

TODAY I'LL BE A MILLIONAIRE

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1. Awoke this morning. Today is a new day: today is a good day. Today is 992. I eat "break & fast." Kiss mama on the way out the door. Perfecting our ritual and our daily refrain.

Today mama, I'm gonna be a millionaire

2. Pushin' '72 Nova with recycled cregers on the boldening fat voils because the trues were stolen. Satellite system cost more than the whip, but I'm cruising and no chump will catch me slippin'.

3. Chicago broadcaster announce K-Wes will be in the house. I look at the digital radio clock, then at the 'lex on the wrist that gramma gave me for xmas. Lost & found, it's real and that's the only deal. I got an hour to get down town, maybe I can catch K-Wes coming or going, for today, mama, I'm gonna be a millionaire.

4. I made it just in time to see him & his crew exist, walking towards that devil red Lexus. I go forward, I gotta go for it, live or die, rap or lie. Security close ranks, I hold my CD up like a white flag. Diamonds let them know I come in peace, so they remove their hands from their piece.

I hear him say, "young blood ain't comin to be a beast." Let the brotha spit his piece. I'm already in my zone when he said you have twenty steps to that car. I figure a bar each step, but at six he stopped and started bobbing his head, then he remotely started his security jeep. More bounce was the track to be contributed, before long passer bys stopped and starred. Kanya stopped me, "sayin' man, you can't give this away for free."

5. So I asked him could he feel it? Because I promised mama today I'm gonna be a millionaire. He asked me to ride with them to his studio to see what else I got. He give orders and now I'm in the booth. Cued-up, the engineer signaled my mic is hot. I give them my best, because my best is what I got.

6. An hour later, I'm on the phone, on my way home, telling mama we made it. I just signed with K-Wes and he made us a four time millionaire.

This was always our dream, a vision we shared. I had two cheques cut. When she met me at the front door, I hand her the gift. Written across the box: "With love, mama you are a millionaire."

Today we became a millionaire

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“I KNOW YOUR FACE”

(c) From the Desk of Uhuru 6/15/2011

1. From Akebulan to America. Our blood soils the land and sea alike. A tragedy & betrayal of humanity. A stolen and frozen, a forgotten legacy. Help them to remember my name

I know your face.

2. Enslavement of the flesh, mental extermination of all the rest. Now that the chains have been removed, the manacles of the mind we recycle like extreme conservations, like a toddler who lose his shoes, conservative habits. We know we should lose. Lord, help them remember my name

I know Your face

3. They tell us we have gone from “Two N’s” to secular gods, somewhere that godship became pimps, gangsters and hustlers. And all the others we will omit. Like we omit from our minds that these titles & deeds help feed our mutual adversary – unsatiated greed.

Help them know my name.

4. Poetic flows become poetic blogs: But poetic fools create poetic fogs. Becoming poetic “Ho’s” for minute profits. Selling their souls as the distance themselves from the collective identity, by becoming their own non-entity. Pushing and pandering atomic poetry as rap. Free radical in all form. Causing carcinogen ruptures in the hood and in the mind. Now you wonder why so many of our people are dying. Help them remember and know their name.

I know your face.

5. We have become lovers of vice. Disregarding and even preying upon all that’s nice. Using our skills for sport & game. Affixiated like “Semigel” with his “precious.” With a Gullum”. Ghetto Disposition: we wonder why the hood is filled with so much hate. I know this all sound like a pessimistic state, but what can I say when you been misprision? Your duties, honor and responsibility is off on vacation. Fighting & demanding for what’s right is not even in your personal rotation. Mother of all love. Help them know & remember our name.

I know your face

6. We all know it’s not all bad, of course there is always good. But what good is good without equality & balance!

When what really is in the heart is nothing but concealed "malice." Walking and speaking like an "evil alic" living in a "wasteland" as your version of a wonderland.

But who created that world for you? That you feel compelled to play a sanctioned & unsanctioned role in.

So they can criminalize you as they socially disenfranchise you, ostracize you when they criticize you when they lionize you and perhaps even amoralize you. And keep you fantasizing.

Just pause for one second and gaze in the mirror and educate the self. You will know my name.

I know your face. Because I know you. But you don't know me, for you have distance yourself from me. But you and I are one.

Remember & know my name.

For I've seen your face when I look in the mirror. Do you see mine too?

I know your face. Know and remember my name.

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