-hand,
Monorail construction pushed the tenants off the land
My people, get ready, it's about to get heavy, and when
I'm not humbled then I got fam to check me
Silence won't protect me so I check one-two, and fight
Without fighting like the joint by Sun Tzu
On the hill, adjacent to Boeing Field, you can hear the
Planes flying over me behind my vocals
We speak in the Beacon Hill slang with a wonderful
Blend of black language and immigrant accent
And if the sun's out, half the kids will be absent, I'm
Navigating streets, sometimes it's like a labyrinth
I paint my voice while Sabzi builds the canvas to
Translate my ancestors anthems

It's a southside revival, put your hands high, let your
Arms be the pillars that be holdin' up the sky
I heard a few heads say that hip-hop was dead, no it's
Not
It's just malnourished and underfed (x2)

Now the reason that they killed made the reason that
we
Came to be
Trying to eat and organize simultaneously, but instead
Most will settle for less
I can't front I give a fuck if Ronald Reagan is dead
He turned segments of the population into crack
fiends,
Eradicated everything we gained in the '60's
Back to square 1, let's revise the strategy to reload
The gun and bring about a radical change son
These tough talking cowards ain't hard, they'll bounce
On the squad when it's time to go to war
Like George Bush did to the National Guard, real
world-

Like swordplay, vernacular shark
Veterans of American wars, they get home maladjusted

With post-traumatic stress syndrome
Peace to my big brother, leavin' in a week, stay safe
In the Middle East, brah, get home safe

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I'm convinced that a return to the basics is needed, I
Like blizzes that burn long like DVS pieces
My speech releases fire from the beast within. I
Acknowledge it's a game, I justify my need to win
Now, some get hip and some choose to stay ignorant,
Friction leads to fire now the cauldron is simmering
World champion B-Boys up in Jefferson, brothers gotta
Document for those not remembering
Both Props and Flavor magazines, rest in peace, I
Breath deep, proceed to clutch a mic and bless her
Dream
You say there's no time to study, people look, you got
Time to take a shit then you got time to read a book
I proceed to leave my footprints embedded on the
block
My first-born is learning to walk upon
Cops pour salt over the market, the south end is
Marching, we dedicate this song to the dearly departed

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