

## **X Mia**

# **"Hoodlum Poertry"**

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(Heavy Breathing)

[Mia X]

I came to this country with my mama  
Everybody called her the white girl  
But you all knew I had a lil' somethin' somethin' on me  
Cause my outer was slightly tanned  
Southern folk called me a yellow gal  
I've been out here in this world for a while now  
Bringing madness and mayhem to man, woman, and  
child  
You see my mother, the white girl had several lovers  
So my father's true identity has yet to be discovered  
Some call it A-1 soda others V-12  
Doctor Tishner has been implicated  
But all of their seeds are incriminating evidence  
As far as my conception goes  
My mother, she was indeed good, but I was most  
powerful  
Just ask anybody in your hood  
You can even ask those in corporate America about this  
mobstress  
Most times, I as little as a pea, though my weight  
fluctuates  
Size ain't shit, cause I have enough game to make you  
steal from ya mama  
And call her out by her name  
I can make her neglect her children, sale her body,  
perform dirty tricks  
On her knees and be called the neighborhood hottie  
Everybody's a thief and a liar once they make my  
acquaintance  
They be anxious to buy my love, they lust for me  
Want to hold me and test my purity, but it's only for a  
moment  
You see the ecstasy that I give to you  
It's only temporary but quite costly  
I'm bossy from your very first encounter with me  
I tell you, you need me, gots to have me, can't live  
without me  
The pea, my game extends, it gets deeper  
You see my skills don't pimp just the weak minded

The so-called big ballin' brothers are obsessed with me  
They kill, rob, and plot on one another to possess me  
They see me as a goddess  
The financial path that will lead them out the ghetto  
But don't they know, have a clue  
That I and my mother were sent here to destroy them  
To entice, baffle, and trap them  
Conscious people call the conspiracy genocide  
Well, what do you think  
I mean you make money off me, while they pile up  
evidence on you  
Then get you to spend all the money you're stackin'  
On lawyers and bail bondsmen  
They seize your property and worldly items  
That have you caught up in this lifestyle  
Material things that turn friends to foes  
Woman to hoe, man to monster  
Yeah nigga you've changed but so what  
Cause I give you what you need I give you power  
Make you feel invincible right by me  
I make you feel like a big man, timer  
No matter how fat, ugly, illiterate you are  
I make the prettiest women love you  
Fight over you and compete with others trying to give  
you babies  
I make your relative, want to kiss your ass  
Treat you like a king and roll out the red carpet  
They've got one hand out for money  
And the other hand has a pen in it so you can sign your  
life policy  
My existence makes you have that edge over the next  
man  
Cause it's all about me and money, the root of all evil  
The necessities of function in this society  
I make all your gangsta dumbass stories interesting  
Cause you are the man  
I mean we listen in awe as you speak of your murder  
tales  
M?nage a trios, homosexual advances, and secret  
romances  
I'm bout it and I make you feel bout it bout it  
I split family, split friends, split lovers and even  
business partners  
So niggas nickname me crack, ain't that something  
I'm the reason why a lot of people are homeless, crazy,  
crippled  
Why they're HIV positive and dead  
But you still want me, feel the need for me to be in your  
possession  
Fear to get high off my intoxicating little pieces  
Or to spread my love for profit

You're even willing to kill and die for me  
And even though my mother, the white girl  
Engaged in several orgies for my creation  
I still know my father, you know him too  
You follow his lead, and work with him  
Claim you hate him but your actions are different from  
your tongue  
Let's face it, you serve him faster than you do your  
Guard  
We own you nigga  
And as far as the ones that sent I and my mother here  
to destroy you  
We own them too  
So after all my destruction, I must pat myself on the  
back, uh uh  
I am crack, the devil's daughter  
Human life, minds destroy ya  
You need me, yeah ya do, for sho' ya do, you really do  
So go head on nigga, take a hit  
Or keep putting me out on the streets  
Freeze you now, help me to kill you  
Hoodlum poetry, food for ya mind  
Wake up deaf, dumb and blind, it's time  
I'm the masteress, I'm the mobstress  
I'm the pimpstress, and I own you  
I'm the masteress, I'm the mobstress  
And I own you, I'm trying to kill you  
And I'm succeeding, yes I'm succeeding  
I'm trying to kill you and I'm gon' do it  
I'm gon' kill you, I'm gon' kill you  
I'm gon' kill you, and i'm lovin it

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