PRESENTS

PURE POETIC

LITERATURE

VOLUME I
Dedication

• I’d like to dedicate this Volume 1 Book of Poetic Literature to the lovely Shawann Gillin, who inspired my very first piece. 2004’s, “Goddess My Suburban Queen”

• The wonderful Whitney Smith who initially believed in me and before anyone else spoke these words of life to me: Shad *Quite matter of factly* ... “You Should Write A Book!”

• To my Titan of a Big Brother Raymond A. Brown Sr., who was five foot something on a tape measure 10ft10 in his Mind! He taught me how to rhyme and always required me to do so. This one’s for you big brother! R.I.P.

• My Magnificent Mother Saverne B. Farrington who is purely unparrelled Majesty in motion. She prayed for me, trusted God, and taught me... "I could be triumphant in the face of all of life’s impossible odds, trials, and adversities... you go Mama!"

(NON FICTION - POETRY)

This Book is an Assemblage of Pure Poetic Bliss, Suited to Every Walk of Life.

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(The completion of this work would never have been possible so soon.)!!
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Finally to my editorial staff whom without his highest efforts, and
vast exertions of priceless time and unequivocal intelligence:
"These writings, would never have been so accurately refined for our readers,
Shouts out to, "Kourtney!!"
FOREWORD

IF DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER;

THIS POETIC JEWEL OF EXTRAVAGANT LITERATURE,
SHALL BE ETERNALLY ENCRUSTED IN THE CRYSTAL CASH CROP
CALLED "THE HOURGLASS OF TIME".
INTRODUCTION

"Something Super Special"

Something special takes little effort to see.
Like splashing into clear waters on a tropical beach.
Special is time spent with a person in need.
Or a poem put on display that everyone reads.

Something special can make your heart skip a beat.
Or lift up your spirits to the highest degree.
Special's that bright snow on a mountain's high peak.
But often times a name like your own, is something super special indeed.

"Something Super Special"
Time, The God Honest Truth

He was a native of the mother land, sense birth bloodline an African. Yeshua I bless your name the prince of peace bread brought from Bethlehem. Geographical, theoretical, intellectual background of Abraham. Jesus Christ born my Messiah baptized with fire in flesh, the colored man.

Can you understand the genealogy proves the point at hand. Kindness, goodness, faithfulness uprightly walked the laws command.

Emmanuel seed of King David according to the flesh.

Lord of lords, offspring of Yahweh according to the rest.

If you have doubts about my literature or my vocal's I beseech you to check the text, Yes! Brought forth of the virgin Mary, Bathsheba, Ruth may they all be blessed. The house of Israel the peer of Israel, the promise of God expressed. Need I go further? Do not rebuke me, although the truth may seem perplexed.

He's from that nation of Ethiopia, Cush, Black the region in which throughout the holy city stretched.

And you wonder why low self esteem won't be risen up with self respect. I love all people and I'm not racist, but it seems I've been brainwashed to believe a lie.

But Jehovah Jireh gave me his spirit, and promised all truth would break forth and shine.

For all who would accept it the rest be skeptic, why??. Because reality's divine.

And just continue to trust the word of God not me. And if you seek, then you'll surely find in time.

Time, The God Honest Truth

(1) Johnathan Ray Barnes Sr.
PALACE: AN IVORY TEMPLE

Palace was the most interesting of all the best temple.
Strong - Timberland legs tanned ivory, cute luscious cheeks
Decorated sweet with each a deep dimple.
Snap the ice white picture type style of some sort.
Precious pearl smiles on a Kodak photo.

Her sight leaves me lost in limbo like a frozen time warp.
A human palace that's so worthy great Elohim lives in her heart's court.
A sanctuary full of God a female shooting star breakdown the bar,
of every top models high ego. Search low you may perceive more.
To wrap your mind around this rare white emerald.

Blue diamonds for eyes but turquoise green at high tide
Even turn gray as the skies, when she storms around hurt though.
A woman of virtue, priceless treasure guaranteed all the others
Would flirt more.

Precious jewel dipped in devotion; next to her the rest look dirt broke.
Wonder why my self control steeps low, at view of her breathtaking stride.
This modest, royal, magnificent steeple.

Sparks of incense - conversation fill the room with sweet ivory's fragrance.
Flames aroma sanitation this palace empress kind and gracious.

Wait, hold up - be patient breathing out Palace (**exhale**) verbal elation.
As the heat does rise created so fly a woman who shine's blessed creation.

Punchlines nickels and dimes or wining and dining.
How could I say this? Temple palace so prime fine, none of that would
Fly with this buttermilk honey white lime sensation.
Why? Because she's the finest kind, Palace: an ivory temple.
"CRASH DUMMIES"

Satin got me out there head first; CRASH DUMMIES.
Mad at the world and ain't satisfied with nothing.
Rap about Jackin' got me greedy for some money.
The fact is that I'm glad I'm not the same; God's comin'.

In the game nothing is free; so I was raised to be brave.
Gorilla street soldiers rock camouflage with skinny dreads.
New Orleans my city - no hesitation is the pledge.

We rany night sheisty, like lightening coming out them kays.
Heard what I said N.O.L.A. off with yo head.

I'm losing my comrades we celebrate them to the grave.
We second line stumping behind the hearse, we going fed.
By the time the sun down the killer behind it gone, he dead.
Jesus forgive us we only live the way we raised.

Thank God for the gospel the power by which we are saved.
Got four baby mamas and blessed I never caught no AIDS.
With spots on my knees for all the days, I done prayed.

A hedge of protection send angels watch over my babies.
A heart of compassion for all the snakes that I was raised with.
They shoot up crack rocks and banging that heroin like they crazy.
Try to sex yo old lady, laugh in your face like it's all gravy.

CRASH DUMMIES
COLORS

ASIAN GIRLS ARE HOW WE KNOW CANARY YELLOW IS LITERAL.
How much knowledge you apply when you address them is critical.
Dread head shorties rock the party. God saved some for the visual.
These girls so drop dead gorgeous like no time in the mirror looks.

* DIAMONDS *, respect and honor admiration made in Jesus' image.
 His holy spirit sealed a vessel born again a Christian.
Infinite value they're a treasure because how God present's them.
A woman's worth as living stones powered by Jesus in them.

Peace rules her heart got values higher than minimal.
Onyx stone like Cleopatra both eyes hazel and emerald.
Boy sit down type conversation when she's talking in general.
No plastic, she's all natural - genuine with the physical.

* Holla *, a holy fire sparking "Yah" as her fragrance.
Hebrews one and seven tell us God flame up female faces.
No Ceroc because His Spirit got me white boy waisted.
Lift hands in the assembly, what you seeing is sacred.

* Rubies *, creation; God manifest his invisible.
Project chicks, girls in lab coats working cooking them chemicals.
In his image, how you living? One in ten come dependable!
With his hands a master craftsman making; "Man"!

Look how women look ...

COLORS

(4.)

JOHNATHAN RAY BARNES SR
Stuck, The Lord My Fortress

When standing in the face of tribulation, adversity, and affliction,
Jehovah Shammah is my Rock, my weapon, and my protection.
Hurt to the division of heart and spirit because of rejection.
Bottled up in this pestilent society, that swallows up the dreams of adolescence.
Being clothed tight with the armor of righteousness after doing all I could to stand.
When people rarely seem to get the picture I see planted seeds of promised lands.
Man's lifespan like the shadow vanishes, persistently plotting cherished plans.
Behind every individual struggles a reason perhaps it triggers the onslaught of chance.

Our population can't stop inclining, although
Our murder rate gets steeper.
Stuck in circumstances like mire clay
Seeming to sink ever so deeper.
Biblical scripture predicts destruction because of corruption
Study it's feature.
You'll see the truth beneath the surface.
Inspiration is what Birth's a leader.
Rooted and grounded on a concrete rock the foundation of my faith and finisher.
The wilderness you go through in your life is not what's really killing you.
El Shaddai captured the power of death, and cast it down into the bottomless cylinder.
When your standing between a rock and a hard spot turn to God, because
He is the deliverer.

Stuck, The Lord My Fortress

(5)
Nothing match better than a thug with a street braid.

Buy the truth and don't sell it, turn more heads than police cars.

All I ever wanted in a queen named her dream love.

Like puppy love lip gloss first kiss have you retard.

Nothing match better than a thug with a street braid.

B.B. King and Lucille, Lauren Hill with a guitar.

Nothing could match more better than a thug with a street braid.

Discussing woman's worth that's like connections with three plugs.

Never thought I'd see the day the sky fall right in my lap, Lord.

Thirsty she so thirsty her could drink about three jugs.

Pleasing me like she never had to learn what a freak was.

Wifey that's my wifey, love long time like Chinese spas.

Never thought I'd see the day the sky fall right in my lap, Lord.

Stiletto's, tennis, sandals all look good on her skin tone.

Got it on lock you appetizers I'm T-Bone.

Conceded for this reason see you jocking my team Dawg.

Could tell you what you thinking you could never catch me wrong.

Premium unleaded type to laugh at the cheap junk.

Camera style skyping have them tossing their cheap phones.

Like Ashston Martin Booties, never let her wear cheap things.

I'm bear skin carpet thorough bred not no cheap chump.

White girls could say "whatever" but they give up that cheekbone.

But nothing match better than a thug with a street braid. Drop it.

Thug with a Street Braid
CLAIMING CROWNS

I BE SPITTIN' FLAMES DAWG, JAY SLIM ADMINISTER FIRE.
WATCH ME PICK MY CHANGE UP ALL MY BROKE DAYS THAN EXPIRED.
THIS YEAR NO MORE FREE FALLS I'M GOING PARACHUTE THE PILATE.
CUT THROATING ALL THE PIRATES, MAKE THEM WALK THE PLANK OR BLOCK'AHH.

NOTHING BUT THE GRACE OF GOD BE SAVING THESE LIL BOYS.
IF I CATCH ANOTHER MURDER STILL TAKING MY OWN CHARGE.
I DON'T NEED NO OTHER RIDERS I'M MAKING MY OWN NOISE.

FIFTY ROUNDS OUT THAT GHOST BUSTER BLAST DUST UP A WHOLE SQUAD.
DON'T CLAIM YOU KILLED SOME BEEF WHEN AIN'T NOBODY BEEN MIRKED.
CAN'T SAY YOU BEEN IN SHOOTOUTS IF NOBODY GOT HURT.
BE LAUGHING AT THESE CROWNS THEY MIGHT AS WELL JOIN A CHURCH.

YEAH, I SPEAK THE NAKED TRUTH LIKE NO THONG UNDER HER SKIRT.
THAT HARD LIFE BIRTH SOLDIERS.

LYRICS SICK SECRETEING EBOLA.
WISE AS SERPENTS ON THAT CUT THROAT STUFF.
LEAVE A RAT TRAP OUT IN THE OPEN.

TALK CIRCLES ROUND YA APPREHEND THIS!
AINT WHITE MEN MASTERS OF ENSLAVEMENTS?
PEEP THE BLACK HISTORY ON MY RACE THEN.
CONQUERED THE WHITE HOUSE FROM OFF SLAVE SHIPS.

DON'T PLAY GAMES MOUTH RUN LIKE A FAST WHIP.
KETCHUP AIN'T KING JAMES SOME FAT GAY SHSSH.
RECLAIMING CROWNS TWO THOUSAND ONE SIX.
ON MY PAYTON MANNING HIS BEST YEAR.

CLAIMING CROWNS

(7)

JOHNATHAN RAY BARNES SR.
Goddess: My Suburban Queen

She is an American Native Natural her presence surpasses spectacular. Cleopatra of the Ghetto Capital her appearance would freeze your cardiovascular. Centralize your mind and focus on the character of this caramel capsule. You'll find inspired intimate insight overflowing from the inner rapture.

Till this day I was never the same burned by her intelligent flame! This incredible black dame with innerlocked beauty called unexplained. Calm serene and tamed obviously tranquility trained; her light can't help but rain. Sweet on my lips like sugar cane as I speak of my midnight colored queen. Set apart from every other chocolate latte complexion colored. Soft to my hands like hot butter, but in justice towards her are the words that I utter. Tender and juicy like chicken that's smothered is the kiss of her lips, succulent and luscious. Back to the heart as I continue to mutter this wonderful woman can come home to mother.

Diamonds and rubies are precious stones but blessed is the woman that God adorns. She watches over the ways of her own, and raises her children to praise the Lord. What a quiet and gentle spirit has formed, an incorruptible beauty and positive charm. She knows how to treat the head of her home, and deserves more honor than normally known. Why? Because she is a Goddess, my Suburban Queen.
WORD PLAY...

Say conversation rules the nation.
Matter'fact word play make occupations.
Shape shifters sell manipulation.
And the strong survive without the matrix.

Rumor has it that gossip sinks ships.
Word of mouth display where the safe is.
Don't play game talk slow on a fast blitz.
General discussion win them fast chicks.

Talk circles round ya clown you senseless.
Sell them oldest lines in the book slick.
Gift of gab live like diamond bracelets.
Persuasion blow up doe like cake mix.

Street talk pass around like a play list.
Street talk barely list all the basics.
Mobsters market coffins then take hits.
Call that double up lock and load kits.
Reach out and touch somebody's hand and tell me can you, can you feel the pain.

WORD PLAY
TESORO, A WHISTLE FROM THE WIND...

Yo tengo la nueva canción.
The Amazon horizon smiles with sunrise kisses for miña dawn.
Aztec firestone the burnt red colored jewel niña león.
La dynamic blessing refreshing epic of unsurpressible tone.
This sanctuary’s an instrument spiritual symphony exotic blend.
Golden skin from the potter’s wheel a masterpiece been born again.
Hate to fluctuate my friend like español English again.
Yo no sé como to win this jazzy vibe blown in timeless wind.
What would Bonita be without the light we need to see her?
Wealth of explosive riches moral chica seeps through el speaker.
Alma musica this fuego flower’s fully developed translucent features.
Jesus the life of men radiates within this splendid creature.
Whistles and treasures, diamonds and gems, rubies and pleasures endeavors of men.
No more appealed to melody, sins the wrong note played left way back when.
But the sound of Jesus Christo’s corazón like uno Corintios eleven ten.
Put’s melody in a all white gown, a husband el crown and a mother’s grin.
And gives us new songs of TESORO, “A Whistle from the Wind”.

¡TESORO!”A WHISTLE FROM THE WIND”.
All I think about is those days
And how you gone to a better place.
I don't know what I'm going to do.
Say, we'll always love you.

Two thousand four when the system had got the best of me.
Struggled for bout a year then walked outta jail for my destiny.
Ain't have to worry 'bout facing no double jeopardy.
Big brother seen them busters then seem like God resurrected me.
You was too raw to rap about you metaphorically,
But Braham we got our rocks off applauding with that artillery,
Laughed at how you blew a gasket when I bought my mouth some jewelry.
Threw me that Russian rug, made me feel that I kept you with me.
I tried to preach but you never thought it no less of me.

Backslid went back to riding in everything you supported me.
Got mad Katrina happened decided we wish they want some beef.
Now shadows keep on flashing your casket, it's all I seem to see.
You was so real in my eyes, all I would mount up to be.
Told me on my first ride came back a man now shadows follow me.
They say King David and Paul is in Heaven's Hall of G's.
I lift you up in memory, hope your soul resides with them in peace.
CONQUER THE WORLD

OVERCOMING THE WORLD THAT'S ALL I THINK ABOUT,
CAUSE IT'S IN SATIN AGENDA TO TRY TO TAKE ME OUT TAKE ME OUT!
CONQUER THE WORLD THAT'S ALL I THINK ABOUT, CAUSE IT'S IN SATIN AGENDA
TO TRY TO TAKE ME OUT.

PLAY CARDS RIGHT LIKE POKER, NOT AS THROW AWAY TOASTERS.
BEFORE I GOT WITH GOD WAS MORE DANGEROUS THAN EBOLA.
I'M SAVED STAY FOCUSED LIKE THINKING THAT WIN THEM TROPHIES.
SMELL A RAT WHEN HE CLOSE, AND A MILE AWAY SPOT THEM ROACHES.

SHOES SO IN THE FUTURE I'M ON THE JOB BEFORE THE INTERVIEW.
WORKING CLEAN WHILE I'M GARBAGE CANNING THEM TRIFE DUDES.
GORILLA FINESSE COOL AS RASPBERRY ICE CUBES.
AND EVERY ROUND THAT'S IN MY CLIQUE BEEN KNOWN TO ICE GOONS.

SPIT RAPID FIRE LIKE THAT CAYENNE OUT THAT CHOPPER TOOL.
MY MAMA PRAYING I DON'T BACKSLIDE CAUSE HER SON A FOOL.
GET SO FRUSTRATED MY WAY OF THINKING BE BARELY GLUED.
CRUCIFY MY HEART I AIN'T LYING SOMETIMES IT'S HARD TO CHOOSE.

SAD UNWORTHY SORRY EXCUSE FOR SERVANT.
COPED MORE EXOTIC FREAK SHOWS THAN BARNUM AND BAILEY CIRCUS.
STACKED SO MANY CHIPS MAKE VEGAS STRIP SHORT CIRCUIT.
WHAT YOU KNOW BOUT HALF ON THE TABLE BEFORE I MIRK HIM.

CONQUER THE WORLD

(12.)

JOHNATHAN RAY BARNES SR.
REAL LIFE

REAL LIFE, THIS AIN'T NO GAME WITH NO BASKETBALL RULES. NBA JAM'S FIRE TOSS THE KID THE MIC COULD GET SCHOOLED. WHEN I'M TALKING GOSPEL TESTAMENTIAL I MIGHT COULD GET SCREWED. LIKE THE BEAT TWISTED OFF THAT LEAN OR TONIGHT WIFE'S IN THE MOOD.

I GOT DEGREES ON PREMEDITATION AND Dope Fiends, Psychological studies could Air brush a whole team. Rap Simpler than most things educational cocaine. Falsified information a lesson you don't need.

Theory of school themes; I'm more hyper than Caffeine. Cutting class this semester re-register, more schemes. Love the Lord that's all my heart pray I don't have to make this scene. Did homework on your life it's not how you making it seem.

Verbalizing this picture a chalkline trunk king, Take my name from out yo mouth, that's like swallowing chlorine. Sleep 'um like Morphine, Trap Queens, and codeine. Under that mattress giant two closets of blue beams. Luther's Janitor service of sweepers that work clean. Principle rule the campus of why do we do things. Retired, reborn, free I thank him on both knees. Jesus came to save sinners and Indians I'm chief.

REAL LIFE !!!!
Material Things

Material things sex appeal Pradas and chains!
Candle light fire like snap out the trance.
Talking exotic like summer in Spain.
Material things them physical things,
Body massages nasty romance seafood risotto just name a champagne.
Material things, making imperial plans to floss your material things.
Fingers with several rings.
Material things like straight cocon from out the bottle.
Make them waterboy that yike give me medulla oblongata.
Fantasizing bout sex on some volcanos in Hawaii.
Karma Sutra ring of fire cool as life with endless options.
Like Zales or Jareds? Ice skating on the shoplist.
Gotta be business minded finer things in life type topics.
She fingerlicking good like "KFC" thorough with knowledge.
When I gotta have my pops ma' drink my milk tongue tie cream pie me.
That physical thing, like Lipton "Good to the last drop!"
Statefair cotton candy yacht bahama cruise that's jamming.
MAD materialistic like gold strips around her panties.
Magically delicious keep it clean straight drop no whammies.
Can't believe it's not butter, Betty crocker with the fanny.
Yo, dudes so Sponge Bob no sleeping on me square pants.
She sunk my battleship you French kissing slobberly strands.
In never never land, could never mount to what I am.
She got me coo coo for her cocoa puff, you barely get the pants.

Material Things
DRAMA

IT'S BEEN SEVEN YEARS I MISS MY KIDS.
I CATCH MYSELF COMPLAINING LIKE IT AIN'T WHAT IT IS.
BABYMAMA ON THE UP AN' WANT ME BACK AT THE CRIB.
WHAT COULD I SAY ALL THAT I MADE IT IS THE MOST THAT I'LL GET.
ALL MY CHICKENS FLEW THE COOP SOON AS I CAUGHT ME THIS BIG.
PEOPLE BE SHUNNING CHRISTIAN DAPS, GOD MADE IT SOMETHING I DIG.
ON THE MIC FLOWING IN THE SPIRIT, WATCH I GIVE'UM THE BIZ.
THEY SLEEPING ON ME HOMIE HATE TO LOVE HOW I LIVE.

LOVE LIFE OF A LOST MAN, BEEN DOING IT FOR YEARS.
I'M SAVED I CHANGED MY WAYS MAY GOD FORBID ME TO FIB.
MY TESTIMONY SO ADULTERY LIKE THREE NIGHTS WITH A TRICK.
I COUNT IT LOST FOR JESUS I'M ETERNALLY HIS.
TRIED TO GET RICH BY SELLING MYTHS GOT THE SHORT END OF THE STICK.
LOST ALL I HAD, THEY TOOK MY CADDY SHE MY BACHELOR WHIP.
TOOK HER NO FURTHER THAN THE CORNER STORE A NEIGHBORHOOD CHICK.
PRAY WITH MY FACE DOWN TO THE FLOOR TO RISE ABOVE ALL I MISSED.

YEAH, LOVE LIFE OF A LOST MAN.
KEEP USING WOMEN CAUSE WE THINK THEY REALLY FALSE FANS.
DREAM SELLING WITH THESE PLANS TO BE A BOSS MAN.
JUST GO TO CHURCH BECAUSE I FEEL THAT IT'S A BLESSED LAND.

DRAMA...
SPIRITUAL THUG POETRY

I seen shootouts on the highway stopped eighteen wheelers from rolling. Spacely Sprocket style weapons from astro jetsons unloaders. Undressing you with the shredder strip vests smooth off your shoulders. Running off at the mouth like this Christian won't blow your motor.

Assassinating yo character win a soul my new motive. Mess around with the real, I'll expose you like my name Murrey. Stuttering like Joe, why you lying about the story?

Everybody can't be the one behind the trigger whoodi!

Lucifer opened the way for this new wave gospel we holding. Coconut on the rhyme every line methamphetamine potent.

How he going to serve God and steady talkin' like he holy?

Then rape the microphone and eat her brains out without choking.

The mission stays the same so ain't no changing what we quoting. Not many wise is chosen or the rich, God came for poor men.

Manifest in the flesh and cleared the temple they were phony. We conquer by the blood of the Lamb and our testimony.

Converted Christians thorough breded from hard hitters. Straight riders and goon getters from storms to conformed prisons. Am a Christian? Son I'm stronger than corn liquor.

True stories of armed missions, but sold out to God living.

Soldier Christians, thorough breded through hard living. Diseases and broad killings think fast or you'll fall victim.

True stories.

SPIRITUAL THUG POETRY
Slander my name cause I used to pop wildly.
Rasta girl told me they plotting cause she diggin how I'm rockin'.
My banger in her purse she jokin' and trustin' my guidance.
Shortie love when I'm conniving could send her at anybody, ya heard me.
Never worried when she hanging with her birdies.
She only twenty one but be peeping game like she thirty.
They say that I'm a sucker not entertainin' the flirtin'.
I'm more focused on this hussle to keep my pockets from hurtin', ya dig.
Dyed her hair the type to drive when we be makin'.
Disguise how she be feeling when conversations be curvin'.
Phony friends shoot at the panties she keep'em closed like a virgin.
Bond me out take me a bath lace me up on various persons.
Knew I was cheatin' but prefer to never leave me.
I'm answering the phone steadily struggling to breath easy.
Still wonder to this day if she saved or being mistreated.
This new crooked generation just living what we believe in.
The beast come out at night, the beasts come out at night.
The beast come out at night, the beasts come out at night.
My arrest record consists of armed robberies, kidnapping mens, pistol charges, and murder. Jay Slim one of the soldiers that ya heard of that came to Christ.
People look at me weak when I preach but never live that life.
Where the beasts come out at night, the beast come out at night.
The beasts come out at night; get ran all over, the beast come out at night.

IN
Beast Mode.

(17.)
Johnathan Ray Barnes Sr.
REALITY X

The devil don't like me he tried to fight me,
Until I introduced him to the bottom of my Nike's.
He tried harder I thought I taught him, I doubled back
And stuck 'em to the bottom of my Jordans.

Project ways from them project days,
Living a life on the look out for them drummed up kays.
Some drug heads they way the whole society coming,
Leaving traces of our young black children with nothing.

Done with the stuntin' and running for that overnight money,
It never last want to get cash, more than food for the stomach.
Prefer to get blunted, and never ask political questions.
Living a life of death and curses and wonder why we all punished.

The rap so cold that it will burn through you,
Or give you hyperthermia, make you look at yourself a time or two.
Or sting your dome like perm would do.
I know it's real and I don't mean to be rude or intrude,
But I'm talking about the way we cut throat our crews.

Yeah, I didn't stutter and I ain't going to dress it with butter.
Not as summer, gonna tell you like it is or else you get nothing.
Cut the fronting, get down and dig it Slick I rap how I'm feeling it.
Thank the lord that he remember me, and got me still living it.

Talking bout this life real mystic in abundance he's given me.
Everyday in my life until this point, I feel like it's penalties.

REALITY X
RAW DOGGING

Professional with Becky straight up, mind of Molly Syrus.
Chewing on that turkey neck that mouth's mean vampirish.
I gotta third leg it's wooden son I'm like a pirate.
Long stroking from behind I make her Josephine Johnny.

You so far beneath me if I spit on you I couldn't.
It'd evaporate mid-air I'm a top dog and you'z a kitten.
People so Hollywood these days real nigga what they missing.
All yo girlfriend thangs be dripping when she leaving from my presence.

Spitting flame in three ways, tongue tie you like my shoelace.
Thinking the heater heavy left in the Chevy you'll get cremate.
French and Spanish Creole come to the house cooks shrimp etouffee.
Been out cher sense a lil one marbles, "tunk out, double" dice, spades!

I'm truth is like Fantasia, I can't get over the old days.
These new tongue rings and piercings, make me really miss that old head.
Swagger jackin' nigga amening like yeah what he said.
Don't think black life matter movement going to stop me from splitting tourees.

Now days! Everyone want swag rap gangsta.
Never busted a grape, swear up and down they'll spank ya.
Cohans and Prada, gator shirt hide my banger.
Yo son sleep in the car seat still get some weave in yo Lincoln.

RAW DOGGING...

(19)
Switching The Game

Flow Randy Moss "hey", they was thinking I lost it.
Got saved on murder charges bounced back in the boss mix.
Spitting that saucy, gumbo chickens and rolls royce.
Young minister a shame the world wouldn't know what it cost me.
Flossy, stuntin' brah get ya girlfriend from off me.
Anointing from the spirit restraining me from adultery.
Quit talking, brah I'm used to squeezing at soft men.
Control the population by smashing them roaches often.
Was godless, redeemed by blood so how you love this.
A favor for a favor Jay serving Christ to the coffin.
I'm all in, Tsunami, fire, broke, or ballin'.
Can't understand the rap matter of fact can't even call it.
Lordy I'm loving the track call me alcoholic.
One order living water intoxicate the recording.
I'm falling, gospel rappin' like I'm retarded.
Stumbling of the pulpit, ya'll stretch me out on the carpet.
I'm killing myself crazy, I'm killing myself they hate me.
I'm killing myself no faking lose the hair pin break the safety.
I'm killing myself please save me recreate me on a daily.
I'm killing myself one eighty Jesus resurrect me baby.

Come Lord make my feet glow, Yah only is my Rock and Salvation.
The sirens fly through the night, one eighty seven come to chase them noise.
Woe la'd'odah, woe la'd'o'da, a premature death is the fate him caught.
Got to keep my heart focused, submit all homage to my Savior boy.

Switching The Game
RUDE GIRL

MAN I GOT THIS MIX BREED QUEEN I LIKE TO CALL BOSS BRANDY.
She gangster with a twist yellow pit with a touch of candy.
Chroming up the ride with a swagger just short of damage.
I got that new wave flavor if you curious why this fancy.
Caramel in the eyes soon got her pregnant like sad quick.
Curly hair pretty toes, man her thighs is mad thick.
A soldierett shorty height is bad chick attractive.
Cute all in the face with a smile make you say wuzzamning.

Flavor so New Orleans sophisticated, retarded.
She my best a whole hot mess of willy Wonka white chocolate.
Baby accent got me callin', don't text me girl keep on talkin'.
Mandala couldn't touch me, with an army of "in-sergeants".

Juce me like she posed to and humble herself like marriage.
I'm carrying my weight like a pair of animal bally's.
Respecting the 90, I'm her soldier because we balanced.
Can't tell her no anything that New Orleans Saint bout a challenge.
May I? sent straight from heaven Keisha Cole ain't got no leverage.
I'm blind from counting blessings I can't see no other women.
Gold mine sweet as a treasure dummy blow up lines won't get it.
Authentic independent my unanimous decision.

You claiming that yearn a dime round mine wring up to a five star dinner.
She so official Christians lustin off my family pictures.
This ain't no dunk at the buzzer this one a three point issue.
Bring that bubblegum game and my dame will run you for three rolls of tissues.

RUDE GIRL

(21)                JOHNATHAN RAY BARNES SR.