

69 Boyz

"Phoenix"

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[Dave Chapelle as RICK JAMES]

That's right bitches..

It's the beautiful mixtape

Look this shit is beautiful, it's one of the best mixtapes

You'll ever hear in your life

One of the baddes muthafuckin'

Funkiest muthafuckin' mixtapes, ever..

I said it... that's right bitches Talib Kweli

You're now rockin' with the best, the best!

[TALIB KWELI]

Yeah

When I was a young man I had stars in my eyes

Time is wrinkled like the hands of the elders that love
us

I find a window to watch the path like ghetto
grandmothers

They says eyes is the windows to ya soul

So I open the the blind to feel the breeze blowin' in
from the winter chain

Surround myself with images of bravery

Cuz the soul of my people bared witness to slavery

I seen the inside of my heart it get dark

Like the flesh of my bone

And heavy like the breath of this poem

Plus, I seen lands so dry the trees cry

Tears fallin' like it's autumn the leaves die

Pre-packaged futures freeze dried, cross me by

The body count in the streets is knee high

Plus, I seen pubbles so deep the puddles speak

Ripe with stories that leap from the cluttered street

Blood'll be beet-red runnin' through the gutters cuz
heat

The currency that we exchange with folks who tryin' to
eat

I cried in my sleep, seen trains speedin' down the
tracks of my tears

Runnin' down the face of the Earth, c'mon

I see it in the space that was the place of my birth

I play eye tag with death - she's such a flirt

That's some scary shit, I put it all in my music

Real loud makin' a scene if I seen it I use it, yeah
Beautiful strugglin' 'n' so I'm used to the bubblin'
What I be utterin' so hot it got the homeless people
huddlin'
Haters mutterin' under breath, who ain't the best?
See the scavengers 'n' vultures pickin' at what's left
I rise from the ashes like a phoenix - believe it
Flow brand new like a fetus - believe it
Mean what I say if I say it, I mean it
I lived it, I breathed it, believe me, I seen it

[JEAN GRAE]

Man I pray ya'll passionate
I swing out like a little leaguer on a Sunday ignorin' the
Catholics
Rebel rap with a spine plated metal back
I never fold medal gold with a vaultin' pole
Nigger I'm better known as light let me shine on you
Mind confident rhyme dominant lines constant
Caramello color hella mellow
The fellows run up 'n' "Hello"
Hella sorrow when I tell 'em taken "Holla"
I got that horror vision, they say I'm masochistic
I don't think it's crazy they call me shady I'm flattered,
get it?
My image is sick I'm in need of a medic
I should get a permanent residence in hospital bed it's
THE way I freak shit, you meek like that old rapper
chick
I smack an actor in a wall 'til his back's in the brick
I rig 'em all with the mind basement 'n' trapdoors
It's me I'll clap the survivors until I see some
rigormortis
I seen the forest through the trees
But only because I cut off all the leaves
And left 'em blowin' off into the breeze
That I create whenever I speak
I'm cheap fuck it, I need to win something
Before I kick this rap bucket in
Fuck it again, fuck you if this hasn't struck you
As a genius stickin' out like a bucktooth
I'm couth, yes I know it mostly regarded as pottymouth
Dirty like the city ground you on when the shotties
come out
I'm witty plust I'm incredibly diligent
Dream of the president mac-millied I'm militant
I go along like a Philly bed I pity you
Silly fool I know ain't nobody really feelin' you

(*Gunshots*)

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