

## Nana

### "Goines Tale"

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[Chadio]

Yo,  
this joint right here  
is dedicated  
to the infamous, late great  
Donald Goines  
word life, C-R-U, Cru representaion

"Black Girl Lost" her pop is "Daddy Cool"  
Former "Dopefiend" now a pimp, damn fool  
He's a "Black Gangster", "Inner City Hoodlum"  
Phat prankster, must admit a pretty good one  
But little do he know he on a "Death List" and shit  
This'll be "Kenyatta's Escape", "Kenyatta's Last Hit"  
"Crime Partners" he and Ken' was  
Till one day they spark that traum up and got a buzz  
Said he heard Kenyatta had phoned his wife  
So, he shot him over this rumor, tried to take his life  
Promised Kenyatta would "Never Die Alone"  
So he went home, and shot his wife while she was on  
the phone  
Shot her in the head and then she lay dead  
Pimp jeted in his "Eldorado Red"  
Kenyatta didn't die he would "Cry Revenge"  
Wouldn't stop till he saw the pimp's dead end  
Pimp went to whore house to see his "Street Players"  
Collect all the doe cause yo that's what the game is  
Pimps called "Swamp Man" cause he's like a Munster  
Violent in the street ever since he was a youngster  
See you was a "Whoreson", son of a whore  
And from this the violent mental scars we wore  
Forgot about Kenyatta thought Kenyatta was ghost  
While doin what he gotta tryin to make the most  
And for those two shootins, he never got caught  
Smart man ended up in the new house he bought  
Ken' found out with the quickness where he lived  
Written the address then went up the crib  
Ooze and vest he ain't fest  
Sprayed his rest, shit is best to put that pimp to the test  
Six months later Ken' was back  
Instead of an ooze this time he had a mack in his

backpack  
Yawnin, in the wee hours of the mornin  
Pimps' known to leave his whorehouse at dawnin  
There he is, suddenly appears  
Nuthin in his hand except a six-pack of Heiniken beers  
Steps out the bushes, the trigger he pushes  
Hits up "Swamp Man" and mad blood gu-shes  
Fills him with lead, puts the last in his head  
Then slides, "Swamp Man" lay dead  
Runs up a few blocks there go the cops  
They must have heard the RAT-A-TAT-pops of the shots  
His mind's racin wonderin what he should  
Give up or say, "Fuck It!", and spray the cops too  
Stops in his tracks and bends down to kneel  
She been shot before yo he know how it feels  
He drops his gun, and with it the beef  
Now a "White Mans Justice Black Mans Grief"

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