

Josh Martinez

"Nightmares"

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I get into free styles like jams at the park
giving out free samples of arguably art.
imagine how i feel, sick of getting stuck in time.
frozen but i'm supposing my grip slipped and now
it's nine minutes after nine and i'm a nervous wreck in
line
to buy a book to look at the pictures because i can't
read between the lines.
late night insaniac, braniac dum dum.
in a mansion i'm a maniac, and then some.
i'm a miscreant, photogenic kleptomaniac,
outdoor enthusiast power punk rasta
eating tuna pasta on the daily laze about my day is
hazy still from the night before.
i think up ways so that rap pays the bills and still we
never turn the heat on.
prefer to put a beat on and warm up
by rapping and drinking and tapping minds thinking
rhyming
couldn't get this good if you couldn't keep time and
that's why the r in rap stands stands for rhyming, little
boy!
and little girls, come on ya'll gather around.
i was b-boying before you could do tricks,
before you became hiphop you watched it on flicks.
rented ideas indented in your brainstem
it's plain dem can't see the clouds for the rain or the
crowds
for the same faces that remain after the showcases
standing out in front in the rain.

woke up. found out. got told broke down. hold on no
sound smoke rings. slow down(2x)
it's a nightmare where i can't wake up.
it's right there and i can't pick it up
you might stare, but i'd prefer that you wouldn't.
again i reached my hand out to get it but couldn't.

you don't want it? oh yes i do.
and unless i get it soon, i'mma really lose it
i've done other people's dirty dishes to get here.

get my drift are we clear yet hear me
let no one tell ya wrong long as there's breath in my
lungs and blood flowing through my palms.
i'mma string along all my things and the be gone
i know songs i do get sung along to.
i roll with strong crew, and drink strong brew
and u know my name isn't really josh
call me that and i think i like it better when you do.
cause who i really am man i don't have a clue.
let no one else hold down the god and all the odd jobs
i get up to in my garden yeah i got a credit card and
run my own business with the most talented valiant
chicken eating rapscallions.
tuna rice perogy washed down with a forty diet,
if it don't taste good then goddamn it man fry it.
if you really want to know the truth then try it on
before you buy it and be gone.
if you want it bring it on me i'm already there,
i'm six foot two with light brown hair
i'm where you wanna be when you're not on the internet
i live a life in analog but still get diggy with it.
bit it from him hit it one time for breakdancing
and two times for ballet dancers
i don't even listen to hiphop really, i like reggae. so
control this.
i do it for love, money and anyone up above.
if you're out there, let me know. show me love
cause i'm always looking when i walk side to side block
to block
it's too hot to not find shade and hide
inside each hovel resides a harlequin novel
with pablo picasso's leftover absinthe bottle.
there were little green tears on the corner of his lips,
which he licked to get lit on the dew drops and drips.
and as he slips into dreamstate, the subtle rebuttal of
utter sleeplessness sets in.

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