

## Da Orchestrated Dynasty

Reginald M.

Keen Mountain Correctional Center

– It's hard to explain, how hip-hop maintained, being one the most respected, in a game hectic. –

– And constantly revolving, where realism is revolting, solving music's sickness–

– By having fans bear witness, to jewels and sixes, these MC's under the alias of lyrical Van Goghs –

– In the past few years, have chopped off their ears, to paint artistical flows, like street critics don't know –

– About their tall tales, of the Mafioso, and cross border sells, unlimited "L's" and Chanel glasses –

– Clearing out safes and moving stashes; this uncouth truth passes, and appeases the masses, these unreal rappin bastards –

– Are disastrous, victims of limelight, so now the police is after us, and when they capture us –

– That same limelight blast us, a black male's talent to place words well, in orchestrated poetics –

– In a way to escape street hell, but if we let it, corrupt the being, into imitating what we are seeing –

– Then it's life reflecting art, and this Dynasty falls apart, to those who never lived a street life –

– Or earned street stripes, only because they can rhyme right, so cats need to get their mind right. –