

## Oblique Brown

### "Silent Scream"

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[Verse]

Hail Mary, sweet mother of Jesus  
someone plug the mics and please adjust the speakers  
preachers preach and pastors speak, but reach none  
drowned by the silent screams from a bleak slum  
inspiration: my pops' perspiration  
wrote this verse on the train as the cops lurked the  
station  
searching for a brown face to cage in  
bagging Arabs, Blacks and South Asians  
me, guess I'm a one man terror cell  
'cause the cops up-down, round again like a carousel  
hmmm...  
I've seen all the parallels  
live from the land where the brave man's arrow fell  
triple barreled peril, ushered in this era's hell  
'Guns, Germs and Steel' while the slum squirms for  
real  
.. gotta hustle for them tender bills  
tryin' ta make a mil (meal) from scraps like Emerril  
don't really splurge much, I'm far from ballin'  
got a few chips, one shot, guess I'm all in  
.. Poker face like Sam Farha  
my man's like 'Chee, you obsessed with them cars  
huh?  
So I show drive like the Jacob Javits center  
Got a savage temper, your managements bent up  
Tell 'em chill, your audience is safe  
I ain't tryin ta offend your fan bases' bad taste  
The beats my canvass, my speech is the hand brush  
dipped in hues that speak to different moods  
and still stick to hunger pains, for dinner sniff glue  
.... Drink booze and spit truth  
guess a drunken man's words are a sober man's  
thoughts  
as I sleep walk down these concrete street blocks  
spittin' raps to the rhythm of life  
like the heaves and sighs of lose lives provide the  
beatbox  
... Live from detox  
my Trini cats call me coal pot slash Pol Pot

pop a rappers head of and use it as a doorstep  
... Then barge my way in  
from the cold gray pavement to rock clubs like  
cavemen  
Kevlar steez, scream, 'V, none can harm ya'  
My best friend's Asian, but there's no chinks in the  
armor  
Pardon my crassness, but I'm sick of starving  
And these lines that I sow, reap greens like a garden

Fertile flow, plough it through music here  
You don't like it? Plant your tulips (two lips) here yea  
and kiss my ass while you at it  
Asiatic pimp at it, type specific slim  
No Spreewell spinners since I rock the Pacific Rim  
Spit acidic phlegm, till I black out like Hasidic men

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