

Artist In Exile: Tome of A Neophyte

March 13th 2012

Boyz & Gurls

By Antonio Lenyear

Da ‘rents don’t get us
 ‘n teacherz don’t care
 Jus shake dem heads
 ‘n frown ‘n stare

We rip n’ rage; wild ‘n free
 thinkin’ we own da night

jumpin’ fences, sights unseen
 causin’ trouble til rise of light

“These streetz iz home.”
 thats wut the O.G.’s say
 We r foreva soldiers
 Even when old ‘n grey

Da Boyz talk shit/slick and walk big
 Grabbin’ their boyhood firm and proud
 Showin-n-tellin’ tattoos with every tale
 Screamin’ their stories for all aloud

Dem Gurls stay dolled-up
 showin’ off their big behinds
 clothes fittin’ all tight and low
 cheeks and lips like neon signs
 It should scare us crazy

Artist In Exile: Tome of A Neophyte

**But no it draws us in
Lost 2 people as sinners
Found by the streetz as kin**

**It gave us somethin'
real 2 have and 2 hold
when the world gave nothin'
leavin' us all alone and cold**

**Books, smarts, and all them arts
Ain't nothin' but rich man dreamz
2 us they just all dumb and dark
for us they ain't got no means**

**Cuz who we iz 'n who we be
These things will never change**

**From dusk til dawn, rite or wrong
We run these streetz, foreva young**

Note: “O.G.’s” are Old Gangsters and considered elders of the street life and urban community. They usually guide the younger generation in the traditions of the community and culture.