

## **Politic Live f/ JJ Heaven**

### **"Travels With Akeem"**

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[Young Mav - As Narrator]

They say everything happens for a reason  
Be it, missing a cab or born not seeing  
After a long week of studio I hit the club  
No intentions of dancing I just wanna unplug  
But in the process of try'n'a go unnoticed  
Zak sees my vibe and instructs the hostess  
To bring a couple Heinekens, a couple shots  
Can't refuse, playas offering shit they don't got  
Drink after drink, sip after sip  
Stress diminishes, but I know my limits kid  
I'm too tipsy to drive back west  
And I ain't try'na swerve like Kanye West  
I hail a couple cabs but they all got fares  
Maybe it's smarter if I try elsewhere  
Despite all those drinks my mind still races  
The pressure of a sophomore is quite outrageous  
The Matinee, Block-O, maybe Stoosh  
Ought to be enough to keep radio hooked  
While Video Light and Droppin' Gems  
If they make the final cut, will serve the heads  
Damn, it's getting chilly, but the peace I admire  
That's when I seen a cabby, told me he was for hire  
As I stepped in the cab he asked

[JJ Heaven]

Where you off to

[Young Mav - As Narrator]

Westend 98, 182

As he started the meter I take a breath  
Done walked 6 blocks my feet need a rest  
That's when I asked him how long he'd been a cabby  
for  
After a quick memory jog, he held up four  
Said he came over here, quite some time ago  
In '85 from the Republic of Congo  
I let him know my fam is from Jamaica  
He smiled and said

[JJ Heaven]

Rasta you must love ganja

[Young Mav - As Narrator]

I laughed it off even though I do  
I felt shame knowin' he was right to assume

[JJ Heaven]

Are You a Student?

[Young Mav]

Yes and No, you see  
I got two years left to complete my degree  
I got my marketing diploma, but had to wait  
Cause I can't go back till I get my money straight  
So right now I temp, climb the scale  
It's either entry level or work in sales  
You got kids?

[JJ Heaven]

Yeah I got three  
Two in high school, one in University  
Studying to be a doctor, with five to go  
He works part time to pay off his loan

[Young Mav]

I worked a year after school to fray the cost  
Momma couldn't help she had been laid off  
How's he the find the balance with school and work

[JJ Heaven]

By telling himself he's a temporary clerk  
Unlike me, he's got a chance to make it  
I have my degree but the country wouldn't take it  
Said my schooling didn't meet their standards  
Excuse my manners, but fuck them bastards  
How can a country reject an immigrant's degree  
But grant sports scholarships to kids who can't read  
Where I'm from kids go to school to learn  
Kids here skip class to go smoke hash  
They show up late and leave when they wish  
And the only time they study is to cram for tests  
I love this country, but things could be different  
Like immigrants getting tested for citizenship  
What are Canada's 3 main industries?  
College diploma and I bet you couldn't tell me  
Things that the average Canadian ignores  
I have to pay money to be tested for

[Young Mav - As Narrator]

Kind of unpatriotic, but I see why he mad  
An educated man forced to drive a cab

I started wondering, why he ain't swallow his pride?  
But with 2 and 2, put myself in his shoes  
He's prolly early 50's, so when he came here  
He was prolly 30 some, or close to there  
Now he could A, spend money he don't have  
To get the education, that he already had  
Or B, get 9 to 5 where he can save  
And send his kids off to college one day  
I asked him

[Young Mav]  
Do you regret leaving home?

[Young Mav - As Narrator]  
Pausing for a second, his thoughts postponed  
He then responded with a candor tone

[JJ Heaven]  
What is to be must be, so to answer no  
Many see African countries on TV  
And offer empathy cause they say we don't eat  
But the food Canada throws away in one year  
Contradicts its plea to send money down there  
As I drive these streets, seeing people who don't sleep  
Zombies to vices that make them sheep  
Panhandlers beg for money to eat  
But buy that man food, and watch him not eat  
Give a man change, he'll buy an O-E  
And drink it as if it was full of protein

[Young Mav]  
Can you blame them, with no place to live  
It's not like they can put a loaf of bread in the fridge

[Young Mav - As Narrator]  
Playing devil's advocate I could see his aim  
Voice of community, mouthpiece for change

[JJ Heaven]  
Charge me with treason, but gimme a reason  
We'll fly in a Queen with first class treatment  
When first class citizens pay so many taxes  
Debt after debt till their heart collapses

[Young Mav - As Narrator]  
Dude knew the science, and spoke his mind  
Although denying his degrees they ain't broke his mind  
Before I knew it we were at my spot  
My brain was overwhelmed from this African's thoughts

[Young Mav]

Pardon my manners, rude it may seem  
What's your name?

[JJ Heaven]  
They call me Akeem

[Young Mav - As Narrator]  
As I paid my fair and offered a tip  
He refused, insisting I had school to finish  
As he drove away, I walked to my house  
And wondered, what if I never went out  
In a 25 ride from Whyte to 182  
I feel like as my understanding grew  
This whole night I stressed our release  
But it seemed so petty like an old man's hairpiece  
So petty, when you consider his travels  
Education was not the battle  
Cause no one goes to school to drive a cab  
But you can go to school and wind up driving a cab  
They say everything happens for a reason  
Just took me missing five cabs to eventually see things

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