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## Typical Cats "Thin Red Line"

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\*88.5, Chicago. Yeah, I shoot the gift on the radio station (repeat)

88.5, HPK was the only station that we fuck around.

88.5, Chicago. On the radio station.

Takin' a train (repeated and faded out)\*

The red line is the thin spot

I roll down the back of a city overgrown and overtaxed

The wack stands of the rich pick a thin

pockets bare and scatter, the skeletons of cultures with no rent control

Pattering feet of prostitutes and penny brown

children trades glass glades sweet for someone to pay or to listen

I glisten like the question in the shorty's eyes

sleeping in the train-car at the Lawrence stop when I get in

Making pillows out of bare arms while I'm posturing poems

but I can't name these eyes or the idea of less than home

Home be unfinished it that fate hasn't sown

in the skirt of an evening over mornings waste blown

I see the moon I see the go going by on stilts

as mouths wilt and turn blinded to girls' eyes

Fate's hands have holes, we hold hope by the collar

color red the closed eyes shut tight on the dollar

Wills rock-heads to sleep, my eyes peal all the way

to memorize a sleeping girl's face and bring it to PK

Oh, shit I'm late I got a bus to make to take the 35th and State

Get on the Dan Ryan red line and head downtown

With head down experience life in surround sound

Rhythematic speech occurs when the crowd's around

Besides I'm still waiting on the train, plus I'm late already

and how the fuck am I gonna get downtown and back to WHPK

Man its already 8:40, too much thinkin

I gotta keep this freestyle steady, now freestyles over things

like this point to the fact that I'm sober

I need weed, yo fuck the mission to the record store

to put CD's on consignment just for fickle fans to not buy it,

I thought they liked violence but anyway skip downtown

I turn around I hear the train coming, head out now

Train stop, hop in the backseat like a fuckin' taxi

and I heard that DJ Nat be having fat sacs a weed

Get off and catch the 55th and Garfield to University

Hyde Park chill, I feel a dark chill when I hit the building

Here with the intention to kill it

Finally made it now where the hell is Qwel and Denizen?

\*Reasons run thin by the end of the line

but the signs can be read if you learn them in time  $(x2)^*$ 

Yo it's already Wednesday night, time for HPK's rap show

but waitin' on sacs yo makes me late

Fuck it gotta hit this open mic

hopin' to leave stress at the rest so I can flow tonight

I grab my rhyme book and hit the elevator

lighter square freestyle the tale I'ma tell later

Hike to the thin red line that's Sheridan

by the time my name dries waitin' for the train here it is

Amongst the chatter of workdays and old dreams

The thin red line holds me to window seats

The wind blows beats with sin don't sleep

but neither can I with open mics on my mind

My pen and pad describe 65-minute lifetimes

from Sheridan to Hyde Park provides spark tight lines

Who's these Typical Cats flexin' insane

"It's the Q-W-A", "Denizen Kane"

Good to see yall cats late again some typical shit

For sure don't sweat it Denizen, yo it's cool that you made it in

Yo my bad Denizen I had to catch some medicine

Oh I feel the pharmacology, cats were just guessin' when

we three breath these free prophecies

Catch me settin' outer limits to these than HP

to MC's that hate me probably cause they take themselves too seriously

My fear is not being there you see to hear'em speak

fo sho you know these flea-bitten felines is found

And the loose tooth get left in the booth

that's my man Dan in a fine fickle fix of fellowship and fools frontin'

Fact remains Benneton ads on crack make you move something

Similar to Hi-Tek and Talib only at hi-speed, fools frontin'

but the fact remains they still won't do nothing

Who's bluffin', fuck that, I'm all concerned with whose cuttin'

Yo fuck who's cuttin', yo it's cool if you two dudes is puffin', huh skid?

Not to crush this fat rap oh shit check out this Typical Cat Nat scratch

\*DJ Natural cuts it up\*

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