

A is for the apple, take a bite and spit it out  
 B is for bodega, eatin' on your mama couch Low bazooka with a  
 Puerto-Rican chula Says she workin' in the city and she gettin moolah  
 C is for the crib, the cats that call you catch  
 CBGB's babies sneakin' blondie through the back  
 D is for the downtown kids that hittin' licks  
 Skater boys in the park tryna fuck some white chicks  
 E is for East Side, Ruff Ryder Ride or Die Motorbikes from every sidse  
 Flyin' down the FDR breakin' Dutches in the car  
 G is for the ghetto girl in Rainbow clothes Baby hairs and well done toes,  
 single mothers carry those Bummy sneakers, what are those?  
 Get in goin', golden go Hunts point got the hottest hoes, inner city,  
 tragic woes Splattered streets, the bloody holes, shorty dancin' on the pole  
 Casually it's casual b, anatomy Jehovah witness at your door,  
 actin' like nobody home TV off, all alone, kick the door in,  
 mama Jonesin' on the phone Bata and a doobie on, waiting on her  
 tax return Low lives lightin' Ls, pourin' down for ones they love  
 TOMPHINS SQUARE, LOWER EAST, DELANCY FOR THE DELI MEATS  
 You don't come to C or D I'm in manhattan like I'm Woody Allen  
 Jewish, Puerto-Rican and a little bit Italian Sittin' on the steps outside  
 the Natural History, New York fuckin' City and I love the history

Everythings a meltin' pot, every block is fuckin' hot  
 83rd the train stop, open cases, old as shorty braces Pick you up  
 on warrant squad, now they runnin' faces  
 Pick you up by the park, we was voguing by the pier  
 Paris burnin' full of Queens, hit the Village every year  
 Rollin' now to the rave, Village Voice, six page I was driving off the  
 stage, going now, everyday Stickball in the summer, you know  
 it's summertime Schomburg eatin' soul food, singin' Doo-Wop every  
 night Subway trains goin' by, squad is sittin' St. Marks Shootin' up in  
 TOMPHINS PARK, know it's dirty after dark, Tunnels takin' turns  
 playin' tag on the curb Touchin' on some titties, takin' change out  
 your purse. Undercover agents I can spot them all away,  
 Yo, I hate the fuckin' cops NYPD GET AWAT. Underground are MTA,  
 close my eyes and ride the train, Back and forth everyday, anywhere  
 Xerox copied Zines stapled onto poser trees, Got a show come and see,  
 New York is the place to be Here you go and live your dreams Livin'  
 in the city you can't be a xenophobe, This is the melting pot, and the  
 soup is never cold. Young lords, young lords, they live inside of me  
 I got a problem B, with white supremacy  
 Rollin' through my zipcode, One double zero Town nine  
 ABC's of New York, and I'll be doing fine

Your beautiful daughter is glowing  
 and beautiful.

Hey, hey, hey.

Glowing? Why is she glowing?

What's

Because she's so in love.

shaking,

Ah, shit. You scared me for a minute.  
 What does she know about love, anyway?  
 She's only twenty.  
 That's too young to be married.

little

She's twenty-two, Moondog.

Ginger

Don't be a jerk.

Ok, Minnie. Bye Boo-Boo,  
 I love you.

Goat?

The ones racing to the red line.  
 The ones stuck in their ways.  
 A little bit too busy to check inside  
 and say, "Howdy-howdy do." That shit  
 is not for me, man. I mean, fuck,  
 so many people trip themselves up  
 while running down hill. Life is  
 hard enough, why would you fuckinh want  
 to do that? We are here to have a good time.  
 I just want to have a good time until  
 this shit is over, man. This life gig  
 is a fucking rodeo. I'm going to suck  
 the nectar out of that raw dog  
 until the wheels come off.

30 FO A ZIP?!

**Vamos a clase!**

*That's not how we do it in Brooklyn.*

**Here I was walking along the southeast corner of Tompkins Square Park. I heard two girls talking about the price of an ounce of weed. A guy with a thick Brooklyn accent on the phone. And a heard of little kids and their teacher walking back to school.**